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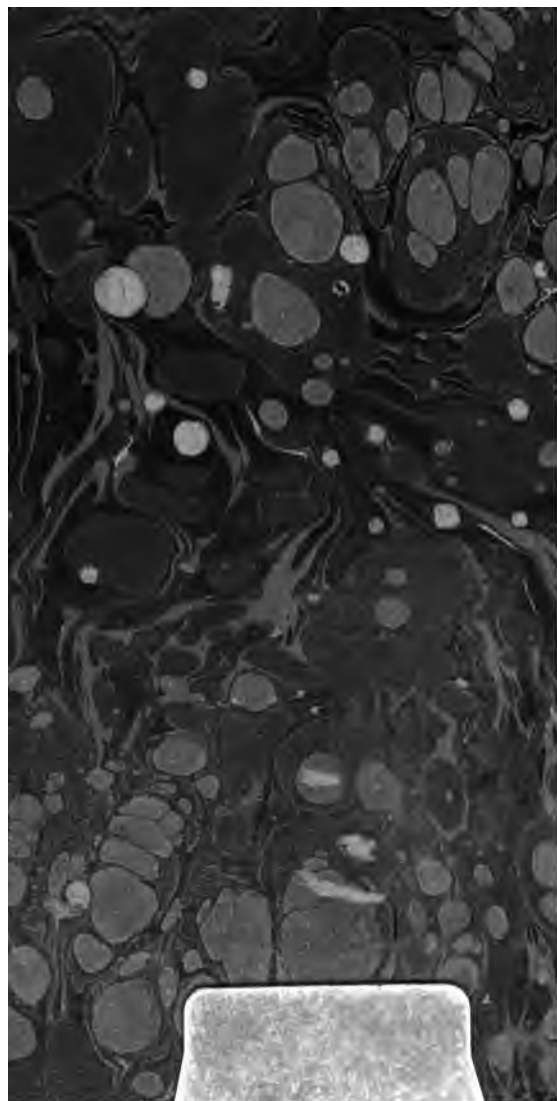
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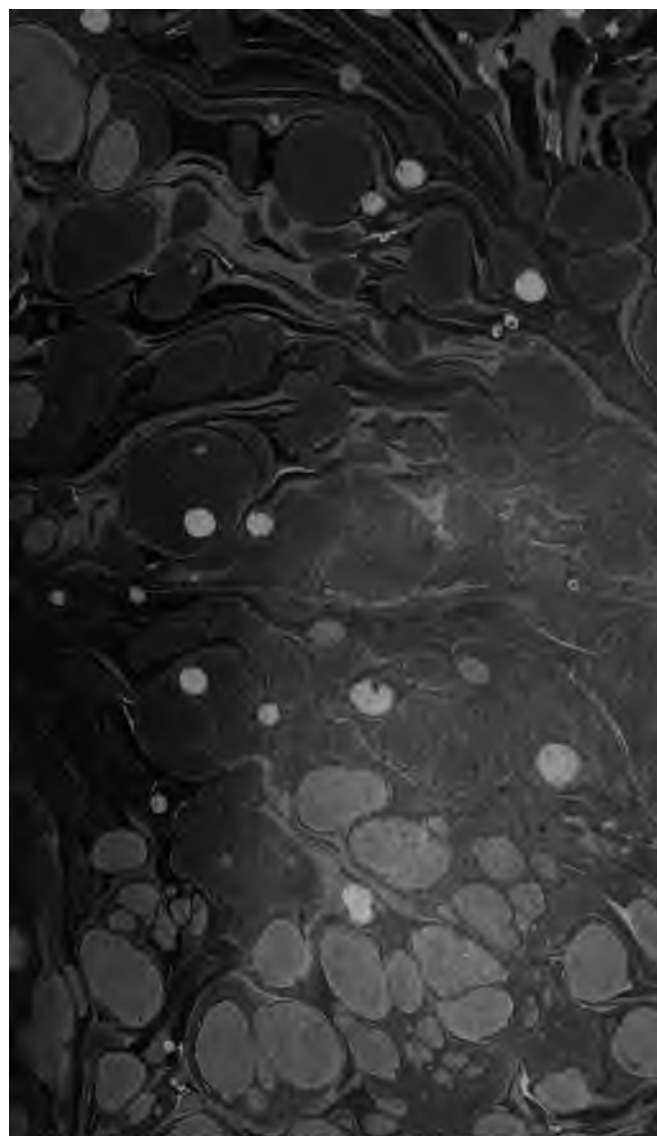
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POEMS

CHARACTERISTIC OF

Human Life.

I SING OF MEN, OF MANNERS, AND OF FATES.

Characteristics
OF
Men, Manners, and Sentiments :
OR,
THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

THE SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

AND
Other POEMS.

BY THE REV. DAVID LLOYD,
VICAR OF LLANBISTER.

Ω άνθρωπε, συ θαλάσσαν πλίσσε μεγάλην και ισχυράην, το
μήκος του παρόντος βίου, ---- θαλάσσαν υπο κυμάτων ταραχό-
ζην πολλών και χιμαίνων Και πολλοί πολλάνης και εν τῇ
θαλάσῃ ταυτῇ ναυαγίῃ περιπίπτουσιν. CERYL.

*O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus, O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
Portum.* HOR.

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*To the Right Reverend THOMAS BURGESS, D.D.
Lord Bishop of St. David's.*

MY LORD,

YOUR very laudable exertions, to furnish the inhabitants of your extensive Diocese with the means of attaining superior Education, and also more steady and enlightened views of Religion, and the happiness resulting therefrom, as they promise to dispense blessings of the first importance, so will ultimately be rewarded with a much higher meed than earthly praise. Under a consciousness that the following Poetic and Sentimental Lucubrations, as they assume a Theological and Moral cast, will not be deemed incompatible with your Lordship's great designs, I am induced, with all due deference and respect, to present them to your candid perusal; and am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most dutiful

Obedient humble Servant,

DAVID LLOYD.

PREFACE.

WHEN the VOYAGE OF LIFE was first published, the Author had the satisfaction of finding that it met the approbation of such as it was an honour to please. The favourable report which some literary characters, to whose judgment he pays great deference, have made of its merits, has induced him to revise the work, and to lay another edition before the public.

If, as Critics have justly remarked, one of the most indisputable proofs of general merit, in a Poet, is the moral tendency of his Muse, it is possible that the following effort may find an asylum in the Fane of Virtue, and that imperfections which are not inconsistent with the sacredness of truth, will not be magnified, or deemed unpardonable.* It cannot be denied, that Critics are as fallible as Poets: therefore, mutual forbearance and candour does credit to the integrity of their hearts, and is alike honourable to both. Great abilities, and great characters, are al-

* The Author begs leave thus publicly to acknowledge his heartfelt obligations to his friend, the Rev. W. J. Rees, Rector of Cascob, for the many important hints which he has suggested for the improvement of this work.

ways influenced by this principle, on all personal considerations—

Not too severe another's faults to scan—

Who owns a fault but owns himself a man.

There are some systematic Poetasters, whose ears are so affectedly nice, that they attest their unqualified disapprobation of all the harmonies of political sentiments in poetry. Such sentiments, however, are to be met with in many pieces of the most admired Poets, both ancient and modern; and since they have not been judged incompatible with decorum and harmony, by the first authorities, an occasional introduction of them, amid the more natural and melodious effusions of the Muses, is surely not reprehensible. Since politics are connected with events of high interest, not only with respect to individuals, but touching the subversion of states, and the revolutions of kingdoms, it should seem plain, that poetical allusions to events which find so general an interest in the human heart, are not only admissible, but commendable; and therefore, whether inserted in descriptive or sentimental forms—whether sung in epic, didactic, or lyric strains—are doubtless interesting, and may occasionally be introduced with effect in every form of poetic composition, whenever the subject has a fair bearing that way.

The Author hopes, that the sacredness of the Clerical function will form an apology to the juvenile reader, (if an apology were needful) for his assigning so considerable a portion of this work to subjects connected with theology; and for the rather antiquated precedent, which he has been proud to follow, of elucidating his subject, where it seemed appropriate, from an authority which ought to be the incontrovertible standard of all

moral truth and propriety of sentiment—the SACRED BOOK. It may be sufficient for him to instance, that the incomparable MILTON, the ingenious COWLEY, the sentimental COWPER, and many others of acknowledged merit, have often recourse to this method of elevating the subject, in their best and most laboured poems: and it might seem needless to remark, that whatever sentiment is founded on Sacred Authority, is neither low nor equivocal, but clear and dignified.

The elegant DR. BLAIR has remarked, with much truth and propriety, that “wherever the affections, characters, or actions of men are concerned, (and these certainly afford the noblest subjects of genius,) there can be neither any just or affecting description of them, nor any thorough feeling of the beauty of that description, without possessing the virtuous affections. He whose heart is indelicate or hard; he who has no admiration of what is truly noble or praiseworthy, nor the proper sympathetic sense of what is soft and tender, must have a very imperfect relish of the highest beauties of elegance and poetry.” The Author has felt, at least a commendable ambition, that the principal Poem should not be destitute of sentiments, which, to use the words of the celebrated Lord BACON, “come home to our business and bosoms.” It glances, occasionally, on the patriotism and politics of the day—is sentimental and theological: and it may be presumed, that such readers as make the science of human nature their study; such as admire the great, the manly, and the sacred virtues, will not think the time lost which they consign to its perusal; especially, as the portraits are founded in nature, and continually observed in the commerce of human life; and the

personal characters not the creatures of a day, but such as will be recorded in history for unborn ages.

The Minor Poems are, for the most part, offered as specimens of the free and spirited manner of the Ancient British Bardic Writers, rather than as close imitations. These pieces may be deemed interesting, chiefly, as they exhibit some *traits* of the bold, yet sympathetic and enthusiastic spirit of the Ancient British Bards; and, as such, are marked with some characteristics of *Cambrian* "Border Minstrelsey." It is, perhaps, impossible to express in the English language the spirit, rapidity, and energy of the once justly celebrated Druidical and Welsh Poets. The genius and harmonic rhythm of the two languages are so essentially different, that a person might as well succeed in imitations of Hebrew metre, as *closely* and literally to imitate or translate Welsh lyrics. A few concluding specimens are also introduced from Hebrew Poesy, on account of their sacred and interesting contents.

With regard to the future reception of the work, the Author, with all due deference, refers himself to the criterion of Public Taste, which never fails in the end to prove the true decision of Nature.

Opinionum commenta delet dies; naturæ judicia confirmat.—QUINT.

Llanbister, Radnorshire,
March 1, 1812.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction.—Invocation.—The Subject proposed.—Vision of the Muse.—Prospective Sketch of the Voyage.—Reflections.—Apocalyptic Visions, illustrated and exemplified with reference to recent Martial Achievements.—The Horrors, and Triumphs, of War deprecated.—Effusion of the Golden Vials.—Preposterous bias of the Voyagers to bear aloof from Happiness.—Affecting Views of the instability of Earthly Joys and Prospects.—Life's Voyage universal.—The Christian's Port secured.—The Author's Wish.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK I.

In hoc tam procelloso, et in omnes tempestates exposto navigantibus mari, nullus portus nisi mortis est. — SEN.



LIFE and its fates I sing: th' important theme
Solicits prime regard, for all are borne
Adown the stream of time, and soon must reach
The boundless ocean whence none e'er return—
The pleasing, though advent'rous, task be mine
To plan Life's Voyage, and resolve the course
That tends direct to realms of future joy.

To win the ear, to meliorate the heart,
Its sympathies to touch with various skill,
In consonance with Cambria's far fam'd lyre,
Delights a Muse like mine, which loves to dwell
Amid the harmonies of sacred song.
Studious to profit, while intent to please,
I sing of men, of manners, and of fates ;*

* Destinies and contingencies.

And should the Muse prove equal to her theme,
 The moral theme should win its widening way,
 And haply gain my DIOCESAN'S ear :
 When theologic lore, and classic skill,
 With worth, and diguity, and goodness join'd—
 When great exertions for the public weal,
 In what concerns its highest interest, prove
 A sacred Mitre's undisputed right
 To primitive and patriarchal fame—
 My Muse (though far from venal) owns a pride,
 Should such a Prelate deign t' approve her song.

Begin the theme : awhile be far remote,
 Ye vain intrusions of a vacant hour.
 Hence from the Muse's sacred haunts away,*
 Ye light-soul'd sons of Pleasure, since your ears,
 Bent to the Lydian mood of comic strains,
 Are seldom patient of a sober lay.
 Ye sordid sons of Avarice, avaunt,
 Who only pant for perishable ore :
 For me, far other avarice I feel,
 Far other cares pursue. Be mine the thrift
 Of Wisdom, whose unfathomable mines
 Transcend the worth of gold. With this in view,
 I rig my "little bark," in hopeful quest
 Of richest merchandise, and love to sooth
 My Voyage with a song. Where e'er the strain

* Φθεγξομαι οἷς θεμῖς ἐστὶ, θυράς δ' ἐπισθεθε βεβηλῶις
 Πασιν ὁμος. ORP.

Shall audience meet, pure be the listening ear,
 And won by Truth,* the heart, with sov'reign sway;
 For Truth attention claims, and pure regard,
 From senators and kings. Such themes as these
 Have oft awoke the old prophetic lyre
 To warble more than mortal minstrelsey,
 In sacred strains, which senators and kings
 Rejoic'd to hear. In this advent'rous course,
 My Muse implores no other aid save THINE,
 Prime Source of Effluent Light, whose spirit broods
 Over the darkness of our nature's night,
 And gives us all the day ! Thee I invoke,
 Fair " Uncreated Wisdom !" first conceiv'd
 Ere yet the heaven's triumphal arch was rais'd,
 Or herald sons of light proclaim'd their joy ;
 Propitious hear, and with thy sacred beams
 Illume my soul : thy influence divine
 Afford throughout the Voyage : me instruct,
 Life's fatal rocks and devious currents clear
 Myself to shun, and mark the safer course
 To heedless man : so shall the pleasing theme
 An interest find in every feeling breast,
 And win attention from the good and wise.
 Proceed, melodious lute : to swell the strain,
 Let rivers, dells and rocks responsive pour
 Soft echoes to the cadence of the lyre.
 The theme, till late, to vocal reeds unsung,

* Εξέρω γαρ αληθεα ΟΡΡ.

Life's Voyage—"its delusive prospects—hopes—
 Conflicting dangers—wrecks—and final end :"
 The subject's copious, and th' exciting muse
 With ardour bids me "write : " the theme might seem
 Not less capacious than th' expansive waves.

Unless the lyre illude my wakeful ear,
 Which pays attention to the pleasing sound
 Of measur'd accents, in melodious chime,
 Heroic numbers shall exalt the song,
 And suit, with sweet according sounds, the sense.*
 Apt words, and sentiments that breathe, have power
 To raise, with a resistless charm, the mind,
 To form the taste, to fill the judging ear,
 And warm with vital energy the soul.

While now the Muse ascends yon lofty cliff
 Projecting o'er the deep, methinks I see
 Her graceful temples with the laurel crown'd—
 Her flowing vestments fall in folds sublime,
 Dependent from her zone. Around her head
 The opening clouds with added lustre shine ;

* Omnia sed numeris vocum concordibus aptant,
 Atque sono quæcunque canunt imitantur, et apta
 Verborum facie, et quæsito carminis ore. VIDA.

The Author prefers blank verse, because its full and various
 cadence is more pleasing to his ear than the frequent recurrence
 of similar sounds, in the "tag'd" tinklings of rhyme.
 What judge of harmony will prefer the monotonous frivolity
 of a madrigal, to the sweetly breathing soul of mazy melody
 which flows in a sonata, or to the sublime and solemn harmony
of a concerto ?

Beneath her feet the sportive billows play,
And, at her side, the lyre attendant hangs,
Seven-string'd, like fam'd Orphean;* that to which
Apollo sang, harmonious as the spheres.
She stands erect, and, with extended sight,
Beholds a scene of martial destinies,
Conspicuous on the theatre of the world.
The actors disappear—the shifting scenes
Are still succeeded, yet are still alike—
If not in semblance, in routine the same.
Here crowns are barter'd, kingdoms lost and won,
The sport of destiny, in one sad day.
There Fortune blindly plays her idle pranks,
Whilst those who once while fondly lead the dance
Ere long are cast behind, in hopeless plight :
And he who thinks his earthly bliss secure
In this glad hour, the next recounts his loss,
And warns him to pursue more stable joys.
Yon distant fleets attract th' attentive Muse :
Lo ! what a scene, significant, sublime—
Emblem of Life, with all its fleeting joys,
Inconstant and unstable as the waves—
Bearing amain, majestic o'er the deep,

* Orpheus derived his harp from Apollo. I am aware, that; to the eye of modern criticism, it may appear rather incongruous to introduce allusions to Heathen Mythology amid religious subjects: still, I cannot help thinking that, when judiciously applied, they have a good effect; and our immortal Milton has sanctioned this method, by many recurring examples, in his best poems.

Bark still succeeds to bark, and prow to helm—
Now lost—now seen, emergent on the wave.
So Life, when all its airy bubbles burst,
Emerges forth beyond the boisterous scene,
Where all is stable, where illusions cease.
Anon the Muse, with far-exerted ken,
Discerns the Christian's port ; anticipates,
Divinely emulous, his happy lot—
Lodg'd in the haven of eternal peace !
Meanwhile she marks, with kind solicitude,
Kings, heroes, statesmen, patriots, bearing off
In swift succession o'er the changing scene.
Here glory, valour, talents, wisdom, shine
With short liv'd splendour, to illume the world ;
There they receive appropriate rewards.
One while the virtues live ; then in their room
Shadows succeed, which mock our fond embrace.
My Muse a faithful monitor would prove,
What time, with pain'd anxiety, she marks
The various bearings of the vicious clans,
Not having one on deck of all the train
Of sacred white-rob'd virtues : soon, alas !
Each hapless bark, or strikes on Error's rock,
In luckless hour, or sinks in Stygian sound.
Such, and as various as the passing scenes,
Are oft the cares and subjects of the Muse.
At length within the confines of a grot
She woos sweet solitude, and cools each gust,
Each ardour for the dulcet dregs of time,

With cordial draughts of more substantial bliss.
She estimates the sum of earthly joy,
Perceives the full amount is vanity,
And dedicates to sacred themes the lyre.
So ancient bards, by heaven's soft beams illum'd
Were wont to sing the balmy-breathing hopes,
And the sweet joys Religion sole inspires.
Since these are only permanent, 'tis these
Deserve a Poet's care—'tis these alone
Can raise to long-liv'd eminence his name.
The name was sacred, while the votive bard
To prostituted lays ne'er strung the lyre,
Each tuneful minstrel sang of sacred joys,
And breathing hopes begat celestial fires.
Devoid of these, say, what were human life?
'Twere all a farcical, a motley scene,
Of weeping sorrows, and expiring joys.
Far from the illusive scene, 'tis mine to mark
The well directed choice of such as tell
Their tale of sorrows to his gracious ear—
Supreme intelligence—who kindly deigns
Acceptance to th' address of contrite hearts,
And turns their heaviness to songs of joy.

Rapt to celestial scenes, St. John beheld
A "sea of glass" before th' eternal throne,
Where the redeem'd, elate, to golden harps,
Sang their Deliverer in exalted strains.
Such sacred harmony, when hierarchies
Exalt their voice, might old creation shake,

And harmonize once more our earthly sphere
 To its primeval state :* thrice happy state
 Of peace, and rectitude, and mutual love,
 The consummation of perfection's plan,
 And great reverse of what now mars the scene.

This world's a glassy sea, a boisterous deep,
 In wars and tumults toss'd, and conflicts dire ;
 Fierce and tempestuous its billows foam,
 Resounding oft to contemplation's ear.
 To reason's eye, as mutinous and mad
 As furies harness'd to Bellona's car,
 Appear the martial clans, with crimson plumes,
 Embark'd with horror, and with carnage fraught,
 Bearing o'er all ambition's swelling waves,
 Upon this "sea of glass commix'd with fire." †
 Such the career of each prophetic beast, ‡

* It is at least a probable conjecture, that the constitution, poles, and temperature of the primitive earth were very different from what they are in its present state. Its constitution, we know, was Paradiſaical : its poles, if formed to perpetual equinoxes, produced unvarying temperature in the seasons, and in the human constitution,—which must have proved conducive, in a great degree, to a longevity, similar to what the antediluvian world experienced. Though these positions cannot be proved, they are at least very ingeniously supported by the learned Dr. Thomas Burnet, in his "Sacred Theory."

† What can this refer to, but war and its fiery horrors ? See Rev. xv. 1, 2.

‡ For a prophetic description of the first beast, see Rev. xiii. 1—10 ; and for the second, *ibid.* 11, to the end.

Learned expositors are generally agreed, that the first beast

Which sprang from earth or sea with dragon rage,
And drench'd the glutted earth with floods of gore—

refers to the Papal hierarchy—a ramping tantalizing power, which was always athirst for *human* (under the title of *heretical*) blood. To the nature and head of this power, the proper name of *Leo*, was significantly, and emblematically applied; and it is a component part of a name still existing, and still exerting the dragon's power in the earth.

For the second beast, there are difficulties attending the attitude of every reference, and explication, which hath hitherto been given. If the first beast be supposed to refer to the *secular*, and the second to the *spiritual* and ecclesiastical power of Papacy, why is the one said to rise from the sea, and the other from the earth? The earth is a term peculiarly opposed to any *spiritual* appropriation: and, most certainly, there is nothing contained in prophetic vision, when rightly interpreted, which has not a peculiarly apt designation and reference. And in what age, I would wish to learn, (if not in the present,) might it have been said, with any propriety, of the *secular* Papacy—“*behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is?*” This is predicted of the first beast: and here seems to be the true *key* for unravelling the mystery of the second, which should exhibit his superior prowess upon the ruins and re-establishment of the first. Perhaps the rapacity of the second beast is at this moment exhibiting to the world. It is not improbable, that the present eventful time may prove the era, when the first exercise and notoriety of his deceptions and destructive arts are deprecated by a suffering world. The intimations given us, as peculiarly characteristic of the second beast, are his extraction from *the earth*—a low and sordid original: his incoherence of character, consisting of a heterogeneous mixture of the *lamb* and the *dragon*—of hypocritical pretensions to candour and humanity, and roaring denunciations of vengeance and terror: his exercising *the power of the first beast*, in the theatre of his dominions; and establishing the same worship,

Chief, in those nations where the Papal sword

at a time when the first beast had received a *deadly wound*, and, strictly speaking, might be said not to be, though he nominally and really still exists—Cap. xvii. 8. What a paradox is here? and how completely unfolded and verified, in the *beast that was, and is not, and yet is!* This *second beast doeth great wonders, maketh fire to come down from heaven, and deceiveth by miracles:* fire is an apt emblem of war; and, as to miracles, what a series of wonders have we heard recorded; what scenes of martial achievement, and revolutionary prowess, have we recently recognised, such as have the semblance of being almost *miraculous*. What follows about making an *image to the first beast*, and causing as many as would not worship the image, to be slain, has no appropriation, that I know of, to the present day; but it may apply to succeeding powers, which may spring from the present root, in a manner similar to that recorded in Dan. xi. 6, 7. filling up the same character of the second beast, with all the bigotry and exterminating zeal, which always accompanied the blasphemous titles, and horrific decretals of the first beast. What follows, expressive of prohibitory injunctions against merchandise, *that no man might buy or sell without the mark or seal of subjection to that power*; and also about the *name of the beast*, and the *number of his name*, seems to have some very apt and pointed allusion to present circumstances, and to the *present name of number of a man*, as well as to *Latinus*, or other name. All these intimations seem to be as fully, and perhaps more signally verified at this day, than they have been, with reference to any preceding series of events. The subject is not uninteresting; and it may afford a moment's relaxation to the inquisitive mind, to observe how far these prophetic notices will apply, with reference to a gigantic and monstrous power, presiding over the kingdoms of the first or Papal beast at this important crisis. Is there an Agent of Power now living, in any such relations as those above recited, who came "up from the earth"—from a low and mean original—the leading features

Had drunk the blood of saints—in measure full,

of whose character have a peculiar mixture of the “lamb,” and the “dragon”—of hypocritical pretensions to the love and desire of peace, and, at the same time, exerting every scheme, and every art and effort to cajole, and then to bound upon his prey? Does this Agent (*vide* Rev. xiii. 4. 12.) possess and exercise the Papal power and authority; profess and establish the same worship, at a time when the head of Papacy has received “a deadly wound,” in all its vital powers and interests, so that it may be said as literally, as enigmatically, that “it was—and is not—and yet is”—subsisting in name, but destitute, at present, of all its great temporal emoluments, and deprived of its decretal powers? Is this eminently conspicuous Engine of Power signalized by wonders of every kind—by dismembering kingdoms, creating and deposing kings, and trampling upon crowns, as though himself were the sole arbiter of fates—when at the same time he is only exerting the judicial commission, assigned, or permitted him for a season, by the Sovereign Ruler of nations? (Dan. iv. 17.) Does he not, by a most appropriate figure, make “fire to come down from heaven,” by causing the flame of war to rage over the Alps, and the Pyrenean mountains, from the river to the ends of the earth—overrunning all Christendom with the destructive ravages of his almost unprecedented prowess?—And is it because he appears to be a more systematic philosopher than his predecessors, that the name, or titles, of blasphemy are not attributed to him? Does he, by his great power, “give life,” as it were, “to the image of the beast,” rule in the same dominions, and establish the same idolatrous worship, which amounts to the same thing as causing men to worship the image of the beast; and at the same time preside so absolute, in prohibiting the course of merchandise, and controuling the laws of nations, that it seems only necessary for him to say, “I have said it!”—Surely, so many striking characteristic features of the second Apocalyptic beast were never before exhibited to the world, as these which designate the chivalry, and the despotism,

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Appropriation of the Vision.

v. 189.

Till more than sated with ebriety.*—
I deem our guardian angels desecrate
All rites, and efforts, which attempt to prop,
With War's redoubted ARMS, the tottering pile
Of Popish SUPERSTITION. Long he lav'd
His guilty hands in blood. The time is come
T' assert God's righteous cause, and overwhelm,
As with the fierceness of a rolling flood,
The shrine of idols, with the nurse obscene
Of all that's horrid,† down to the dark gulph.
When th' Almighty arm aloft is seen,
Demolishing the Papal thrones around,
Like dust before the whirlwind's fiercest rage—
Its haughty Bourbons and its crowns o'erthrown—
'Tis vain to lift the martial-gleaming steel,
In aid of states Heaven's councils and decrees
Are pledg'd to overturn:‡ their fate is fix'd:
As soon might veterans hope, with mortal arm,
To stop the rivers or controul the tides;

which are now exhibited upon the theatre of Europe. It is not meant, however, to identify the second beast in any individual man; but in a succession of that power, of which one man is the principal agent and founder.

* In proof of these allegations, it were only necessary to instance the unparalleled history of Popish massacres, and Spanish inquisitions.

† Witness the indulgences and public licences for stews, which had long been granted under the immediate patronage of "His Holiness!"

‡ Rev. xvii. 14. to the end.

As soon might martial ranks have stem'd the flood,
When ancient Tyre was doom'd to rise no more.

How awful are thy judgments, and how true,
ETERNAL KING! "For blood they thirsted!" lo!
The crimson cup thou turnest to their hand,*
In measure full, till oft their swelling brooks,
With strange amaze, run purple to the sea.
How long, ALMIGHTY RULER! O, how long,
Shall the "red dragon" hold his fiery sway?
When wilt thou give the empire to thy Son,
And all the peaceful earth for his domain?
Ah! when shall falchions, form'd to "ploughshares,"

prove

No longer hostile, and th' ensanguin'd sword
No herald, nor the meek "vine-dresser," wield?
Lo! how ambition drives his mad career
O'er Syria's sands—o'er Acre's sacred towers,
To Egypt, and th' affrighted Nile—and roams
From Finland's gulph to sad Iberia's plains,
O'erwhelming all, as with a flood of fire.
So fierce Vesuvius like a cauldron glow'd,
And Herculaneum smok'd beneath his ire.
Great GOD OF HOSTS! make bare thy mighty arm,
Which check'd th' aspiring of the Assyrian chief,†
Who rear'd his daring hand, in scorn of Heaven,
To level all thy Carmel—impious boast!
Infix yet once again thy barbed "hook"

* Rev. xvi. 6.

† Isaiah. xxxviii. 13.

Deep in the jaws of great "Leviathan,"
 And all his numerous fry—like quadrupeds
 Emerging from the Nile—or like the host
 Of harness'd locusts, seen by favour'd JOHN,*
 Scouring the Continent, from shore to shore,
 Terrific scourge—the plague of abject kings.
 "Scatter the people that delight in war :"
 Revert their course ; unmask their every wile ;
 And bring their proud aspiring down to dust.
 The hour will come when these destructive scenes,
 Touch'd by the finger of Omnipotence,
 Shall like a shrivel'd scroll be seen no more,
 And Heav'n's "unsuffering kingdom" bright appear.

What scene can better represent the world,
 Its fiery trials and its final end,
 Than what the Apocalypse disclos'd afar—
 Seen on a molten sea, before the throne
 Where Justice and Omnipotence preside ?
 Some stand secure, as on the fiery surge,
 With harps attun'd to heavenly harmony,
 And chaunt deliverance in melodious strains,
 Like those the Hebrew Leader sang sublime,
 When safely pass'd the Erythrean deep,
 Triumphant over Pharaoh and his host. †
 Awhile the golden vials forth are pour'd,
 With indignation, on a guilty world. ‡

* Rev. ix. 3—11. The king of this great Army was *Apollyon* !!

† Rev. xv. 2, 3.

‡ Ibid. xvi. 1—19.

The earth, the sea, the fountains, and the air,
The great Euphrates, (river of renown,)
Smit by the scorching sun, shall feel the force
Of vengeful justice, and prepare the way
To Armageddon :—Soon th' Almighty hand
Aloft appears o'er all the dragon's power :—
Satan, and Antichrist, and Babylon,
Fall'n, and absorb'd—within the burning lake
Gehenna sink—and sink to rise no more

Life's Voyagers, upon the restless sea,
Frantic, ambitious, insolent, still pay
No true regard to safety, or success—
But crowd all sail—regardless for what port :
Salem and Pandemonium seem alike,
When Reason's lamp, absorb'd, is half extinct.
These Voyagers are MEN, intent in heart
The fiery billows boldly to outbrave,
Expanding sails aloft to catch each gale
Of fancied happiness—which often proves
The bane of peace, as they will soon perceive ;
Still, with ambition's grasp they bend the prow—
Intrepid veterans !—as confident
As if embark'd with Argo,* for the skies.

* Argo was the builder of the ship, used in the celebrated Argonautic expedition, which was called after his name. And the patriot Greeks, who seem to have always formed their mythology as a stimulus to heroic virtue, caused this ship to be raised to the honour of a celestial constellation.

Full many a fatal wreck excites my fears,
Admonishing by wisdom's chart to steer ;
Let go the pleasurable fond pursuit
Of earthly bliss, and happier climes explore.

Such scenes as these are no phantastic dream,
But copied after nature. Every hour
Is big with destinies of good and ill ;
For life has scenes of interest to display
Attach'd to time, and to futurity,
Surpassing all the fortunes of the great—
Excelling all the glory of the world.
Partial events, and general fortunes, meet
Alike th' attention of the prying Muse,
Which marks each Voyager, as o'er the vast
And fathomless profound of destiny
He bears to yonder sable cypress cell,
Where Terror's King his leaden sceptre holds
Aloft o'er all, with uncontrolled sway.

Can fortune no exemption give, from fate ?
No : the reverse of this has oft been seen :
She fondly tips the darts of destiny,
And blindly gives to young unskilful hands
The shaft reverted from the full-bent bow :
Soon, from the missile bow, the dart rebounds
Back to the bosom of the sanguine dolt,
Who turns to meet his destiny half way.

I knew a frantic child of fortune,* born

* *Fortunaque dulci ebria.* Hor.

v. 310.

Fortune's Favours precarious.

And wed to wealth ;—his riches prov'd his bane.*
 These fire the passions, urge the appetites,
 To vices prompt, and lead to luxuries.
 With moderate wealth, full many a woful wight
 Most happy might have liv'd, and died in peace,
 Who lives not half his days. Yet poverty
 As unpropitious proves to principle,
 Alien to virtue oft, and leagu'd with vice.
 Such is the tendency of high extremes
 To bear aloof from yonder port of peace.

Perchance the nuptial tie as unblest'd proves
 As Socrates', with his Xantippe :—one,
 Severe and rude—the other, meek and wise—
 This, good and kind—to endless chiding doom'd—
 Trailing through life a lengthen'd date of woes

That man was happy in the marriage state—
 Deem'd his felicity complete—his cup
 Ran over—just in Paradise he seem'd—
 Another Adam, with another Eve.
 How short, alas ! the sum of earthly bliss :
 Ere long FIDELIA “sped her throes,” the thread
 Soon seyer'd—now his heart-strings rend with grief,
 And happiness and him henceforth must part !

Perhaps, a lovely boy, his father's hope,

* Ὁ τον αργυρον φιλησας.

Δια τῆτον ἐκ ἀδελφός,

Δια τῆτον ὁ τοκήες

Πολεμιοι, φονοι, δι' αὐτον. ANAC.

And mother's darling joy, this hour is seen,
Smiling, with cherub sweetness, on the knee :
The next, the victim of death's cruel dart.

What baleful star shed influence malign,
STELLA, on beauty's natal hour ? No star
Malignant shone. Those tears have other source.

'Twas duty's absence, and the dark eclipse
Of reason, that involv'd thy hapless fate.

STELLA, a sprightly nymph, completely form'd
To elegance, and ripe to nuptial joy,
Fond as Erato—virtuous and fair—

With all the smiling graces gayly deck'd,
With wanton tresses by the cupids crown'd—
Her soft and sweet address, a parent's heart,

In fond responses, echo'd back with joy ;
His fortune's heiress, and his darling care :
But she, fond girl, uncaution'd, and unskill'd

In aught of what concerns her sex to know,
Knew not that such a rich and splendid gem
Is man's Olympic prize : what will not man
For love of beauty, and for love of gold ?

ALPHEUS soon his secret visits pays :—

Prompt to deceive, he vows eternal love,
Eternal constancy : too soon he wins

Her unsuspecting ear ; too well he speeds,
And gains access to her unpractis'd heart !

Won by a worthless wight—he decks his plumes,
And, like an eagle pounc'd, bears off the prey.
Now sped—beyond the fond paternal eye—

She ties, in evil hour, the gordian knot,
Which naught but destiny can e'er dissolve.
In one sad hour are sunk a father's joys !
He never smiles again, but often weeps ;
And all his hopes are anchor'd in the tomb !

Such scenes as these, appreciated right,
With kindly caution, warn each Voyager
To weigh Hope's anchor, o'er the wrecks of time,
And fix it firm, on more abiding ground.

This Voyage is pursu'd by me—by all ;
All ranks, distinctions, parties, orders, sects—
High church and low—are here embark'd alike.
“ The mitred Prelate, and plain Presbyter,”*
The crowned monarch, and the clod-pol'd hind—
Th' oppressor and th' oppress'd, are on the wave ;
Soon time will strike each high expanded sail,
And Death will land us on the destin'd shore.

None as the Christian's there triumphant seen—
Amid surrounding wrecks his pilot guides
The steady helm, and now he sails secure
O'er every wave ; and, joy'd to leave behind
Each martial, chivalrous, and trophied scene,
Advances smoothly to his peaceful port :
Anon he gains the harbour—all is clear—
Unclouded and serene the evening smiles.
Lo ! a perennial sun, with cheering beams,
Enlightens all the strand with endless day !

* Rob. Blair.

All heaven, with welcome plaudits, hails him safe,
And white-rob'd angels tune their harps with joy,
To see their charge triumphantly arrive
Secure in port, where tempests rage no more !

The good man's virtues are acknowledg'd there,
Howe'er on earth his life was oft misdeem'd,
His end conceal'd from honour. Vice, appall'd,
Shall see his exaltation, and exclaim—

“ How vast the folly that o'erlook'd his worth,

“ And doom'd his life to misery—Lo ! where

“ His virtues shine ! How is he number'd now

“ Among the just, and dignify'd a saint !” *

What can ambition boast, or what can fame,
Or martial heraldry achieve, that can
Compare with such high honours ? Wisdom owns
That this alone is bliss, and fixes here !

All bliss beside is but the fleeting shade
Of happiness. All riches, honours, crowns,
In estimation here are clearly seen

As splendid bubbles bursting at the breeze.

Too little, or too much, we value things :

Our senses tend, like the optician's glass,

To magnify, and tinge with splendid rays,

Life's present prospects : while the things of prime

And lasting worth appear, as through the tube

Reverted, much diminish'd, and remov'd—

Seen at a distance—or scarce seen at all.

* Wisdom, v. 4, 5.

'Tis faith alone that keus th' immortal prize,
And oft before the leuient Throne of Heav'n
Prefers the ardent wish—"The choice be mine
"To fix on wisdom's plan—and so secure
"The heartfelt joy, which always will abide;
"The 'blessed hope,' which never can deceive—
"The 'peace,' which constant as Abana flows
"The sacred 'treasures,' time can ne'er corrode."

Should I succeed in my advent'rous launch,
Nor only traverse Life, but safely gain
The blissful Port of Peace, and land secure,
By virtue of HIS love who still'd the waves—
I'll there attune some sweet celestial lyre
To higher notes, on higher themes intent,
And oft with glowing gratitude rehearse
My Pilot's honours through the sacred realm.

In yonder Port, of harmony and love,
No dangers dire assail: no horrid sound
Of war's shrill clarion rends the peaceful ear!
In that celestial Paradise, the joy
Of Angels, and the Saints' secure abode,
No sadd'ning clouds of evil intervene;
But ever-tranquil scenes of bliss ensue,
Fair as the dawn of Heaven's eternal day.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sentimental Reflections.—Characteristics of the Voyagers, as distinguished under the denominations of PRINCES, STATESMEN, HEROES, PATRIOTS.—Amid the different Views of Patriotism which are here depicted, an Episode on the three popular Forms of Government is introduced.—And among the preceding Characters, their peculiar Claims to Perennial Fame are asserted, who are not more conspicuous on account of elevated Stations, than signal for eminent Virtues.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK II.

Φημι δ' ετις παμπαν απολυνται. HES.



FROM heights celestial, to inferior scenes,
The Muse awhile reluctantly descends.
Her province seems, alternately, to sing
Of kings and heroes, and the various weal
Which waits Life's Voyagers, from yonder clowd,
To him who holds the helm. Intent, she aims
To catch the living virtues as they rise,
And vice to criminate—or warn the world,
With cautious step, t' avoid the latent snare.

Though vacant minds in fictious tales delight,
Which lure their senses into fairy walks
And Lillyputian groves, till reason sleeps—
And pliant Bards attune the lyre to raise
A mass of lucre 'mid th' enchanted soil—
I envy not their fortune, nor their fame :
They for a time succeed—as well aware

That fictitious tales have charms to please the world ;
And what delights is ardently pursu'd,
And purchas'd as the prize of vanity.
So sped Arion, with his Lesbian lyre,
And charm'd the golden dolphins with his song.
Such passing scenes are like the morning cloud,
And early dew, which vanish soon away.
'The novel taste, desultory and crude,
Is ever roving after fresh repasts ;
And every gilded cup attracts the eye
Of prurient appetite, cram'd with contents
Which vitiate the taste, and quite appal.
So terminates the treat of fictitious sweets ;
Though serv'd in lyrics, or in polish'd prose,
They nauseate soon, and leave a craving void.
When pure philosophy illumines the mind,
And virtue wins the heart, such waking dreams
Delight no more. 'Tis wisdom's voice alone
That wins, ennobles, and exalts the soul !
Nature's realities present to view
Pleasing, instructive, and important scenes.
Th' incongruous machinery of things
Not copied from her school, affords delights,
Insipid as a tale of nightly dreams.
The stream of Life rolls on, with incidents,
In swift succession, as the reflux waves :
Our hopes and fears, our fortunes and our fates,
Are implicated : not one human being
Stands neutral in the close of this account,

Since all are launch'd, and all our destinies
Are shaking o'er the universal urn.*

Amid Life's Voyagers perchance are foud
"Men of renown," to whose illustrious lives
Historic Truth bears record—bears their deeds
Down to succeeding ages. Such as these,
By nature form'd, by innate virtue † fir'd,
Repel the haughty foe ; and spread the fame
Of British arms to earth's remotest bounds !
It is no paradox—these sons of Mars
Can wild Confusion oft to Order call,
And Discord awe to Peace by dint of arms.
I venerate the Prince, the Statesman hail,
The Hero honour—giving each his due—
Whose various powers and talents are combin'd,
By prudent councils and heroic deeds,
To save a nation, and direct a realm ;
Such, still of smiling Peace enamour'd most,
Procure unfading laurels for their brow :
Such, Britain, is thine own illustrious GEORGE,
In whom is realiz'd each honour'd name
Of Ruler, Patriot, Guardian, Father, Friend :
To ev'ry excellence—to ev'ry art—
To each address that claims a Monarch's ear,
Most gracious of access. ‡ Pacific Prince !
The love of virtue is the love of thee.
May Heaven extend the King's revolving years

* *Omnium versatur urna.* HOR. See Eccl. ii. 13, 14.

† *Αρετή.* Courage.

‡ 1808.

To nature's utmost limit. May his Crown
Still flourish to posterity—his Throne
Unshaken stand in stedfast righteousness.
Long may Britannia smile to see his seed
The British sceptre sway, with firm and mild,
Yet steady purpose, in defence of ALL
Our fathers held most sacred—in the cause
Of civil and religious Liberty,
For which our Patriots and our Prelates pour'd
Their richest blood. This care alone secures
The Crown untarnish'd to remotest time.
To this no less the patriot than the prince
Directs his ardent eye. In this great cause
The plodding STATESMAN wastes his weary nights,
And spends his days beneath a weight of care.
For this he frequent pours such flowing strains
Of rhetoric on the Senate's ear, as charmed
Athens, or Rome, when fam'd Demosthenes,
Or Tully, rous'd applauding citizens
To arms—t' insure the joys of peace. To this,
Alive, the British Senate still should fan
The soul of patriotism warm, t' a flame
Resistless, bearing down each venal claim,
And every bulwark of oppression. Lo !
Should righteous Heaven ordain Britannia's realm
Th' uplifted stroke to feel, to bleed for crimes
Which loudly call for the avenging sword—
If scarce a cheering ray of hope illumine
The spreading gloom, and all should seem for lost;

Ev'n then, the Patriot, "tremblingly alive,"
 Cries "Save my country, Heaven!"*—his last—
 he dies!

Oh! this were living virtue recognis'd:
 'Twas thus thy fav'rite PITT, Britannia, clos'd
 The mortal scene, with patriot glories crown'd.

'Twas thus thy matchless Chief, great Neptune's
 child,

Fought for his King, and for his Country died:
 He snatch'd the trident from his parent's grasp,
 And bore the rule o'er his own element,
 From Aboukir to Copenhagen's shore—
 Dread "thunderbolt of war—himself a host"—
 The terror and the scourge of ev'ry foe!
 United fleets of vast and dread emprise,
 Before his Heaven-commission'd prowess sink
 Full fast to Pluto's shores—or bear away,
 Like birds affrighted from the eagle's pounce.
 Let vanquish'd navies on Cape Trafalgar
 Proclaim the HERO to posterity:—
 He fought—he conquer'd—unsubdu'd, he sunk
 Into the bed of honour: while old Fame,
 For once no parasite, emblazon'd high
 His hundred conquests round th' admiring world!
 What stately bark majestically bears,
 Before the sighing winds and sobbing waves,
 Its sable freight, returning swift beneath

* This was the purport of the pathetic exclamation with which this great Statesman closed his earthly career.

The sullen clouds of Fate? Great NELSON's there.
Methinks I see Britannia at his side,
Dissolv'd in tears—and counting all his scars—
While the sad shores survey the solemn scene!
Lo! Albion now receives him to her arms,
With honours such as Monarchs seldom share—
With all that heraldry, with all that fame
Bestows, and bears him to her sacred dome.*
Vain pomp of heraldry! What now remains
Of thee, dread warrior, but a name?—'Tis this,
Thy brave example!—Long may this survive
In future annals; and thy well-earn'd fame
Ne'er quit the British navy! Then, oh! then,
The Corsican's proud prowess ne'er shall bear
His banners near thy coasts—his humbled fleets
Tugg'd only to thy shores, 'mid victor prowls!

And who is HE, who chas'd from Palestine
The many headed hydra,† and his files,
'Till then invincible, of legions fell—
Just as the lion drives the prowling wolves
Across the desert? Hark! the Muse asserts,
What NELSON was, brave SIDNEY yet will be.
Not Egypt—not the Memphian cavalry—
Nor Mamelukes—nor the high turret walls
Of Alexandria, once impregnable,
Could the fierce clans of Gallic warriors screen
From the victorious force of British arms!

* St. Paul's Cathedral.

† Rev. xiii. 1.

Here the mis-nam'd *Invincibles*, once more,
Superior power confess'd—nor could they stand
The Caledonian charge! Subdu'd at length,
And welt'ring in their blood, remorse and shame
Sat brooding o'er their banners. Lo! they sue,
Unwillingly, for truce, and quit the coast,
Like raging waves, subdu'd by some great rock,
All split, repell'd, and lost in surging foam!
The laurel there brave **ABERCROMBIE** won,
And in the arms of Victory expir'd!

Like fate betides yon valiant son of Mars,
Who, as a cliff amid surrounding wrecks,
Stems with resistless force the Gallic arms,
And on Iberia's hapless plains displays
What British valour, only, can achieve:—
So fights, so nobly falls, the valiant **MOORE**!

Tho' Providence, perchance, may seem to frown
Upon our legions—our prompt measures thwart,
And pluck the bays from off our lofty brows—
While furbishing our arms on distant lands,
In fond and vain support of carious thrones,
Now shaken, metamorphos'd, and o'erwhelm'd:
It seems decreed our naval hosts shall bear
The victor palm from Ind to Ind, as wide
As Neptune's realm. We recognize, with awe,
Each glorious and immortal name—of **HOWE**,
And **DUNCAN**, **RODNEY**, **VINCENT**—men of more
Than common fame—rising to heroes, when
Their country call'd to arms: we thus have seen

A NELSON rise, and set in glory's blaze !
 Yet heroes still subsist, who shone reveal'd
 With firm GAMBIER, whose dreadful magazines,
 In flaming volleys, might have seem'd to shake
 Great Neptune's sea-girt throne, and terror strike
 To hearts of steel, but not to " hearts of oak"—
 While fiery plagues, like those in Egypt, pour'd
 O'er Gallic streamers, in the port of Aix—
 And heroes still survive, who signaliz'd
 By persevering prowess, march'd, and fought,
 And conquer'd !—Lo ! to fame Iberia leads
 Great WELLINGTON, brave BERRSFORD, and GRAHAM.
 So British heroes, in their country's cause,
 Hurl th' exploded instruments of death,
 As Jove, from Ida's top, his lightnings hurl'd.
 No power but his who made us, can controul
 Our martial thunder ;* or inspire, so high,
 The kindling ardours of each patriot flame !

Boast we of Heroes, and of Patriot worth ?
 Yes ; and to British bosoms 'tis a flame
 Inherent : none can make such glorying void.
 Yet ev'ry worthy heart indignant burns,
 When virtuous loyalty, or legal acts,
 Are censur'd by promiscuous cabals. †

* The Author sings these trophies, because, in a world like this, where war is a necessary evil, valour is a virtue.

† What title can be suited to the seemingly imperious assurance of the speakers in Debating Clubs, who, often without learning or talents, take upon themselves to be both judges and cen-

How much soe'er we feel dispos'd at heart
 The patriot virtues to revere, what seems
 The boast of patriotism, proves oft a tale
 Not realiz'd—a vain or noxious name.
 This hour, some noisy patriot, shrewd and bold,
 Aspires to eminence by prompt appeals
 Against "corruption;" who, the next, will sink
 Inglorious, soon to mingle 'mid the mass
 Of oligarchs exploded; or, at best,
 Of unsuccessful Statesmen, cast aside.
 So glares a boding meteor down the sky,
 Presaging, to our sight, the coming storm—
 A moment's blaze, which soon is seen no more.
 It ill beseems the politician's tongue
 To dwell on weighty themes like these, whose life
 Confutes his lore. 'T' exclaim about "Reform"
 And "equal Right," is mere garrulity
 On lips of demagogues, to whose fond grasp,
 Say, were it safe t' entrust a nation's helm?
 Reform, and equity, and legal right,
 Are themes oppos'd to venal policy,
 Corruption and misrule. Such themes, once fam'd
 In Greece, in Rome, or Britain, must be still
 Full dear to fame, where Liberty dares dwell;

sons of the decisions of law, and political acumen manifested in Parliament? Happy for us that the inflammatory dogmas of these pupils of the school of Robespierre are duly appreciated, by the wise and deliberate genius of the English nation.

Yet never find fit advocates in such
Whose dogmas rectitude disdains to own.
Some boast of patriot virtue, without spark
Of virtuous flame—and fain would win belief :
So noisy parrots join in beldam's prayers,
Devoid alike of piety and grace—
So hypocrites assume religion's garb,
And jacobins sound patriots would be deem'd.
Just sentiments will often win regard,
Till inconsistency confounds belief.
It oft has turn'd, that all the hostile din,
And boasted ardour for contested rights,
Has prov'd a party cause, a Statesman's trick
To court plebeian popularity,
And scramble into place ; which having gain'd,
Their patriot strife no longer stuns your ear !
Such boasted patriotism, if right I deem,
Tends to democracy, and dwindles down
To anarchy—subversive of all rule,
And of all government the full demise.
Democrats often prove a daring clan
Of robbers, and of sacrilegious thieves,
Subverting order, trampling sacred rites,
And waxing rich upon their country's spoils !
Order in union can alone subsist ;
And *union* is no attribute of *many* :
Hence, instability must frequent shake
Their Senate dome, and discord never cease.

And where THE MANY rule, it may be prov'd—
 If true th' apothegm of the sage,* who said,
 "The wicked are the" world's "majority"—
 'That Government is wicked, and must fall!
 No legal arm can countermand a mass:
 Their rage is justice deem'd, their will is law:
 Hence, void of form, such fluctuating rule
 I deprecate, and from my soul abhor.

An Aristocrat Government should seem
 Superior far to such; and for this cause,
 That of two evils it were wise to choose
 The least—and that most easy to redress—
 While patriot virtue dwells within a land.

Of all experienc'd forms of government,
 'Twere politic the Kingly to prefer,
 For this just cause—that virtue sits supreme
 In one crown'd head; or should malignant vice
 Inhabit there, 'twere preferable still
 To brook one villain, than a thousand knaves.
 A temp'rate *Monarchy* is Britain's boast,
 Cementing all the orders into one,
 And so supporting a well-balanc'd power,
 'Mid all the complex interests of a realm.
 Give Virtue birth, beneath a crown like ours,
 She will be foster'd, and her influence,
 Soft and benign, dispens'd in kindly gleams
 Down from the throne, to all the various ranks
 And orders of society; while each

* *Bias*, of Priene, one of the seven wise men of Greece.

Pays due submission, where submission's due.
While unity, in such a case, is strength,
Cemented firmly underneath a throne,
Strength is security ; and hence again
Security is peace. Thrice happy Peers!
Whose hearts are rivetted to a virtuous King.
Thrice happy BRITAIN ! while I recognize
This envied privilege, and say 'tis thine :
Thrice happy BRITAIN ! in whose temper'd form
Of government, wisdom and strength unite :
The Monarch and his subjects here are one—
One shepherd and one fold, beneath Heaven's care.

In every form of government, I grant
That patriots may be found, in whose large hearts
An ardour for their country's weal burns high !
A patriot deserves no common fame,
Who takes his stand upon the stedfast base
Of Liberty, as on a pedestal
Of adamant, and dares espouse the cause
Of British Freedom—built on equal laws—
And with redoubted ardour guards the rights
Of Englishmen, what time fair Albion seems
Fast verging down to fate. With eagle eye
The guardian patriot, 'mid the Senate, sees
Corruption, like a torrent, bearing o'er
The mound of rectitude and legal right ;
And stands, like Moses, in the op'ning breach
Between a realm and ruin, when an arm,
If less than that of Providence, might seem

Incompetent to stem the rising flood.
 Yet firm intrepid wisdom can achieve
 What force and violence could ne'er perform.
 Such causes omen ill to any state ;
 And the result, where long forbearance waits
 In vain for a reform, may terminate
 In anarchy and sad misrule : for seeds
 Of mad sedition, kindling into ire,
 Will suddenly explode, like nitrons grains
 When touch'd by sparks collusive from the steel,
 And sudden conflagrations blaze around !

Oppression oft to ruin marks the way :
 Hence we have recent seen, in other realms,
 Sceptres and crowns, toss'd by plebeian hordes
 As if in sport of fate ; or rather say,
 In just reward, from sin-avenging Heaven,
 For flagrant crimes—enormities of guilt—
 Dealt out in measure to each culprit hand.
 When mines like these exploded in our realm,*
 You might have mark'd, as in the "limbo" scene
 Which Satan pass'd, in traversing the air
 Down to this nether world, a "Paradise,"†
 Rest of its guardian angels—all despoil'd
 Of its proud cedars and its myrtle groves.

* Alluding to the civil wars which pursued Charles I. to the sanguinary block, and to the usurpations and commotions under Cromwell and the Long Parliament ; succeeded by the licentious indulgences and intolerant asperities under Charles II.

† Milton, P. L. lib. iii. l. 496.

You might have seen into this limbo toss'd
 Tiaras, panders, placemen, pensions—hurl'd
 In one promiscuous ruin 'mid the flames.
 More to be deprecated than just war,
 Were raging discord, and the civil sword :
 These make an easy inroad to the foe ;
 These mark with desolation all the soil ;
 And if a land like Eden were to-day,
 To-morrow 'twere but a waste wilderness.
 More to be dreaded than the "pestilence,
 " Which walks in darkness," were the ravages
 Of dark corruption, and corroding vice—
 Dread bane of peace—sad harbingers of woe.
 —If on the historic page, ingenuous FAME
 Pours to all th' admiring world, the deeds,
 Th' emblazon'd trophies, and the honours due
 From British subjects, and attributed
 To names like HAMPDEN, WALSINGHAM, or MORE,
 Or BURLEIGH—still the patriot flame survives
 In loyal bosoms ; and the ardent love
 Of Liberty, and virtuous rule, are mark'd
 In characters, by Nature deep impress'd,
 Never to be effac'd by venal gold.

With names like these, and far-fam'd martial deeds,
 The Poet oft has dignify'd his song :
 These claim a lofty lay : indulge the strain—
 No venal Muse aspires : could I command,
 As Cambrian bards were wont, the verse to flow
 Bold, and exalted as old CAMBRIA's fame,

The rifted rocks and hills, the marshal'd waves
Which garrison Britannia's favour'd isle,
Should echo to the strain. Accept the will,
Exalted chiefs ! nor deem the tribute low ;
The will sincere in Heaven acceptance finds :
Your worth ensures an immortality ;
And fate affirms, " your fame shall never die."*

The heart that glows not at heroic deeds
Is icy cold, beyond the Muse's art,
With all her fires, to warm. There lives a race
Of frozen geniusses, whose heavy ears †
Shut out the sweetest minstrelsey, averse
To every finer movement of the soul !
Their sullen, low, yet proud austerity,
I praise not. Other's fame, however just
The tribute, wounds their heart. True eloquence
On them is lost ; and purest worth, unwept,
Unhonour'd dies. I give the stoic up—
Best fitted in some warmer clime to bask,
Where apathy herself too much may feel.

So British valour ever stood rever'd
In the poetic page—and ever will—
While uncontaminated flows our blood,
And nerv'd by exercise our vig'rous arm.
If we from probabilities may judge,
From second causes form our estimate,

* *Fama vero nulla prorsus perit.* The sentiment is as old as
Hesiod. *Vide* the Motto.

† *Aures Assininas.* OVID.

No equal forces dare aspire to snatch
The lofty plume from off Britannia's brow.
Blenheim and Fontenoy, and Maida's field,
And many a conquest won thro' many a realm,
Proclaim what British valour can achieve.
Yet fix not here, brave countrymen, your hopes ;
See that you draw the sword in a just cause ;
And look for conquest to the LORD OF HOSTS !
Vain is an arm of flesh. No arm but thine,
Almighty Arbiter, can save a realm.
If THOU commission th' impending stroke,
And give the fiat, " sword go through the land !"
All interposing force is futile then,
As broken billows combating the shores.

While sov'reign VIRTUE guards Britannia's
bark,
Beneath Heaven's watchful eye, we sail secure—
" Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death."*
May ev'ry hand that guides the British helm
Be still attentive to each patriot charge ;
And may the virtues hold perennial reign.
Long may the Prince that sways the sceptre prove
No terror, save to vice—secure the Crown
With VIRTUE at his side. 'Tis this alone
Assures success throughout Life's Voyage. This
Extends our empire over distant seas,
And guards the nation more than walls of brass !

* Young.

'Tis this ennobles, and gives date to fame—
Such fame as virtue only can procure.

Happy the favour'd sons of Albion's isle :
Did they their privileges duly prize,
Thrice happy, under such a lenient reign,
Combining Liberty, Religion, Law,
With Property, Security, and Peace—
Where Peace with safety can at all accord.
True Liberty—the Bard's enchanting theme,
The Patriot's glory, the prevailing spur
To patient industry and useful art—
'Tis this supports great GEORGE's throne and spreads
Britannia's fame to regions far remote !
Hail, Land of Liberty ! Long may thy marts
Abound with Plenty, like the copious horn ;
Long may Salvation all thy bulwarks guard,
And Mercy shed beneficence around,
While Commerce spreads her swelling sheets, and
bears

Thy rich abundance to a thousand shores.
Secure but this—the Nation's wealth and weal
Join hand in hand. While Justice guards the throne,
The plea of Church and State attracts the ear
Of Royalty, and wins supreme regard.
To such regard, the equal claims of men
Assert just right. From candour's gentle voice
Th' attentive ear of wisdom never turns.

What time the Peers of Albion's favour'd isle,
Fast by the throne, mature, in council sage,

Weigh Empires and their fates in Reason's scale,
And politics and equal laws discuss ;
Survey the ancient seer's prediction, well
Accomplish'd here.* Imperial Salem, list,
And shout for joy—As erst Europa's Kings†
The Church protected from her rueful foes ;
So in our Prince a Father still she finds,
And gratefully invokes upon his head
Heaven's richest blessings, and abundant peace.

Thus Virtue's godlike sons immortal grew
In old Saturnian times of fair renown,
As echoing FAME rehears'd their noble deeds—
From age remote to age, from sire to son,
Borne down to charm our ears. Such only, still
Deserve in future annals to survive,
And bear the palm of immortality.
Nor to the Muse need these bequeath the trust
Of ent'ring on the rolls of Fame their deeds,
Their virtues serve t' immortalize her song.
True MERIT builds a live-long monument,
More durable than Trajan's pillar, worn
With time's corroding touch—or the obelisk
Of that ambitious queen,‡ by Cæsar's bands
Urg'd on to suicide—or Cairo's scenes,
The lofty pyramids on Memphis' plain

* Isaiah xlix. 23.

† Alluding to the patronage afforded to Luther, and his colleagues, at the Reformation.

‡ Cleopatra.

Of earliest date amid the works of Art,
Seeming to bid defiance bold to time.
These shall decay, and not a trace remain
Of their once boasted grandeur ; while the sons
Of true heroic VIRTUE—men approv'd
For steady, temperate zeal, and fortitude,
In Freedom's, or Religion's sacred cause—
Not in the Senate, or the Church alone—
Shall shine pre-eminent, and justly claim
This world's applause : for still a nobler meed,
And far more lasting, shall their virtues crown ;
Their record is on high—Heaven pays regard
To all, whose lives and actions thither tend :
And Truth is pledg'd to give the FAITHFUL FEW,
Who well employ the “ talent ” of their power,
And temper Justice with a lenient hand,
A seat as splendid as the firmament,
And durable as God's eternal throne.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction.—Characteristic Representations of the various Voyagers of Life, continued, viz. PARTISANS, DESPOTS, EPICURES, BACCHANALIANS, MASQUERADERS, LIBERTINES, RESTORATIONISTS, FATALISTS.—In the Description of Libertines, a Digression on the Perpetuity of future Punishment is introduced—with a Reprehension of the Folly, which would affect an ill-grounded Lenity, in the Punishment of Vice, incompatible with the Decrees of Justice:—Hence arises a Vindication of God's Decrees, against Restorationists on the one hand, and Fatalists on the other.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK III.

ΟΙ ΠΛΕΟΝΕΣ ΚΑΚΟΙ. BIAS.



A WAKE harmonious lyre: with sweet accord
The charming voice of high Urania join,
While she in visionary prospect shews
Life's Voyagers, and sings their various fates.

'Tis passing sweet, with softly breathing airs
To touch the pliant stops of melody,
And fan poetic fires. So sacred Bards
Were wont of old, as minstrelsey inspir'd :
So let them still inform a list'ning world,
What was—what is—and what must shortly be ;*

* * Apollo might presume to sing—

Jupiter est genitor. Per me quod eritque, fuitque,
Estque patet. OVID.

The Author, however, would be understood to refer, not to strictly prophetic; but *theological* Prescience. Music and Poetry were so congenial to the spirit of prophecy, that most,

Not with presumptuous prying, but with clear
 Judicious skill, displaying precious pearls
 Of truth and wisdom to th' attentive mind.
 The topaz, th' Ethiopian chrysolite,
 Are not so splendid as the beams of Truth ;
 Nor yet the brighter morning star that decks
 Aurora's forehead, harbinger of day.

While pure Philosophy delights to treat
 Of causes and effects, the Muse's aim
 Is casually to paint Time's passing scenes
 To the perceptive mind. She loves to trace
 The various bearings of the Voyagers
 Amid Life's surges toss'd : with cautious care
 She marks the gulphs, the shallows, and the rocks,
 That passengers may shun the vortices
 So often fatal prov'd, and steer aright,
 To gain the Port of Safety and of Peace.

My province late has been * to mark the course
 Which bore Britannia's noblest sons, secure,
 To yonder stately dome, where Fame presides ;
 Where she exalts each victor to renown,
 And seats him near her side. Far other fates
 Await the hostile fleets of PARTISANS,

if not all of the sacred prophetic raptures, were delivered in poetic metre : and we have one instance of a minstrel being introduced, in aid of a prophet: 2 Kings. iij. 15. Hence, it should seem, that Music, Poetry, and Prescience, were originally allied to one parent—derived from *once-sources*.

* Book II.

In civil, or in sacred guise, who hold
 Despotic sway, and bear o'er all the bounds
 Of sober reason, order, rectitude—
 Of polity and rule : as yet, ere time,
 Satanic legions, helm'd in firm accord,
 Durst rise the hostile but impotent hand
 Against the throne and the decree of Heaven.
 May each despotic horde, may every league
 Oppos'd to public good, as futile prove.

Since "the majority are vile,"* and more
 Of ill than good surrounds our course, whoe'er
 Would traverse Life, and draw, with skilful hand,
 A true and finish'd picture of the scene,
 Must pencil shades of darkest destiny,
 A train of shipwrecks and of various woes.

We late survey'd yon Despots bearing round
 With all the terror of tyrannic sway,†
 Unjust and cruel as the horrid king
 Enthron'd in Hinnom's Valley. Lo! they spread
 Terror and devastation round the world ;
 Nor justice sits, nor honour, near their helm.
 Fierce as Busiris, they remain unmov'd
 By cruelties, unaw'd by crimson crimes,

* The motto was the laconic decision of an old philosopher, who, it appears, had not only studied human nature, with a particular reference to good and evil, but had himself experienced the extreme heights, and depths, of its attendant vicissitudes.

† Book I.

Like eagles scenting carnage with delight.
They barter crowns, shake kingdoms, thrones
o'erturn,

And lead unhostile kings in servile chains.
Destroying angels ! These awhile must reign,
To execute the work assign'd, and pour
Th' ensanguin'd vials on a guilty world :
Then, lo ! the measure of their crimes being full,
The yawning pit opes deep, and gulps its prey.

Another clan appears, to these allied,
Of petty tyrants, with despotic sway
Fixing their iron talons on the poor.
Hapless the hind, who 'mid their lordly bound
His habitation rears : compassion here
Is sought in vain. May Heaven defend
Each suit when Innocence and Pity plead.
Ah ! let the poor man live : let him enjoy,
Unenvied still, his humble cottage,* built
Amid the mountain wastes, and shady dells,
Where he reposes soft beneath the rage

* It is hoped this view of the poor man's homely joys and sorrows, may act as an assuasive against violent measures being taken with him under Inclosure Acts, particularly in the Principality, where a considerable part of the poor are cottagers upon the mountains. If they are restricted, (and perhaps wisely so,) as to the quantity of inclosed land allowed them, still humanity pleads earnestly for the inviolability of their cottage; and reason shews the propriety and utility of an adjoining plock being allowed them, for purposes of agistment, and a garden.

Of blustering Enrus : still let him possess
His little field, bless'd with the dews of Heaven,
Where, ever and anon, at close of eve,
His rosy, prattling innocents are seen,
With sportive glee, attentive to their charge,
To keep the cow obtrusive, or the goat,
Or tether the clown ass. Such joys and cares
The cottage hind employ. If he invade,
As chance his lank untoward kidling may,
Aught of his neighbour's rights, and violate
The laws of property, the guardian hand
Of justice reprimands him ; yet for this,
Let never one offending hind be deem'd
The prototype of all. To partial crimes,
Let partial penalties of course ensue :
But guilt and innocence should never share
An equal fate from Magisterial hands.
Ye men of power, discriminate between
The precious and the vile, and still permit
The honest poor man's lowly cottage roof—
Howe'er his title to possession stands—
To screen his hoary locks from chilling storms ;
And hear the true, perchance, and trilling tale
Of sad misfortunes which assail'd his life.
Ruthless the heart that bars the cottager
His peaceful home, where humble penury,
Sad inmate, long has dwelt ; yet, strange to tell,
Content as oft beneath the straw-built shed

Is seen to smile, as underneath the roof
Of lordly affluence, and sleepless care.

I knew a man, by sad disaster foil'd,
Whom sickness soon reduc'd to poverty ;
And soon, unusual entrance want obtain'd
Within the threshold of his lowly door :
I saw the scene, and deem it wisdom's school.
What heart unmov'd, what parent could behold
The little group of tearful innocents,
With falt'ring tongue, demanding food, and hear
The feeble accents of a father's voice,
Scarce able to reply, " My little lambs,
" Your Father, God, supplies the fowls of Heaven,
" What time they call ; and he will hear your cry."
It far transcends a pen like mine to paint
The bodings of the parent's heaving breast !
He views his weeping partner in distress,
Then looks to Heaven for help, and finds it there.
God hears his plaint, restores him health and friends,
And satisfies his little group with food :
His peaceful cottage then a palace seems.
Conflicts like these endear the peasant's shed !
Mutual suff'rings mutual loves produce,
With sweetest sympathy and tenderness,
Which sordid arrogance can never feel.
Let no proud arm, uprais'd by avarice,
And by oppression stimulated, dare
To " shove" the poor laborious child of want

From his dear home, where he and honesty
Held converse some seven years; and where the tear,
Perchance, soft sliding down the clammy cheek,
Has mute disclos'd the heartfelt joy, to see
A little prattling family supply'd
With bread enough from his own cultur'd field.
How softly rests the lab'ring hind, when past
A live-long day of unremitting toil :
At night he greets his tell-tale family,
Enjoys the boon which Providence bestows,
With kindling gratitude to bounteous Heaven ;
Then lays him down 'mid smiling innocents :
Soon sleep its " dewy balm " pours o'er each eye,
And seals up all their senses in repose.*

* Plutarch informs us, that, when Solon visited Croesus king of Lydia, the king shewed him his vast treasures, and asked him whether he knew a man happier than he? " Yes," says Solon, " I know Tellus, a very poor, but a very virtuous man, of Athens, who lives in a little tenement there; and he is more happy than your Majesty: for neither can these things make us happy, which are subject to the changes of the times, nor is any one to be thought truly happy till he dies."

It is related, by Herodotus, that when Croesus was afterwards taken prisoner by Cyrus; and laid upon the pile to be burnt, he remembered the saying of Solon, and often repeated his name; at which Cyrus asked, why he cried out " Solon," and who the god was whose assistance he invoked? Croesus said, " I find now, by experience, that to be true which heretofore he said to me;" and so he told Cyrus the story, who, hearing it, was so touched with a sense of the vicissitude of human affairs, that he preserved Croesus from the fire, and ever after had him in great honour.

And is there one whom affluence surrounds,
Whose board is copious crown'd, beyond desert,
With dainty viands and with choicest wine,
Whose hand invades the "vineyard" of the poor?
Can one so bless'd with nature's bounteous gifts,
Forget the poor man's claim to his regard?
Deriv'd from the same origin, and form'd
From the same clay, can he withhold the "crumbs"
Of common bounty from the outstretch'd hand
Of pale misfortune, or of feeble age,
And lay a snare for unprotected feet;
The poor man sever from his lov'd abode,
And cast a wailing, ruin'd family,
Poor outcasts! to the chilling blasts of Heaven?
Yes, such there are, who neither know to feel,
Nor heed the widow's or the orphan's plaint:
Stern justice vows to place such imps in front,
When full-arm'd vengeance aims the deadly blow.

Some on the furious tides of Life are toss'd,
By strong contrarious gusts, o'er shallow sounds,
Unfathom'd deeps, 'mid interposing rocks.
Adown the torrent of contention borne,
Bark jostling against bark, a fatal crash
Ofttimes ensues: the jarring crew, consign'd
To Charon's boat, are cast on Pluto's shore.

Some thro' the plodding cares of Life are driv'n
To wide extremes, and clamorous dissonance,
In fond and fierce pursuit of yellow dust,
Till wrack'd, at length, the strained intellect,

They sink beneath a weight of sordid clay.
Others as madly spend, with idle toil,
What their progenitors amass'd with care,
And find an equal recompense from fate.
So far'd Venetian craft : one cast abrupt
On Scylla's rugged rocks, to pieces dash'd,
Each shattered fragment floated on the wave :
Another, bearing on a different course,
Sinks headlong in Charybdis' rapid whirl,
Deep to the caverns of the gulph profound.

There lives a race of gay convivial souls,
Who launch in sensualities beyond
The bounds of reason, and obtain the name
Of EPICURES, a title lost to fame.
No more do these, like them of ancient date,
From whom their name descends, of atoms dream,
Mysterious confluence ! by CHANCE arrang'd
In order, and to living substances
Wond'rously fram'd. More than a dupe were he
That could believe such old exploded creed.
Our modern Epicures regard it not :
More wise, or less inquiring, they despise
The idle search of visionary truth,
And place their bliss in more substantial joys.
Indulgent Providence is kind to ALL :
Though thoughtless Irreligion builds the house,
And Infidelity presides within,
The board with teeming plenty oft abounds,
The vault with cheering wine. These gifts, tho' meant

By bounteous Heaven to win returns of love,
 And gratitude, are frequent turn'd the bane
 Of such insatiate appetites as live
 For this sole end—Heaven's bounties to consume.*
 As deadly potions are from harmless plants,
 By chymic art extracted; so, I deem,
 The choicest boon of lib'ral Providence,
 When ill apply'd, proves fatal—favours kill.
 Intemperance destroys, of human lives,
 “More than volcano, pestilence, and sword.”
 Repeated facts proclaim around the world,
 What yonder scene demonstrates to our eyes.
 Survey, my Muse, those sated Epicures;
 Behold excess abusing at their board
 The copious gifts of Heaven's indulgent hand,
 While black intemperance cup-bearer stands,
 And many a smiling goblet hands around:
 These soon procure a final recompense—
 Listless disease, and lax infirmity,
 With hands enervated, erect their tomb:
 They sudden drop, nor live out half their days.
 So oft the bark o'erladen rues the gale,
 And sinks abrupt beneath the booming wave.

Yon doughty Voyagers are frequent seen
 By BACCHANALIAN revels quite sublim'd,
 And rapt to fancied bliss. As still the pledge
 Of mutual fellowship, in turn succeeds,

* —Fruges consumere natos, HOR.

The repartee, the catch, the sprightly joke
Run round ; and rustic laughter, echoing loud
At every pun, proclaims " the house of mirth."
In every eye the sparkling bowl appears,
The smiling glasses kiss each willing hand,
And every heart attests the mighty joy.
Enthusiastic ardour flirts around,
And shines on every brow. Each seems in turn
A demi-god ; enraptur'd, how they glow
In all the glee of wanton gallantry,
And wit obscene, unpolish'd puns, and farce
Of ribaldry and song. Full oft, it seems,
Their idle censure on Religion falls,
To mar the cause of virtue. Soon themselves
Must bear the brand of such their infamy.
How little think they that a future day
Is swift approaching, which will mar their joys,
And sink their giddy mirth to sadd'ning woe.*
What boots it them ? The " evil day" they slight,
And chase the thought of sorrow far away :
Nor deem they that a silent hand, unseen,
Minutely figures down the vast arrear,
In columns long and large, a dread amount—
A score unheeded by the thoughtless " debtors."
The creditor, " with usury," demands
All to be paid, e'en the extremest mite ;

* *Nocet emptæ dolore voluptas.* OVID.

To "prison" else consigns the whole banditt;*
And who shall then unbar the grating doors?
"Consider this," ye Bacchanalian clans;
Cease your mad orgies, cease the direful rites,
Nor let Silenus triumph in your train.
Are you not men? Let Reason re-assume
Her vacant throne, and prove that you are men.
What mean those unharmonious chorusses,
Loud and vociferous, but void of art?
What means my pensive Muse to preach to these?
As soon St. Anthony might fishes charm,
Or turn to converts the surrounding rocks.
These barter Reason's sober joys; for what?
For fatal draughts from *Circe's* sensual cup—
Futurity's pure joys, for dregs of Time—
A moment's pleasure, for perennial woe.
Not these alone, but all the giddy bands,
Careering in the slippery paths of vice,
Whose fav'rite temple a pantheon seem'd,
Are register'd upon the rolls of fate:
A Venus this—a fair Adonis that—
A Dian—an Apollo—many more,

* In the celebration of the *Bacchanalia* among the ancient Romans, the most daring outrages were committed, under the joint influence of fanaticism and wine, till the Senate, by an edict, abrogated the festival. Cic. de Leg. l. ii. c. 2. And by reason of the profligacy and extravagance attending such assemblies, some of the most daring banditti are, in every age, urged on to their unhappy fate.

v. 279.

Continued.

Equipp'd to modes of chicane chivalry,
 As antic as the bedlam "man of straw,"
 And mask'd, ridiculous as Harlequin :
 Though glitt'ring lamps adorn the splendid dome,
 "TEKEL" seems legible upon the wall.*
 Now change the scene: their fate is still the same,
 Envelop'd close in darkness, or in shades,
 Like those of Daphne, and Astarte old,
 By "frail Sidonian virgins" sought; or groves
 Of Tempe, or fam'd Thessaly; they still
 Are culpable before Heaven's wakeful eyes;
 Yet, vain delusive hope, they dare presume
 "No eye beholds it, † Heaven regards it not;"
 And oft in wanton Pleasure's antic maze,
 Like fairy elves, in many an airy ring,
 With jocund jollity, frisking around,
 Dance their fantastic measures to the moon.

Too short the day; such revelries prolong'd
 Demand the shelter of the silent night—
 Yet night but ill conceals guilt's odious stain.
 'Tis then "the sons of riot" muster forth
 Their daring forces, and pursue the range
 Amain, "full fraught with insolence and wine,"
 Which vice enflames: they think not that unseen,
 Within the cup, the fatal poison lurks,
 Delicious to the palate, though at length
 It proves the bane of health, the sluice of life,
 And sows the seeds of death. Thus oft in fields

* Dan. v. 27.

† Ezch. viii. 12.

Where flowers luxuriant rear their sprightly heads,
The prone revolving viper lies conceal'd,
Darts on the hand that ravages their sweets,
And deadly venom to the blood instils.

Prone to the door of lewd licentiousness,
Unweetingly, the high flown rabble throngs,
Regardless of the future consequence :
Libidinous the heart, wanton the eye,
Leads to the harlot's den. The cup of joy
They swallow down, regardless of the gall.
Thus a galleon within the Hellespont,
Steering amain, strikes on a pointed cliff ;
The shatter'd vessel drinks the rushing tide,
Whirls to the vortex of the fatal gulph,
Meets final shipwreck, and is seen no more.

Like fate befell young military Jaques
And comradestwain. Soak'd with the amorous wine,
To "nightly ward" they haste, in evil hour,
Boasting a gust, t' encounter "Satan's dam."
An amorous lady meets them, in a masque ;
She leads ; they follow to the magic cell
Of Proserpina, Heccate, or Nymph
Of Styx. Bacchus and Venus' rites perform'd,
Soon shifts the scene ; they perish 'mid the flames
Kindled by prurience, insolence, and wine.
Jaques sole survives few hours—sad spectacle—
The cause to tell, whence sprang this tragic mine.*

* This amorous, but fatal adventure, is very seriously related to have happened in † the famous city of Lyons ; "not

I see the libertine "demurely smile;"
 And smile he may unblam'd, at fancied feats
 Of gallantry, which he durst not achieve.
 Whatever fact might introduce this scene,
 Yet scenes there are which will abide the test
 Of scrutiny; as up the curtain springs,
 And half the flaming "gulph" appears disclos'd!
 Ah! then, the loins of the loose libertine
 Will rend asunder; all his bones will shake.
 Such **LIBERTINES**, incessantly, are toss'd
 Amid the mazes and perplexing wiles
 Of boundless guilt and infidelity.
 Their tilting bark, devoted to the deep,
 Falls foul on error's rocks; and lo! the wreck
 Strew'd o'er the Gulph of Destiny appears!
 What doom can such degenerate crews expect,
 Who fill no useful station here on earth,
 But occupy the Scorners' chair, intent
 To drive devotion from the tents of men?
 Their insolence insures their fate. This hour
 They hoist presumption's flag aloft to Heaven;
 The next, some sullen fiend, with furious gust
 Lurks them, precipitant, down to the shades,

many years prior to the date of a letter written in France, about
 the close of the fifteenth century, by James Howell, Esq. one
 of the clerks of the King's most Honourable Privy Council.
 The legend, referred to above, was published in London 1688,
 in a book entitled "*Epistola He-Elisæ.*" 6. Edit. Vol. I.
 p. xlv. p. 34.

Like him who fell upon the Læmnian shore.
 Relentless punishment, thought halt of foot,*
 O'ertakes them, and a penalty inflicts
 Superior far to the severe decree
 Impos'd by Pharaoh on the Hebrew seed :
 These lack not meet materials for the flame ; †
 Still the sad augmentation is untold—
 That to their destiny no end appears.
 Could they but hope some very distant end,
 The “ fiery vaults” with echoing joys would ring :
 The snaky furies, charm'd, would hiss applause ;
 Ixion again would rest upon his wheel ;
 And Sisypheus forget his fruitless toil.

Yet righteous Heaven has publish'd the decree,
 More firm than Media's laws, or Persia's code,
 Irrevocably fix'd. And are there some
 'Mid Theologians frail, who chaunt the tune
 Of RESTORATION ; not unlike to that
 By which the Serpent gain'd our Mother's ear ;
 “ Ye shall not surely die”—Who told them so ?
 What futile being, to palliate human crimes,
 To strew with fatal flowers the road to death,
 And garnish hope with guile ; what sophister
 Shall dare dispute his Maker's just decree,
 And say, “ He means not as he said ; nor will
 “ He execute the sentence pass'd.” Forbear,
 Fond man, nor risk thy future destiny

* *Pede poena claudo.* Hor.

† *Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.* *Ibid.*

On such a stake ; but know that earth and heaven
 Shall pass away, before God's word shall fail :
 The word is pass'd—the sentence must abide.
 Ask not the Judge of all, with cynic sneer,
 " Why doom'd to everlasting pain, for crimes
 " Of momentary date ?" Time kicks the beam,
 'Tis said, when balanc'd with eternity ;
 Granted : but what of TIME and CIRCUMSTANCE ?
 These ponderate as in Astræa's scale.
 What if the momentary guilt of time
 Bears no proportion to perennial pain ?
 Yet guilt prolong'd against eternal love,
 Persisted in through all the term of grace,
 Will terminate in everlasting woe :
 Time is eternity to man.* What more
 Can he, than persevere in error's course
 To Life's last limit ? By analogy,
 If time were lengthen'd to an endless date,
 It would but deeper stamp his inbred guilt.
 The course of SIN is obstinately chose :
 'Tis in despite of all the Spirit's aids ;
 And in defiance of the Righteous Judge, †

* Time is but a *point* in the unbounded *circle* of eternity ; and how important must that point appear, which fixes the destinies of the everlasting ages.

† Archbishop Tillotson, affects not to admit that there is any proportion between temporary sins and eternal punishments. He therefore places the force of his argument, for the consistency of such a dispensation of justice with the goodness of God, in the ends and reasons of government, which require

Whose laws are guardians to our steps and meant
 To ward from ruin. Say, of what avail
 Were laws, not guarded by strict penalties?
 And what were penalties, if not enforc'd?
 How plain it seems that an eternal good
 Stands opposite, in Reason's equal scale,
 'Gainst an eternal ill. Our destinies
 Depend upon our choice.* Th' important stake

such penalties as may, if possible, deter men from the breach of it. It is plain that God, the Sovereign of Nature, has a right, not only to form laws for the well ordering of his creatures, but to sanction his laws by rewards and penalties, and to enforce them. These laws and penalties are sanctions and enactments of mercy; but if they prove ineffectual to reformation, God is just as well as merciful; and

“A God all mercy is a God unjust.”

As man is an accountable creature, he must be subject to rewards and penalties; and doubtless the proportion of these rewards and punishments, (though of equal duration,) will be duly adjusted to the degrees of fidelity, or defection, which shall have distinguished probationary moral agents. But if man's present state be not a state of agency and probation, he is not accountable either for infidelity, or disobedience, to the enactments or penalties of any divine law. We know what effect an argument like this would produce in a temporal court of justice. How strange then must it seem, that theologians, of different casts, should strenuously maintain tenets, which would render their Maker's positive enactments a mere momentary system of terror, on the one hand; and his eternal distributions of justice and mercy, the absolute decrements of despotic power, on the other.

* Deut. xxx. 19. The author would not be understood to assert, that man has a will naturally free to good; but in violation of the justice, as well as the superabounding goodness

Is life and death : 'tis an eternal life,
 Or "death that never dies." God says, "choose life."
 What he commands he wills ; and what he wills,
 He gives the power to do. If men seek death,
 And in the error of their life condemn
 The tenders of his grace, forget his love,
 Neglect his warning voice, and with rash hand
 Unbar the gates of hell—can such as these,
 Who live and die at "enmity with God,"
 E'er in his presence dwell ? Nature abounds
 With contraries, which cannot co-exist :*

of God, divine revelation gives him grounds to affirm, that man's lapsed powers are so far renovated, by a covenant of grace and redemption, that, through the agency and assistance of God's holy spirit, he may "work out" his own salvation; and which, if he neglect to do, "sin lieth at his door," and God is clear of the blood of all men.

* Bishop Horne, Saurin, and a few others, have advanced some striking arguments on this subject. But I have not met with any concatenation of argument that seems so clear, and so conclusive, as the following summary chain of reasoning, taken from Dr. Clark's Sermon, "On the Rich Man and the Beggar." He considers the *χαρμα μωρα* "as pointing out the impossibility of the restoration of the wretched, and the impossibility of the lapse of the blessed;" and argues thus : "In a state of probation, men may stand or fall. Time is the state of probation to human spirits: in eternity their state is fixed. Those who are faithful unto death shall receive the crown that *fadeth not away*. They ended their state of probation in the salvation of God; and are irreversibly fixed in the state of glory. These cannot possibly fall, because their state of probation, in which alone *defection* was possible, is eternally terminated. The others fell in their state of probation, and

Can light and darkness in one region dwell ?

No more can God with sinners hold accord,

rose not again : therefore they are consigned to an eternal separation from God ; for their state of probation is ended, consequently their state is irreversibly fixed. The great gulph, says Abraham, *στηνίχται*, is *established, made firm, and durable*, and now there is no more hope.

“ It was the opinion of *Origen*, of old, and has been the opinion of many since his time, that the great gulph would be abolished ; and that, in process of time, damned spirits would be emancipated from the chains of darkness and perdition. This opinion was grounded on the supposition, that *suffering* tends to purify and expiate ; that all punishment is emendatory ; and that it is not likely that God should punish men eternally, for those faults which they had committed in time. Leaving the nature of sin entirely out of the question, as well as the justice of God, we must consider that the final separation of an unholy soul from God, is a *necessary* consequence of the state in which it is found. For as it is unholy, it cannot be united to God, for God is holy. If then it cannot be united to him, it must be separated from him ; and as he is the fountain of happiness, to be separated from him is to be separated from happiness, and consequently to be in a state of misery. The perdition, therefore, of ungodly souls, is not so much an effect of the vindictive justice of God, as a necessary consequence of the unholy state in which they are found at their departure from the body. If it be possible for them to grow holy in hell, of course they must at last be capable of endless union with God. But *suffering* cannot produce such a change, because suffering is an *effect* produced by sin ; and it is physically and morally impossible, that an *effect* should destroy the *cause* by which it is produced. Reprobate souls suffer only because they are sinful ; and while sin remains they must suffer, and as suffering, which is an *effect* of sin, cannot destroy its producing cause, so misery must continue, unless their guilt be

Nor can they dwell with him. Ask not the judge,
 "What hast thou made?" or, "where is mercy fled?"
 This too presumptuous were : but rather say,
 Why was this mercy slighted ? Why the love
 So opportune, so infinite, that gave
 The Heir of Life from Heaven to rescue man,
 O'erlook'd, and counted as a thing of naught ?
 And that high purchase,* which alone secures
 The durable inheritance, ne'er brought
 To a transfer ? The purchase has been paid,
 On the Redeemer's part. It must be seal'd, †
 And ratify'd to us ; or all our hopes
 Are fruitless as the sick man's dream, who dares
 To drain the spring, yet wakes with fever'd tongue.

How blind the futile faith that cannot see
 The Restoration plan a waking dream,
 Which springs from hopes abortive. Rest assur'd,
 God's justice, goodness, truth, and equity,
 Will ever shine unsullied, unimpeach'd,
 And fully vindicate his just decrees,
 Against the clamours of each sceptic, who,
 With foolish promptitude, and daring hand,
 Would seem more merciful than bounteous Heaven;
 Would turn once more the massy key through all

pardoned, and their nature made pure. But there is no direct evidence from *Scripture*, that ever this will be done, and therefore no *solid* ground to support a sinner's hope, that he shall ever be permitted to cross this great gulph, and enter into the abodes of the blessed."—See Rev. xxii. 11.

* Acts xx. 28.

† Ephesians i. 13.

Th' inextricable wards of destiny,
 And cause the sullen doors to "grate harsh thunder,"
 And let the prisoners forth, and place them high,
 To "wage war" yet in Heaven. When men would seem
 Wise beyond wisdom's code, their folly glares
 Full manifest to every eye. I leave
 Them long to nurse their reveries, and turn
 Once more to yonder shipwreck'd sons of vice,
 Where late we left them, bound in Vulcan's chain,
 "Whither is now their blooming Venus fled?"
 Where their lov'd Liberty? The phantom knew
 No local residence beneath the moon,
 Save their ideal brain: there, only there,
 Light as the *futurs*, danc'd the idle shade.
 True Liberty unknowing these, abhors
 Their company; she visits not those realms.
 Ah! could they barter lots with some, the worst
 Of criminals, that to the dungeon cast
 Are heavy laden with the clanking chains,
 How would they hug the bands, as miser's gold.
 When the probationary term is past,
 No sacrifice remains—no hope—no plea
 For guilt; fix'd fate, and strict necessity,
 Bar every bolt, and fasten every chain.

'Twere happier, in the end, to have been doom'd
 To heathen rites—of upright heart*—though led
 In labyrinths of error's blackest maze,

* Rom. ii. 14, 15, 27.

v. 478. *Preposterous Pursuits of Happiness.*

With scarce a gleam of day, like Indian clans,
Near Ganges, or Hydaspes' far fam'd streams,
Than from the sacred path of Righteousness
To swerve with willing feet ; to turn the ear
From Reason's clearest calls ; to close the eye
Against the rays of Truth—divinest Truth—
Commission'd from on high, with evidence
Clear as the light—thence Revelation call'd :
Such daring libertines, who darkness choose
In preference to light, are by that truth
Which they despise, to "outer darkness doom'd."

If such the fatal end of libertines,*
Fly from their horrid secret, O my soul !
And thou, mine honour, at a distance keep,
Nor ever in their dire assemblies join.

Ill-fated as these sons of vice appear,
Each, in his various way, pursues the track
Of fleeting happiness. One hopes to find
The goddess here ; another there : this man
In pleasures ; that in riches ; and a third,
Less wise than all, in sensuality.

While frequent in Life's Voyage men are seen
Of jarring sentiments, perverted views,
Contending interests, interposing schemes,
Pursuing happiness a thousand ways ;

* As divine truth is the standard of rectitude, all will prove to have been libertines, at last, who walked not after its infallible directions.

The phantom goddess, like some moody fair,
 Shuns their approach, then gives a feigned smile,
 To tempt them forward in the dubious chace.
 Each votary some separate course pursues ;
 Yet each is confident himself is right,
 And all the rest are wrong, who frame their course
 By different sentiments, with other views,
 Oppos'd to his infallible "decrees."

Thus oft empirics in theology,
 Prescribe as positive as any Pope :
 "Take my catholicons, or sudden sink,
 "To the black realm of darkest destiny ;
 "Embrace my reprobating creed, or thou
 "The reprobate shalt be." Vain man, forbear,
 Check thy presuming arrogance, nor dare
 To limit gracious Heaven. Hast thou beheld
 The "seal'd" decrees, or read the rolls of fate ?
 Hast thou to the arcana privy been,
 Or sat in synod as a god, when erst
 The high determination was, "Let us
 Make man ?" Didst thou give counsel, "this elect,
 "That reprobate shall prove ?" Rather attend.
 "To make thy calling and election sure."
 Consult thy reason ; reason will attest,
 And truth will certify, that all are wrong
 Who dare confine Heaven's darling attribute,
 Almighty Love ; who with mistaken zeal,
 His justice wound, to magnify his grace ;

r. 531.

God's equal Love asserted.

he grace which he asserts is free for all :
 Not free, where were his "equal" ways ? † What
 mean

his pitying tears, † treaties, ‡ warnings, ¶ pray'rs,
 but that offending man should turn and live ?
 You say, " the potter claims a power o'er clay,
 ' To-form it as he will." 'Tis granted : yet
 Was ever potter known to form a jar,
 With this design—to mar the work he made ?
 The Fatalist replies, " Forbear, fond man,
 ' 'Tis Sov'reign Heaven ordains both good and ill."
 'T' charge my Maker falsely, I not dare :
 My Maker vindicates his equal love,
 His truth, his *justice*, by an oath,
 Which must for ever silence every plea :
 " I have no pleasure ; as I live," said God,
 " I have no pleasure in his death who dies." **
 Since " God is light," in him no darkness dwells ;
 No moral evil can from him proceed ;
 No preconceiv'd †† respects his councils bias.
 But " where's his sovereignty ?" I say again,
 The Book of God no sovereignty asserts,
 Besides his justice and his love. We grant
 The venerable Saint, ‡ whose holy soul

* 1 Tim. ii. 4.

† Ezek. xviii. 29.

‡ Luke xix. 41.

§ Jer. vi. 8.

¶ Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.

¶ Luke xxiii. 34.

** Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

†† Acts x. 34.

‡ St. Paul.

Borne in an extacy before the gale
 Of Heaven's inspiring, own'd a sovereignty
 Worthy th' Eternal King ; what meant he then,
 Save t' assert his mighty Maker's right -
 To govern kings, and kingdoms to dispose ;*
 To punish foes and traitors, Pharaoh like,
 First harden'd by their crimes, then harder made
 By his just judgments ; † Israel to cut off,
 For " unbelief," ‡ from forth the living vine,
 And graft the Gentiles in, who " stand by faith,"
 And not by fix'd decree. It is decreed,
 That all the world should duteous homage pay
 To God's anointed. Such as dare rebel,
 Shall feel the sovereign weight of his right hand.]
 Nor " does election" reach to kings alone ;
 But all inferior orders in the Church,
 Call'd by his grace, § are guided by his eye :
 Apostles, pastors, teachers, || all revere
 The gentle hand which leads and guards their way.

Here then, as in a mirror, we descry
 Th' arcana all reveal'd. " He that believes
 " Shall favour find ;** he that rebels shall die."
 How far from this, the comment we have seen

* Dan. v. 21.

† Compare Exod. ix. 34, with *ibid.* x. 1.

‡ Rom. xi. 20.

§ Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,

Elect above the rest ; such is my will :

The rest shall hear my call. MILTON.

|| Eph. iv. 11.

** Mark xvi. 16.

v. 577. *God's Decrees not opposed to his Attributes.*

Attach'd to truths sublime, of "fixed fate,"
 Excluding all contingent acts, without
 The pale of God's prescience; and inferring, hence,
 Foreknowledge fix'd on absolute decrees'
 Indissoluble chain, as if the eye
 Of God's omniscience could not scan, at once,
 The future as the past.* Who can conceive,
 Probationary beings, with reason bless'd,
 With revelation too endow'd, should thus
 Delight to fix the destinies of men,
 Ill-fated, on their Sovereign Maker's will;
 And summon no less witness than St. Paul,
 In proof of destinies he ne'er conceiv'd.
 It were enough to fetch the crystal tear
 From the bright eye of Charity, to see
 Th' Apostle's lofty theme perverted thus,
 And set at variance with the Sacred Code.

Whence comes the confidence that rends, and
 wounds,
 God's attributes, and fathers all our guilt, †
 Not on his slighted love, but his decree?
 I deem 'tis thus "the unstable and unlearn'd,

* Isaiah xlii. 8, 9.

† If God has decreed to bestow grace and favour on the elect alone, what is the consequence to the non-elect, but as stated above? How can they avoid guilt and misery, if left without a possibility of grace, and without a Saviour? And what is it less to withhold the means, than to decree the end? And if fixed fate has rivetted the destinies of man, how then shall Christ judge the world?

"Intruding into things they have not seen,"
 Pervert the Sacred Code, and mainly split
 On error's rock, with confidence too bold :
 But sin and punishment, by fix'd decree,
 I tremble to assert ; nor dare I say,
 "Whatever is, is right."* Forbid it, Heaven;
 That God's commission'd heralds, whose high charge
 Is to proclaim his mercy ; † deprecate
 His anger ; shew the way to penitence,
 And meet the contrite mourner's fears, with hopes
 Of promis'd pardon ; ‡ pointing out, in mild
 And soothing accents, the sole remedy,
 As universal as our nature's need :
 Forbid it, Heaven ! that messengers of grace
 Should draw a veil o'er crimes, or doom to hell
 Immortal souls, for faults they could not shun :
 If the Divine decrees are absolute,
 Faith, in the non-elect, can but deceive ;
 Since to believe, were to believe a lie.
 Forbear, fond advocate of partial grace,
 So studiously t' exclude from mercy's door
 The plea of penitence. What can avail
 The partial tenet, save t' exterminate
 The mild diffusive rays of gospel grace,
 And fix the bolts of horror and despair
 On th' excluded mass of hapless men.

* Else, "on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
 Say, to what bar amenable were man ?" COWPER.

† Isai. xl. 1, 2.

‡ 1 John i. 9.

624. *God's Love the Foundation of our Hope.*

o substitute, in place of promises,
 billet of decrees, but tends to bar
 all effort, counteract all stimulus,
 all motive, rend'ring man a mere machine,
 creature of the Fates :* his agency
 thus render'd null, repentance unavailing.
 O, with rash boldness, many a woful wight
 his theory shuts out from the Tree of Life.
 Was it for this, o'er Beth'lem's favour'd fields
 Had Angels, to their golden harps, proclaim'd
 Benevolence † and peace to favour'd men ?”

* The Author could furnish abundant proof, in confirmation of these allegations, both by theory and inference, from the poetic writings of Calvinists of the most rigid order. As to one moderate polemic, of this school, he is well aware there are among them men of eminent virtue, and respectable talent. Many of these, it may be presumed, have thought deliberately for themselves, and have founded their sentiments upon a supposed conviction of truth: he has no more wish to stigmatize such men for not thinking as he does, than that they should criminate him, for holding tenets which he derives from the standard of truth, and which, he is convinced in his own mind, are well supported there. Such, however, of the highest order Fatalists, who are not under the influence of an infallible bigotry, and who are rational enough to weigh an argument, are candid enough to acknowledge the force of truth, may perhaps receive some additional light, and discover how nearly error may be sometimes allied to truth—if they candidly peruse an unanswerable little Tract, entitled, “The Scripture doctrine of Predestination,” printed for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and Church Union, in the Diocese of St. David's.

† *Ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδομία.*

God's Omniscience the Source of his Decrees. v. 635.

Is it for this, Heaven's boundless conclave rings,
 With everlasting honours to the Son,
 Who seal'd our peace, repurchas'd with a price
 Our lost inheritance ; inviting all,
 Whoever will, to come, exalt the choir,
 And prove the pleasure of a God of Love ?
 The gospel grace, diffusive, like the rays
 Of yonder sun, extends o'er all, and sheds
 Its beams benign, t' illumine the glad world,
 And light them up to realms of endless day.
 God's " high predestination," then, is built
 On his *foreknowledge* ;* and the structure stands
 In love to man : Salvation is the sum
 Of God's decrees, † and holiness the end :
 'Tis active Faith that leads to victory,
 And grace that fits us for eternal joy.

* Ὅτι ἐκ προοργῶ καὶ προορίσας. ST. PAUL.

† Paul. ii. 7, 8. Gal. xlv. 22.



THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Characteristics of the Voyagers of Life continued, viz.—
ATHEISTS, DEISTS, PAPISTS, UNITARIANS.—*In these Representations, speculative and practical Atheists are compared, and consigned to an equal Fate.—The most notorious and daring Tenets of Ancient and Modern Times reviewed, and exploded.—Vice, in each collective Character, impartially censured, and Error reprimanded.*

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK IV.

Unus utriusque error, sed caritis illud est partitum. HON.



WHILE some to war attune the epic lay,
And sing of heroes weltering in gore ;
Some chaunt in softer strains the arts of peace,
And one, like his own Raphael, sings sublime
The first fair garden, and the happy pair ;
Some sing the seasons as they roll ; and some
Of life, death, and immortality ; and time,
And gold more sacred, and the final scene
When death himself expires : the care be mine
To teach Life's Voyagers what course to steer,
And shun the gulph of Vice ; to bear aloof
From fatal rocks of Infidelity ;
To clear the park of Superstition's clans
And Error's minions, pointing to the port
Where Happiness resides. Important aim !
To show happy such as form their steady course
To make the haven sure : that end acquir'd,
Their final plaudits both in earth and heaven.

As miners, with repeated force, assail
 The stony matrice, ere they bring to light
 The precious ore ; so truth is ascertain'd
 By dint of reason, with the sacred aid
 Of Revelation's bright celestial beams,
 Which shine full clear to an attentive eye,
 Disclosing all the plots which error plans
 To lure th' unwary wand'rer more astray.
 Yet such he frequent gains ; and such the Muse,
 With equal zeal and candour, criminates :
 For Heaven itself arraigns yon daring clan
 Of Atheists, and of " Infidels baptiz'd."

What baneful influence misleads yon fleet,
 Who hoist their flaunting sails presumption's height,
 And brave the terrors of Almighty Power,
 When danger sleeps ;* as if his " mighty arm"

* Late eminent writers have exhibited a striking view of the progress of infidelity on the Continent, founded on well authenticated facts : among which are the following relations of proceedings of the National Convention in Paris : " On the 6th of Nov. 1792, a discourse upon Athelism was pronounced by Dupont, and highly applauded by the Convention. During the progress of the Revolution, a comedian, dressed as a priest of the *Illuminati*, publicly appeared, personally attacking Almighty God, in these memorable words : " No ! thou dost not exist. If thou hast power over the thunderbolts, grasp them, aim them at the man who dares set thee at defiance in the face of thine altars. But no ; I blaspheme thee, and I still live ; no, thou dost not exist."—Vide Coke's Recent Occurrences of Europe, page 161—165, where he refers to Faber's Dissertations, and Kett's Hist. Interp. of Proph.

v. 35.

Atheists.

Vere impotent—his wrath as fabulous
 As Jove's fierce-flaming thunderbolts—the sport
 Of modern Infidels, the dread of fools :
 A Deity ?—a fable : Hell ?—a joke :
 Religion ?—all a farce, a crafty scheme,
 By priestcraft plann'd, and drawn with selfish
 views :

To fleece the flock is solely its intent,
 To keep the world in awe, and bind in chains
 Of slavish thrall, whom chance created free."

Brave advocates of misdeem'd Liberty !
 You strive to burst Religion's bands asunder,
 Disown your Maker's laws, deny his being,
 Consign your own to atoms, and to worms !*
 Yet vaunt not, since your triumph soon must end—
 The sum of human that subsists in you,
 But the morbid shell—you lack the soul !
 Enroll'd with yours, I see a list of names—
 Lucetius first—to Tindal, Creech, Voltaire †—

* This is the undissembled substance of the Materialist's creed !

† That *Voltaire* ought not to be entered on the list of Deists, it is with the *Atheists*, many passages in his later writings clearly prove. What character will suit the man who had the assurance to insult human nature with the following bombastical sonnet: "The *Universal Cause*, that God of the philosophers, of the Jews, and of the Christians, is but a chimaera and a phantom.—The phenomena of nature, so far from bespeaking a God, they are but the necessary effects of matter

Consign'd to everlasting infamy !
 To sport with flaming brands, or thunderbolts,
 Were safe, were innocent, compar'd with that
 Temerity which braves Almighty wrath !
 Commiseration wakes what's human in me—
 Ah ! why, sworn enemies to Truth, dare you
 The mad, the desperate adventure risk,
 Of warring against Heaven, like Tityus old,
 And his gigantic train ? I see your fate.
 The feeble battery you raise to storm
 Religion's citadel, will back recoil
 Impetuous, and " crush " each daring " wretch. " *
 Your insolence confounds " Abaddon's " bands :
 Foul fiends, " believe and tremble ; " † what can you
 For such transcendent infidelity
 Expect ? What punishment awaits your crime ?
 Ere long the GOD OF JUSTICE bares his arm,
 And with a fiery recompense descends.
 Lo ! where his chariot wheels revolve in flames !
 Who can withstand the lightning of his eye ?
 While well-aim'd thunderbolts fly swift abroad,

" prodigiously diversified.—Nothing can be more absurd than
 " to believe the soul to be a spiritual being.—The fear of God,
 " so far from being the beginning of wisdom, is the beginning
 " of folly."—Vide Kett's Hist. Interp. vol. ii. p. 150.

* A just application of a title of degradation which the infidel Voltaire seemed to glory in blasphemously appropriating to the adorable Messiah.

† St. James.

"The forests skip like" playful "unicorns,"*
 The lofty groves in reverence bow down,
 To shun th' uplifted stroke of his right hand.
 All nature shakes beneath his rapid car ;
 So quak'd Olympus when the gods came down,
 As poets feign'd ; so Sinai's summit shook.
 Now let the Atheist rear his haughty crest,
 And like Leviathan, devoid of fear,
 Blazon Laertes' shield, as in contempt
 To meet the sword of justice. To other aid
 He flies : he bids on him the mountains fall,
 And sinks, mere coward, ere the stroke descends,
 Or indignation half its vials pours.
 Not equal pangs betid Etar's son,
 Bound to the rock, consign'd by angry Jove
 The vulture's prey. Laocoon was not seiz'd
 With mightier terrors, when the serpents twain
 From Tenedos, voluminous and vast,
 Him and his sons with pois'nous jaws devour'd.
 Conscience, in infidels, becomes a scourge,
 A "worm" that never dies, and ceaseless preys
 Upon the vital part, like liquid fire,
 Ever consuming, ever unconsum'd.
 Survives there one, in Mercy's lenient reign,
 Who dares, with iron front, in face of Heaven,
 Bid bold defiance to Omnic Power ?
 The Atheist, if consistent, is the man : †
 The monstrous man—the Quixote of renown—

* King David.

† Vide Note, p. 34.

The Speculative and Practical Atheist compared. v. 102.

Yet call him not a hero : th' heroic name
 Should never be disgrac'd in Belial's line.
 Hostile to light, by darkness terrified,*
 His black ideas to wild confusion driven,
 Preposterous, as " shadows hunting shades."'
 Is this the bold antagonist of Heaven ?
 Such is the man, the blackest of Truth's foes.

'Twere hard, precedence due to fix between
 Such desperadoes, and the faithless crews
 Of *Atheistic Life*. Deluded, they
 Bear on, preposterous as a pantomime,
 Regardless to what port. Heaven is forgot,
 And all the prime concerns of bliss and woe.
 The Deity is absent from their thoughts :
 His truth traduc'd by their unhallow'd lips,
 His name blasphem'd, his fear is far remote.
 Without the aid of optics, you may see
 Their vessel gradual sinking by its weight,
 While they, unconscious of the fatal leak,
 Put forth no effort to secure the ship.

Embolden'd in the cause of Truth divine,
 And not asham'd my Master's cross to own,
 My Muse essays to vindicate the claims
 Of sacred Revelation ; and asserts,
 In opposition to the DEIST's creed,
 The cordial union that subsists between
 Well order'd reason and the sacred code.

* The reported case of the once celebrated Author of the *Leviathan*. See Woodward's *Fair Warnings*..

Reason asserts, the present state of man
 Is not so happy, so immaculate,
 Unsuffering, and unknowing aught of ill,
 As what the perfect hand of wisdom, love,
 And all perfection must have first produc'd.
 If we admit analogy to fix
 A rule of argument, it will appear,
 That all our Maker's works are signaliz'd
 By beauty, order, harmony, and peace;
 All bear the stamp of goodness and of love,
 And were pronounc'd by Sov'reign wisdom "good."
 Whence then could discord, whence could evil spring?
 Not from above. No evil dwells with thee,
 "Parent of Good;" with thee no darkness dwells.
 The source of evil from beneath must spring.
 Can boastful reason trace the fatal stream
 Up to its flowing fount? It cannot: here
 We must to Revelation have recourse,
 Or wander endless in the wily paths
 And labyrinths of error, destitute
 Of one ~~safe~~ clue to guide us in the way.

The Book of God discloses the defect,
 Which all the sages of antiquity
 Bemoan'd, yet saw not whence its fatal source
 Proceeded. Nature neither knew the cause,
 Nor whence the remedy could be deriv'd.
 The cause and remedy, in Sacred Writ
 Appear with evidence which truth attests,
 Reason confirms, experience justifies;

And these three witnesses are competent,
 And should in every court and cause be heard.
 Here we perceive that God can rectify
 The bias of our nature. Bent on this,
 Primæval wisdom plann'd, and then produc'd,
 And will accomplish, the all-perfect scheme.
 Here too, we learn, 'twas man alone did first,
 Abusing his free agency, subvert,
 What in him lay, his Sov'reign Maker's plan,
 His fealty renounce, and with rash hand
 Throw wide the hundred gates of sin and death
 To all his embryon seed. And still 'tis man,
 Though the fair image of perfection form'd,
 Ruler and lord of all this earthly scene,
 The heir of reason, and, of course, the heir
 Of immortality.* 'Tis man alone
 Brings rapine, ruin, war, to domineer;
 Vicegerents of the world, known first to rage,
 Not in the golden reign of innocence;
 These mark a ruthless iron age of woe.
 'Tis lordly man consigns this mortal stage
 To satyrs and to furies full disclos'd:
 REVENGE, with pallid cheek and sullen eye,
 Darts its fierce fires beneath the mask of night,
 And meditates foul mischief. Next to him
 Stands pale HYPOCRISY, beneath a cloak

* Quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod
 videt, cœleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sic ap-
 pertet est. TULLY.

v. 184. *The present State of Nature imperfect.*

Of seeming sanctity, near to the heart
 Concealing daggers, brooding lusts, and forth
 Producing all the basilisk reveal'd.
 And the triumvirate to form complete,
 AMBITION, marching with gigantic strides
 O'er crowns and sceptres, and the rent remains
 Of realms, brings up the rear. And if perchance,
 Like the Pellean conqueror, a few
 Sad sullen drops bedew the auburn cheek ;
 Yet these are not the tears of penitence,
 For wading deep in seas of guiltless blood,
 Through crimes that pass a bastile calendar.
 No : not for this ; they flow from sentiments
 Which brood on blackest crimes: such tears declare
 That no unconquer'd realms remain to grace
 The trophies of a tyrant's blood-stain'd car ;
 Or, more consoling, might they indicate
 The tale of massacres is nearly told.
 These, and a thousand more—reflection sad—
 Of ills too numerous to recount, but serve
 To mark the footsteps of Heaven's offspring man,
 From Eden's fratricide, all down the steep
 Of time to Barbarossa's destiny—
 More cruel still, to Duke D' Enghien's fate !

Ye Sages Deify'd ! Say whence this black,
 This direful catalogue of human woes ?
 Not from Heaven's love—Not from the gentle hand
 Of Perfect Goodness—Reason answers, No !
 As man as perfect then as Heaven design'd ?

'Twere impious—'twere blasphemous t' impute
Such ills to God's account. Our reason here
Must own that human nature is deprav'd,
Since no pure fountain can produce such streams,
That man is not as perfect as he came
Fresh from his Maker's hand; and hence might draw
The obvious inference, that when young Time
Began his rapid progress, Nature sank
To ruin by some lapse from eminence,
Some great primæval fall. And hence appears
The obvious origin of pain, and death,
And the sad source of all the streams of woe.

What Reason here discovers, and might prove
By plain analogy, old TRUTH affirms,
In that most bright display of past and future
Heaven vouchsaf'd to man. We there discern
The ORIGIN OF EVIL : there we trace
The cause of penal pains ;* we see the fruit,
And sad effect of sin : the Sacred Code
Affords a copious and a grand display
Of Justice, and of Mercy : there we trace
Motives, effects, and vital seeds of faith
And penitence ; and whence the sacred doors
Of Mercy open wide t' admit mankind.

It is no sordid, no contracted scheme,
But worthy of a God, to stem the tide
Of human mis'ry, and so reanimate

* Lament. iii. 39. Rom. viii. 22.

v. 240. *The Deist admonished against an evil Propensity.*

Our languid hopes with beams of cheering light,
 Shed from his own celestial realms of day ;
 First, like the radiance of the opening morn,
 In prophecies and figures dimly seen ;
 Then, like the splendour of the rising sun,
 Display'd to all the distant isles, what time
 The "DAY SPRING from on high" stoop'd down,
 proclaim'd

The happy morn arriv'd, which seers and kings
 With ardent expectation wish'd to see.
 This was the golden age, and this the day,
 When GOD reveal'd should dwell with humble man,
 Heal all his maladies, his guilt remove,
 And lead to immortality the way.
 What less than this could calm our boding fears ?
 What more than this could reason's suit require ?

Why then should men who boast of Nature's light,
 And claim the sacred name of "Wisdom's* friends,"
 Dare, in repugnance to the Truth of GOD,
 Whose name they vainly arrogate, presume
 To slight his scheme of Mercy, since on this
 Our present comfort, and our future hope,
 Can solely rest ? Depriv'd of this, we feel
 Like Noah's dove, poor fugitive ! from forth
 The sacred ark expos'd to all the range
 Of elements, not finding where to rest
 Till she returns : we feel to comfort lost,

Painful Consequences attached to his Scheme. v. 266.

To hope forlorn. Who take from wretched man
The solace and sweet hope Religion breathes,
And Revelation dictates, take from him
Far more than worlds can countervail, him leave
Rest of his hope, an alien from his God,
To exile doom'd—sad prisoner of despair.
Bold the presuming which affects to slight
The love reveal'd from Heaven, and shuns the "way"
That leads up thither, enveloping our hopes
As in Egyptian darkness. Sages! say,
Why this propensity to hate the light?
Why, since our way is slippery oft and dark,
Beset with snares, why thus would you prefer
The feeble dying taper's glimmering ray,
Before the beams of a meridian sun!
Is this the part of Wisdom? And are these
The sons of Reason? Common sense recoils,
And stands aloof from their unsanction'd creed.
No more let Deists arrogate a claim
To reason, as if wisdom liv'd with them,
Since its demise marks quite indelible
Such characters as dare reject the streams
Of Siloa's sacred fount; intent to dive
In the abyss of Error's black profound.
Can inconsistency, can folly plan
A more incongruous, more ethnick scheme
Than that, which tarnishes God's glory, robs
Of his directory poor erring man;
Leaves him, though form'd erect to face the sky,

Scarce privileg'd beyond th' indocile brute,
 The butt of passions, and the heir of pains ;
 Expos'd to every tempest, every wave,
 Having no anchor to outbrave the storm.
 God fix'd a witness in the human heart,
 An innate sense, which seems to testify
 His mercy, that beams brightest in the train
 Of attributes adorable ; his love
 Could not desert his fav'rite creature MAN,
 In such a case, and him leave destitute
 Of that " true light" from Heaven, which cheers
 his way.

Since man's state is progressive, and we stand
 As candidates for immortality ;
 And since no human being has cross'd the gulph
 To tell us of that state, where all the light
 Of Aristotle's logic can no more
 Than render darkness visible ; shall sophs
 Presume, with impious daring, to arraign
 The plan of Sovereign Mercy ; to deny
 That man should need it ; or that Heaven vouchsaf'd
 To send a " Messenger" to lead the way
 Up to our Father's throne ? God has giv'n us
 His own MESSIAH ; and the passing great,
 The wonderful event has prov'd the truth
 Of his prescience, since the world began.
 The old prophetic lyres, in unison
 Of sweet exalted strains, bore record here.
 The great event has been reveal'd, and mark'd

The Credibility of Divine Revelation established. v. 323.

With an accomplishment * of miracles,
 In the broad light of Heaven, display'd before
 The Roman warrior, and the sapient Greek ;
 Confirm'd by demonstrations of each kind—
 By earth and heaven—and handed down thro' time
 To all posterity, by clear, minute,
 Indubitable history, with proof,
 Surpassing that which gains our firm assent
 To any other acts attributed
 To Cato, Tully, or the Roman chiefs. †
 Yet man will disbelieve ; and so would he,
 If from the dead a messenger arriv'd
 To chide his fatal incredulity,
 And write in characters, like those which mark'd
 Chaldea's princely walls, his future fate.

The Deist dare not triumph. He must know
 The Christian cause, in every age, can boast
 Of champions, arm'd succinct, with sword and shield
 Of panoply divine : and such as these,
 With no artillery save Reason's train
 Of arguments invincible, ‡ have won

* Alluding to such prophecies as clearly referred to those miracles. Compare Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6, with Matt. xi. 5.

† Mr. Lesley has ingeniously remarked—"It lies with the Deists, if they would appear as men of reason, to shew some matter of fact, of former ages, which they allow to be true, that has greater evidence of its truth than the matters of fact of Moses and Christ ; otherwise, they cannot, with any shew of reason, reject the one, and admit the other."

‡ These are the only effectual artillery to be levelled against the Deist.

The well-fought field, and victor trophies bore
From many a foe. Here we may plainly see
The old prophetic adage still fulfill'd,
That "one shall chase a thousand." PALEY, sole^{ly}.
Has more than conquer'd all the Deist host,
Broke every mound, and blunted all their arms.
'Tis not the province of the peaceful Muse
To brandish arms t' insult a vanquish'd foe :
She, like the scout who marks with vigilance
The forces and the movements of their files,
And sees the progress of the battle, joins
At length her veteran chiefs, to share the spoils,
Blazon their conquests with the trump of fame,
And guard the trophies of the victor host.

Lo ! yonder fleet, with priestcraft at the helm,
And superstition with tiaras crown'd,
Bears down the flood, with every streamer rent,
Each pendant lower'd. The pompous demi-god,
Who led the van, boasting of golden keys
To shut and open heaven, of Peter's chair,
Of sov'reign power on earth o'er dignities,
Is heard to boast no more ; no more annoy
Attends his bulls or his decretals dire.
Long time have blushing streams of guiltless blood,
Shed by "his Holiness," distain'd his hand :
Flames, and the martyr's stake, annoy'd the world
By prodigies, surpass'd alone in hell !
What more than midnight darkness did involve
The face of things, when men could not perceive

Heaven's office is to save—'tis fiends destroy.
 Long time, infallible, the Pontiff's fiat,
 By Superstition was perversely held.
 If massacres, and countless crimes, be deem'd
 A certain test of being infallible,
 I grant his Holiness a certain claim.
 How is the mighty fallen? Where is now
 The pomp and pride which servile kings compell'd
 To yield their necks, and bow their sacred heads,
 With base prostration, at a tyrant's feet?
 Old Superstition's reign is nearly pass'd,
 And such mad chivalry is seen no more.
 Once, passing dignify'd the Papal chair,
 What vast revenue gain'd by Peter's pence,
 How rich the traffic in immortal souls;*
 Dread balance of accounts; to compass crowns
 And thrones on earth, and miss a seat in Heaven.
 "Alas! alas! in one sad hour, the sum
 "Of all this merchandise is sunk, is lost—
 "In one sad hour the desolation's come!†
 "Rejoice, thou Heaven, ye holy saints rejoice,
 "For God asserts your cause; his truth prevails;
 "The 'man of sin' is circumscrib'd, cashier'd;
 "Fall'n is the purple hierarchy of Rome;
 "And rescu'd thrones are from her terror free."
 Deluded Catholics! ah, buy no more
 The pearl reserv'd in Heaven's prerogative
 Alone to give. What potentate, save God,

* Rev. xviii. 13.

† Rev. xviii. 10, 11.

Can cancel human crimes ? Your gold is held
 To sacred claims prophane ; nor can it gain
 A single advocate to plead in Heaven.
 All pompous gifts are sunk in God's account,
 Save such alone as spring from forth the hand
 Of feeling charity, with single eye,
 And simple heart, bequeath'd to those who need ;
 Not giv'n with the prepost'rous views of praise,
 Or merit, but with gratitude to Heaven.
 Deluding Cardinals ! pray talk no more
 Of purgatory's penal fires, to purge
 Off stains for which th' atoning price was pour'd,
 If pour'd in vain. No other ransom frees
 From sin's sad doom ; nor that when pass'd its date ;
 No penal pains can cleanse and purify
 The crimson stain of unrepented crimes,
 When fled the lenient day of grace : ah ! then,
 Within the confines of those unblest'd realms,
 The vile more vile, the lost still lost remain,
 Ripening for their inevitable fate,
 And plunging deeper in the gulph of woe.

No tyranny in competition stands
 With that which lords it o'er the human soul,
 Nor leaves man's conscience free to what is right,
 And in possession of the Code of Life.
 This peerless pearl the powers of Rome conceal'd,*

* It is sincerely hoped, that the amazing success which attends the pious and laudable efforts of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in the distribution of the Word of God through-

And warded from this fruit of life the way.
How great the soul, how noble was the deed
Of each primæval Protestant, who dar'd
To break the galling yoke, burst all their bands,
And bid our sons be free ! How dignify'd,
Surpassing kings, our antient Prelates seem'd,
What time the martyrs' wreath adorn'd their brows!

Late Inquisition stood on deck, a prince
Of demons, black as Pluto's self at heart,
Though clad pontifical in saintly white,
With torches, furies, sabres at his side,
Racking his brain new tortures to inflict :
Heaven ushers in with smiles the radiant morn,
Which shews him bound, in yonder realm, secure;
There, rolling baleful eyes, with meagre jaws,
In fell despair, he bites his galling chain !
Late, busy priestcraft prompt on board appear'd,
With bulls, beads, crucifix, indulgences,
Pardons and dispensations for more sins,
And countless lumber, which might fit a fleet,
Bound to the limbo " Paradise of fools."
Ah ! too presumptuous thus to fan the flame
Of Heaven's displeasure, thus the Deity

out almost all lands, will, in a short time, confound the priestcraft, and overcome the prejudices even of Roman Catholics, so as to induce them to lend a helping hand in this godlike cause, of dispensing light and life among the nations. We are already favoured with the conciliating account, that some of their people receive that sacred gift, the Bible, with unspeakable gratitude and joy.

To mock by vain appeals, and heathen rites ;*
 While with the knee they reverence, and pay
 Homage divine to creatures like themselves,
 With base prostration at the idol shrine.
 'Twere easy to presage the coming storm :
 The Sacred Book has solemnly proclaim'd,
 Inevitably such one day must sink,
 Before the fiercest blast of Heaven's displeasure,
 Plung'd like a mill-stone in the whelming flood. †
 So fell the ancient Tyre, in height of pride ;
 So mystic Babylon is doom'd to fall.

Though sacred still I deem the rights of man,
 And toleration hold as near the heart
 As Heaven-born charity ; for just as far
 As rational respect to truth and peace,
 And innocence and conscience are concern'd,
 All men have equal claim to just regard ;
 Yet would I not commend the exercise
 Of high preferment and prerogative,
 By overweening right, to be transferr'd
 To men who " hold no faith with heretics."
 Such their establish'd rule, and such their shame.
 Have they renounc'd th' exterminating creed ?

* It might seem needless to state, what is so generally known, that the whole practical system of lustrations, and prostrations, before the shrines of mediatorial saints in Christian Rome, is the least imaginable transformation of the same rites, performed in the same manner, before the tutelary idol shrines in Pagan Rome.

† Rev. xviii. 21.

This were impossible to Papal powers.
Our fathers lost a torrent of rich blood,
In firm defence of the true Catholic
And primitive Religion—in support
Of sacred Liberty, and holy Truth.
Shall we, their offspring, dwindled down, alas !
To apathy : shall we, with fluent tongue,
Support to boundless latitude a cause,
Enough to rouse their sacred manes, back,
And urge the martyr'd saints t' exclaim, "How long?"
What oft has been achiev'd, may be again :
When stimulated by an arm of power,
A Jefferies and a Bonner yet may rage,
To be consign'd to endless infamy,
For acting Smithfield scenes in face of day.
Such an excess of ill-judg'd lenity,
Unsafe to try, to recollection wakes
The fable of the simple husbandman,
Who, with temerity—more kind than wise—
Cherish'd the wily snake, whose gory fangs
Too late disclos'd a misplac'd confidence,
And poison'd soon the vitals of his son.
Are sad Hibernia's scenes so soon forgot ?
What Romish priests were prov'd, seven years ago,
Remove the mask, and you will find them now.
It seems a rule essential to their creed,
That Papal polity remain the same.
Admit but this, and see the inference :
For since infallibly the maxim holds,

v. 502.

Unitarians.

That all men's deeds are govern'd by their faith,
 By plain analogy we may infer
 Our safety lies in standing on our guard :
 If these* lack power, those † did not lack the will
 'T' extirpate Protestants from off the globe,
 Like flaming stubble, driven before the wind!

What formidable armament appears,
 And with a length of colours bears this way,
 Distinguish'd by the *UNUS* on their flag ?

* Modern Catholics.

† Their predecessors. A Prelate of acknowledged celebrity and candour, has adverted to, and exposed the fallacy of, arguments founded on the *expediency* of admitting *concessions* to the full extent of the repeated remonstrances of the members of the Romish Church: on this subject he excellently remarks, "Whatever political expediency might be alledged in favour of the concessions in question, the opposition to them has been most unjustly called the unprincipled cry of 'No Popery.' It cannot be unprincipled to follow the dictates of conscience and duty, or to hold up such dictates as a rule of conduct. It was not therefore unprincipled in his Majesty to adhere to his Coronation oath, and to refuse concessions, which he believed to be inconsistent with that oath; and to be adverse to the cause, which invited his family to occupy the throne that had been abdicated by a Popish Prince. It was not unprincipled in a Protestant people to take the alarm at the prospect of concessions, which tend to defeat all the fruits of the Reformation. It was not unprincipled in the Ministers of a Protestant Church to take the same alarm at such concessions to a Church, against whose doctrines and principles it is their bounden duty to guard their people."—See the Bishop of St. David's Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese, in the year 1807, p. 23. 35.

Pelagians.

v. 511.

No friends to the Establishment they seem.*
 I heard them boast, with daring confidence,
 Of overwhelming Superstition's fort,
 As with a nitrous shock !† Fond hope and vain ;
 For HORSLEY sole has vanquished all their host.
 Preserv'd by Heaven, the Church‡ still stands secure;
 Nor need she dread the power of all her foes,
 While the foundation's firm ; for Providence
 Approves well-ordered rule,§ and will protect
 The sacred domes, while Truth presides within.
 Let all her ministers attend to this,
 And her primæval doctrines clearly teach ;
 Nor let them e'er presume within her pale,
 With daring hand to light unhallow'd fires.
 Let no abandon'd pulpits blush to hold
 Dupes of Pelagius—" Epictetus' apes" ||—
 Who scare the " hungry sheep" to distant folds.
 From these a Christian Church has most to fear ;
 And if she fall, 'tis not the feeble hand
 Of alien enemies, but inbred foes

* Referring to the Church of England.

† Referring to Dr. Priestley's metaphorical, but bold allusion to an imaginary effect, to be produced by his polemical writings, like that of "gunpowder," when "laid by a grain and a grain under the foundation of the old building."

‡ Alluding to the Church of England.

§ It appears to me, that a wise and good Establishment, far from being a cause of disaffection and evil, is a source of real good ; and is so far essential to all true religion, as to be a great guardian of it, in the "sober exercise of its legitimate powers."

|| Horsley.

That will prevail ; and such alas ! prevail'd
 O'er Churches, once the glory of old Greece.
 Nor are they safe who sumptuous dare to feast
 On the fat perquisites her altars yield,
 And quite desert the flock. Can such as these,
 When the "Chief Shepherd" inquisition makes
 For souls, aught else expect from his just hand
 Than requisite excision from the "fold ?"
 Shall Shepherds sleep, while "wolves" o'erleap the mound
 Of truth, and bear the "lambs" an easy prey !
 Where evil spirits and where vices roam,
 While follies taint, and errors lead astray,
 The faithful Shepherd wants not full employ.

The daring crew, with inharmonious din,
 Make loud pretence of bearing on with truth,
 Though diving deep as Acherontic sound
 In error's black abyss. What recompense
 They hope, 'twere rare to guess. Perhaps the helm,
 In Church or State, attracts. Perhaps 'tis fame
 That gives a gust to singularity,
 And kindles ardours, to procure a name,
 Socinus like, at the expence of truth.
 Such advocates, perchance, start up this hour,
 And urge a momentary claim to fame !
 Then blown the next into oblivion's gulph,
 Their hope, their interest, and their names expire,
 Such seeming wise—can folly here excel ?—
 "Deny the God that bought them." They aspire,
 With daring confidence, to lift the hand

As in contempt of God's eternal truth ;
 Confederates in treason 'gainst the Prince,
MESSIAH, in whom the Father shines reveal'd,
 They tarnish all his godlike attributes ;
 With blind, yet ardent zeal, assail the " rock"
 Impregnable, on which the Church is built,
 Bent to dethrone " the Lord's anointed," who
 Supreme on Sion's hill for ever reigns.
 How passing bold the men who dare deny
 Divinity to God's eternal Son,
 Whose name is hail'd through all the sacred choirs,*
 With prostrate adoration, as beseems
 The Father's chosen "Heir," by whom all "things"
 In earth or heaven " consist." To him belong
 Creation's and Redemption's† glorious works,
 Sole Prince of highest worship‡ and renown.
 Well it becomes the dazzling cherubim
 To chaunt his praise till Heaven's orchestra rings !
 No lyres discordant to that sacred choir
 Shall gain admission at the hallow'd doors.
 He keeps the keys ;§ shall these inhabit there,
 His truth blaspheming, to traduce his fame ?
 They first must dip in that atoning fount,||
 Which now, by them, is deem'd of none effect :
 Surprising infamy ! Frustrate their schemes,
GREAT KING, and make their folly manifest,

* Rev. v. 12.

† Heb. i. 2, 3.

‡ Heb. i. 6.

§ Rev. i. 18.

|| Zech. xiii. 1. Rev. v. 9. vii. 14.

v. 586.

Victorious Truth.

Like Jannes old, or Jambres,* who withstood—
 Less impious far—one far less dignified. †
 Arise, SUPREME! arise to vindicate
 The honour of thy name! Thy sacred Truth
 Is question'd, and the glory of thy SON
 Presumptuously eclips'd, and circumscrib'd
 In error's proud opinion, not in fact;
 For his divinity, like yonder sun,
 Shines clear through all the darkness that surrounds
 Our hemisphere, and will for ever shine!
 When HE, encircled with his squadrons bright
 Of Seraphim, in judgment sits supreme,
 Then shall the Godhead dart effulgent beams.
 Before that awful period, shed THY rays
 Direct with full conviction on their souls;
 Recall them erring, as thou once recall'dst
 An unbelieving Saul, at war with Heaven!
 Recall them to thy sheepfold once again,
 To own the SHEPHERD's voice, and live "his praise."
 Subdue the world by thy victorious LOVE:
 So shall that name on which the Christian dwells
 Enraptur'd—that dear NAME—resound the earth
 Throughout, in sacred concert with the skies,
 And all the heathen join the tuneful choir.

* Egyptian Sorcerers.

† Moses.

1

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Preliminary Observations, resulting from a summary Review of the Scenes exhibited in the preceding Books—Address to the Gay.—Apology to Wits—A Query—Resolved in a Definition of Primitive Christians' Course to the Regions of Purity.—Eminent Characters of this School notified—And Missionary Rewards appreciated.—The Philanthropist.—Appropriate Directions, and Cautions, to both Sexes, to proceed in Safety through Life's dangerous Voyage. - Amid these Cautions are introduced Descants on Pleasure—Beauty—Friendship, addressed to the Fair Sex: and on the Christian Virtues, addressed to a Lady.—These Virtues are viewed as the only Representatives on Earth of Excellence and Perfection.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK V.

Hoc iter Elgetum nobis. VING.



AS when the curious traveller obtains
Some signal eminence, and stands on peak
Of hill or promontory, all elate ;
As votive palmers stand on Teneriffe,
Montserrat,* or Herculean Abyla,
To ken their native heavens: †—with eye intent.
On distant scenes, the optic tube adjusts,
With nicest care, and many a distant creek,
And many a shore, with many a passing fleet,

* *Montserrat*, a famous mountain in the principality of Catalonia, is so broken into a great number of spiring cones, that it seems at a distant view like the work of art. Its situation is admirably adapted for retirement and contemplation ; and for many ages it has been the habitation of monks and hermits, who vow never to forsake it.

Mount Abyla, one of the Pillars of Hercules, on the African coast, may be seen from the summit of the Rock of Gibraltar.

† Eccles. xii. 7.

An Address to the Gay.

v. 10.

In prospect sees ; and ever and anon
 Some solemn wreck descries, exciting pain !
 Just so, the **Muse**, with penetrating eye,
 Observes the moral scene. The names of some,
 Secure against the wreck of time or fate,
 She reads, recorded in the rolls of fame
 By herald virtues—best remembrancers ;
 And some in vision sees, exalted high
 Above the firmament and all the stars,
 In light's resplendent blaze. To different scenes
 And other fates, the **Muse** has paid regard :
 She saw fierce navies hoisting up the flag,
 With prompt and proud “ defiance to the sky,”
 Like fam'd Titanian giants, bearing round
 What course ambition or presumption plann'd,
 With daring prow, to storm the tow'rs of Heaven.
 No gentle fate awaits the daring deed—
 From **Life's** fair book behold their names eras'd,
 And see them hurl'd down to the realms of night,
 Beneath **HIS** ire whose sceptre they disown'd.

From scenes like these, instruction may be gain'd,
 Of prime importance deem'd in wisdom's ear—
 Forgive the **Muse**, ye **Gay**, the kindly care
 Which seeks to rescue from the waste of time
 Your fleeting day : nor let her theme offend
 Your nicer ear, though oft-times studious more
 Of useful truth than sweetest minstrelsey.
 The cuckoo, and the cooing stock-dove know
 Nor melody, nor harmonies ; yet oft,

Amid the symphonies of vocal groves,
 I listen to their notes monotonous,
 Well pleas'd: 'tis Nature's voice, and Nature knows
 By artless lays to please the nicest ear.
 Well-chosen discords add to harmony
 New grace ; when introduc'd by art they trill,
 And animate the bold resounding chords ;
 Just so, the charm of sweet and useful * themes,
 Strike on the sense, and win the feeling soul.
 All-perfect Nature form'd the human mind
 Susceptive of her sweet variety,
 And every variation gives delight.
 Thus with new lustre shine the golden beams
 Of Phœbus, when from forth a sable cloud,
 He pours his radiance o'er the silver waves,
 And glances on the rocks, and gilds the towers.
 Proceed, my Muse ; nor ye, conceited wits,
 Whom few can please, reject the sober song,
 Because Religion sanctifies the strain.
 Of old the holy priest and bard were one ;
 Their sacred stole and office well accord.
 Though oft the ills and incidents of Life
 Incite the Muse to dictate, still she deems
 That Virtue's votaries will approve the lay ;
 And every Voyager his interest find
 In one important query she propounds.
 Since such the interposing ills of Life,

* Utile dulci. Hor.

And such the dangers which our track surround,
 "How shall the Christian regulate his course,
 "To make his Sacred Port at length secure."

The good man's course appears a "narrow" strait,
 Betwixt the tempting snares and threat'ning ills
 Of Life—a gloomy train. His fate of old,
 Who, from Thessalian shores,* courageous steer'd,
 Combating terror in a thousand forms,
 The "golden" pride of Phasis to regain—
 Reft from Arcadian plains—an emblem faint
 Of feats the ancient Christian dar'd to brave.
 His Life, though sacred, and devoid of guile,
 A scene of conflict with a thousand ills.
 His soul† a pure receptacle of grace,
 Breathing habitual courtesy and love,
 Large as the ample sky, was deem'd on earth
 Of small account—the butt of infamy.
 Though every moral, every social flame,
 United, shone with ardour in his breast—
 "An ardour felt in Heaven and cherish'd there;"
 Though every excellence combin'd to claim
 The tribute of regard, to merit due;
 Yet, strange to tell, how frequent, in the reign
 Of heathen ignorance, was such a saint

* Jason.

† The mind, or rational soul, is considered here as the entire "measure of the man:" it is the soul which is tremblingly alive in every nerve; and therefore it is the soul alone that can strictly and logically be said to suffer.

A mark for enmity, with levell'd aim
 And aspect fierce, to throw her poison'd lance :
 But mark where meek and dove-like innocence,
 With ample shield wards off the hellish dart,
 Or, forth extracting the malignant bane,
 Pours in each wound the healing balm of peace.
 The Christian so surmounted all their rage ;
 His inmate guests were plain sincerity,
 Unsully'd truth, and conscience, ever clear.
 No cloud of guilt o'ercast his peaceful mind ;
 A conduct unimpeachable had shed
 A lustre o'er his Life, and after death
 Renown ;* for virtue never dies. Like pearls
 It shines coeval with revolving suns,
 Ennobled more to distant ages borne :
 And oft the relics have been sacred deem'd,
 When dead the saint, who living was despis'd. †
 Dear sacred shades of living excellence !
 Was it for this you spent your live-long days
 In "doing good," your "nights in praise and pray'r?"
 Was it for this, with persevering toil,
 You travell'd in your Master's sacred steps,
 And shew'd the world the way to happiness ?
 Was this the price of blood—vain pageantry
 Of Papal pomp, and superstitious shew !
 No : not for this ; far other prospects gave,
 Far other views inspir'd your ardent hopes.

* —Extinctus amabitur idem.

† Matt. xxiii. 29.

Your virtues, mark'd in yonder "Book of Life,"
 Shall be display'd to angels and to men,
 When God's own jewels shall shine forth reveal'd,*
 In the grand, final audit of the world.

These are, in part, disclos'd before that day:
 Such was the noble host of "martyrs;" such
 The list of reverend saints, from whose pure zeal
 The "Reformation," and the glorious name
 Of "Protestant," or "Church of England," sprang.
 Such WICKLIFFE was, and such great LUTHER shone.
 Such too our HOOPER, RIDLEY, LATIMER,
 Our FERRAR, and our CRANMER, with a host
 Of shining champions—signal to renown—
 Whose fair illustrious lives and names are read
 On record, not in earth alone, but heaven.
 Lo! these have won the martyr's dazzling crown,†
 And rest eternal in the arms of God.

With patience, and with fortitude divine,
 The Christian has been known to weary out
 The malice of his foes, and respite gain,
 Because new means of torture there were none,
 When all that Satan could devise prov'd null,
 And all his agents shot their bolts in vain.
 Nor is it strange that one should chase a host,

* Mal. iii. 17.

† Wickliffe and Luther are acknowledged exceptions. But such confessors have always been deemed worthy, and that justly, of a share in the unrivalled honours and rewards of martyrs.

When God is on his side, to burst their bands,
 And make his servant triumph o'er their rage;
 Or should he fall, he falling wins the day.
 So fell the Nazarite in Gaza's walls,
 With swift destruction bursting o'er his foes,
 And hapless ruin overwhelm'd them all.
 Authentic record proves these characters
 Are mutable and mad : true wisdom they
 Count folly,* and sheer folly wisdom deem.

Nor yet impute this whole amount of ills
 To heathen Greece or Rome ; more recent times†
 Have ting'd with blackest shades the direful scene.
 Survey the Christian's course few ages past :
 Lo ! Pity shudders to behold afar
 Oppression's sons, by Superstition arm'd,
 Boasting inquisitorial powers ; and led
 By persecution's savage clans through scenes
 Of flame and torture. These long time combin'd
 To rob of his dear liberty, and life,
 The Christian veteran, what of him could die.
 Such, haply manacled, can now no more
 Than shake, in dismal harmony, the chains
 That fix them down to the triumphal car
 Of Liberty : long may they there abide,
 Like Satan bound ; and let the nations say,

* Wis. v. 4.

† Alluding to the many horrible massacres inflicted under the Antichristian rigours of tyrannical Popes, and superstitious Inquisitions.

Accurs'd be he who stoops to let them free.*
Not worse than these, in feats of old renown,
Were the voracious jaws of Acheron,
Unfolding deep, Alecto to devour—
Alecto's self no fiercer fury frown'd.

Sithence the Muse has caught some vital sparks
Of pure primæval sanctity, and loves
To sing of victor saints—she yet would know,
Can modern times afford no parallel?
Is the pure flame extinct? Or is God's hand
“Shorten'd,” at length, that he no more can save?
Shall vice with short-liv'd triumph domineer,
And shall no veteran dare “to reprimand her?”
Shall Pagan ignorance pervade whole realms,
And shall no missionary saint “go forth
“Without the camp,” to publish with acclaim,
“The morning star is risen—the Gentiles' light?”
Where are our modern Xaviers, Brainards, Schwartz?
—The *fiat* has gone forth—the signal past—
And lo! we recognise with reverend awe,
A few selected missionary clerks
Disclos'd amid the dun and cloister'd scenes
Of learned Cam or Isis, and a few
From other academic groves, sent forth,
Disciples, followers of their blessed Lord,

* Referring not to national politics, but to the re-establishment of such an intolerant, superstitious, and inquisitorial polity, as that which so long rendered Spain and Portugal infamous among the nations.

To distant states, with this profess'd design,
 To seek lost sheep for whom few shepherds car'd;
 And spread the honours of a Saviour's name
 Thro' heathen lands, big with the breathing hopes
 That Ethiopia, and the listening isles,
 May stretch their hands to God. Divine intent !
 Such deeds bear record to the emerald throne.
 The happy time approaches, when the ends
 Of all the earth shall God's salvation see ;
 And all the rivers * swell the note of praise.
 Methinks I hear the Danube, and the Thames,
 Th' Euphrates, Ganges, and the distant Nile,
 Exalt their powerful voice ; and from the west
 Responsive streams and forests echo forth
 The joyful theme : 'mid these are loudest heard
 Great Amazon and Mississippi floods,
 Singing with one consent, " the time is near,
 " When all the peaceful nations shall ascribe
 " To God and his MESSIAH endless praise."
 To Missionary zeal such cause belongs :
 What Muse can estimate of such the worth,
 As sacrifice their ease, their fortune, friends,
 Their academic honours, and their name, †

* For the poetical idea of the personification of exalting
 rivers, the Author acknowledges his obligations to a very ap-
 propriate and animated discourse, delivered before the London
 Missionary Society, in May 1802, by the Rev. John Mason, A.M.
 of New York.

† Virtutem incolamem odimus,
 Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi. Hœ.

And put their lives in frequent jeopardy,
 To seek lost wanderers, and them restore
 To the "Great Shepherd's" fold? Thrice blessed men!
 What palms, what stars of brightest magnitudes,
 Adorn your hands, and signalize your crowns!
 If one on earth deserves a sainted name,
 The Missionary claim must stand rever'd.
 They who confess'd the Son of God * on earth,
 Bear palms in Heaven, and happily secure
 In those archives an everlasting name. †

Nor let the pure philanthropist, whose name
 A grateful world records, in dust lie low
 In Russia's solitary cold campaign,
 Unfriended by the Muse. His bosom felt
 Each living virtue which her voice inspires.
 For him the lute should breathe harmonious airs,
 And move to "solemn sadness" all the soul.
 Whole realms for him may weep: the mortal breach
 Time cannot soon repair. His ample breast
 Once breath'd diffusive charity o'er ALL

* 2 Esdras li. 45. Matt. x. 32.

† The truly praiseworthy and exemplary zeal of the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, as well as various other Societies, in sending Missionaries, duly equipped to preach the Gospel in "heathen lands," are exertions of the highest Christian philanthropy, which cannot fail to find sign rewards in the great day of final retribution; when every mite cast with a single eye, into so sacred a treasury, shall be requited an hundred fold; and every faithful Missionary greeted, by the Lord of the Vineyard, with a "well done."

Whom penury or crimes confin'd : his eye
 Explor'd the confines of each gloomy gaol,
 Where various misery, or want, pent air,
 Disease and death, ravag'd with killing pangs.
 With him health enter'd oft the drear abodes
 Of sickness and despair. He dar'd despise
 His patrimonial seat, his ease, his life ;
 And, like an angel from the realms of light,
 Joyfully execute his Master's will.
 Glad tidings spread wherever he arriv'd,
 And joy illum'd the drear abodes of woe.
 Not history alone prolongs his fame :
 To sing of such philanthropy divine,
 Seems the peculiar province of the Muse ;
 Delightful task, to such whose souls are form'd .
 To join the cadence of celestial lyres !
 Anticipation loves t' explore afar
 The pleasing prospect of their high reward.
 Lo ! where the crystal pavement seems o'erspread
 With all the splendour of the white-rob'd throng.
 —Such are the final triumphs of the just,
 Though in this militant career they pass
 Through all the ordeal of affliction's fires—
 Privations, crosses, disappointments, deaths,*
 Enhance the value of their future crown.
 Of every sex and age, of all degrees,
 The heirs of Virtue are the truly great ;

Such fairer trophies win, and higher soar,
 Than those who gain the slipp'ry eminence
 Of earthly splendour, thence to hoist their flag
 High streaming to the skies : if not alike
 In goodness eminent, some fatal blast
 Untimely hurls them down precipitant,
 Like Lucifer to fall, and rise no more.

Survey yon fair-proportion'd edifice,
 Built on a solid base : the torrent rains,
 And rolling floods descend ; the winds blow high,
 And beat against that house ; yet firm it stands ;
 And why ? its fix'd foundation is the rock.
 Such is the man, and such his stable hope,
 Whose practical belief and active life
 Form a fair comment on the Sacred Code.
 I saw, the self-same storm, a modern pile
 Rear'd on the treacherous sands : the streaming rains
 And whelming floods descended ; winds blew high,
 And beat upon that house : it shook—it fell—
 Dreadful and final too, the fall appear'd !
 Such is the man, and such his “baseless” hope,
 Whose actions counteract the Sacred Laws.

I heard a passenger, with pensive plaint,
 Inquiring for the Course of Safety—bent
 The fatal rocks of danger clear to shun,
 And gain Heaven's crystal shore. To him I heard
 EUGENIO thus reply : “ Observe the chart ;
 “ With yonder radiant ‘light’ from Heaven pursu'd,
 “ The course is clear: procure the precious freight,

" A meek and lowly heart ; a soul sincere,
 " Bless'd with benevolence, with candour crown'd,
 " Nor destitute of pure devotion's dower.
 " To steer the course of Wisdom be thy choice ;
 " The bark Religion ; Heaven the destin'd port ;
 " The rudder Reason ; and the sturdy oars
 " Let Resolution ply : the swelling sails,
 " Won from the loom of filial Piety,
 " Of texture firm, will open to the skies,
 " Before a gentle gale of Love : and, lo !
 " Smooth glides the bark o'er all th' expansiv scene,
 " With steady prow, obedient to the hand
 " That rolls the splendid constellations round !
 " The mate Experience must conduct the course ;
 " And Truth, ingenious pilot, guide the helm ;
 " While Faith's fine needle points to yonder pole,
 " Unvariably, on Sion's sacred hill.
 " Should storms assail, like rough Euroclydon,
 " Disparting navies far to distant realms ;
 " Nor Typhon's force, nor dire Ecnephia's rage,
 " With such a league aboard, can e'er annoy.
 " Religion safe outrides the bickering wave :
 " Her sacred chart * and compass† aid to steer
 " The steady course to lasting happiness ;
 " Till safe within the harbour rests the bark,
 " Soon seen at large beside the peaceful shore."
 Launch forth, LYSANDER, with a fix'd intent

* The Bible.

† The Moral Code.

To make the Port where Wisdom sits supreme,
 And buy her merchandize. The freight is deem'd
 Of higher value than the brightest mines
 Of rich Peru. More delicate her sweets,
 More grateful to the soul, than to the sense
 The fairest fruits, or odorous gums that breathe
 In spicy gales of fragrant Araby.
 Her mart abounds, surpassing every mart,
 With riches durable, transcendent gems,
 The ornament and wealth of all her sons.
 Behold you fleet of worthies on the beach ;
 Observe their course to Wisdom's sacred strand ;
 Nor fear to gain, like them, the splendid mart :
 Like them, let Fortitude, with helmet firm,
 Protect your brow, and Courage* shield your breast.
 Pirates† may chance to spread an hour's alarm ;
 Your "treasure" lies secure beyond their grasp,
 "Hid"‡ in the haven where the bless'd repose ;
 There boding dangers, and conflicting harms,
 Which oft assail the course of Innocence,
 To combat cease ; and all the threat'ning train
 Of dark disastrous ills disturb no more.
 'Tis not the luckless lot of MAN alone
 To brook the insult of Life's boisterous blast—
 Or, worse, to meet, unballasted, the fatal gust
 Of proud Prosperity's destructive gale :
 In each alike the SOFTER SEX are doom'd

* Αρετη. ST. PETER. † Vide Gen. Motto, Chrysos.

‡ St. Paul.

To face the dangers, and support the ills.

Pardon the Muse, ye soul inspiring FAIR,
If she, regardful of your welfare, dares
To interpose due caution; since 'tis clear
Fair Eve, though fortify'd, and more "entire"
Than any of her princely daughters, err'd.
Believe the Muse, none are infallible :
From her no stain your delicacy dreads ;
Nor shall her counsels pain your nicest ear.

Doth Pleasure woo, with her attractive charms,
Thysanguine heart, HAUGHTILLA? There she stands;
Alas, how fascinating fair ! But why
Must wanton Vice sit pilot at the helm ?
I see, aloft on deck, a motley train
Of sylphs, and "light-soul'd sons of Comus." Lo!
Convivial Joy, with eyes as bright as flame,
And laughter-loving Mirth, with social glee,
And prompt Deception, chase the vacant hours ;
But stow'd beneath, you may as frequent find
Lank Penury, corroding Grief, Remorse,
And sable Melancholy—sullen, sad,
Forth pouring many a plaint ; and in the hulk,
Despair, perchance, and frantic Fury frown.
All these are PLEASURE's mix'd attendants, seen,
In tatter'd weeds, or silken vestments clad,
Carousing to the mood of various airs
Alternately, as grief or joy inspires.
But happiness, immortal Pleasure's mate,
Will never grace the deck where these preside.

“ Permit me to relate”* a faithful tale
Of PLEASURE's pedigree and artful wiles.
Deriv'd from Comus, of Circean line,
By Vice conceiv'd and tutor'd by Deceit,
She seems at distance sprightly, playful, gay ;
Yet he that views her with a careful eye,
Surveys the quiver fraught with poison'd darts,
And shuns the gilded lure ! But Pleasure, still
In potent charms and amorous descants skill'd,
Gains half the world her ardent votaries,
And strives to reign with universal sway.
No sceptred queen such wide dominion gains :
She beckons to the gay : these smile applause ;
The young, the old, the rich, the poor invoke
Her smiles : the poet and the priest, I've seen,
Obsequious to her nod, pursue ; and lo !
The artful wanton her addresses pays,
With gentle and insinuating airs,
Inviting you, HAUGHTILLA, to her side.
So have I seen th' aspiring ivy twine
Around the stately elm with amorous arms ;
The stately elm has faded in th' embrace.
And dare you smile consent ? My boding fears
Presage, to this the sad result may tend :
What though HER vessel glides on yonder stream,
Where not a breeze the easy lapse disturbs,
Where not a wave alarms your sleeping fears ;

* Virgil.

To tempt you on, she spreads her silken sails
Before the gentle gale, and artless seems
The bliss to promise which she ne'er possess'd,
And bears a smiling cup of flowing joy :
Believe her not, nor listen to her tale ;
Reject her soft insinuating airs,
And fortify your soul against her charms :
Coasting the confines of the Stygian pool,
She smoothly glides ; her crews untimely sink,
Like leaves in summer, by the sportive wind
Rifled when green, and borne afloat the stream ;
Or fruit which drops ere the glad vintage smiles.

A moment yet, HAUGHTILLA, lend thine ear :
My faithful Muse shall sing no syren song.
'Twere safe to shun the sweetest bed of flowers,
To pluck no rose, nor glance the eye that way,
Did we suspect the cockatrice* conceal'd ;
So prudence warns you to avoid the lure :
Yet PLEASURE still awaits the great event
With seeming confidence of sure success.
That gilded bark hovers around, intent
To wait th' expected greetings of your feet.
You seem, HAUGHTILLA, bent to risk, ere long,
The desperate adventure. Know betimes,
Soon as you stand on deck, fond as you seem,
The laughing joys will sink in sullen mood,
And guardian angels drop a silent tear !

* A serpent, whose venom is of that diffusive malignity,
that the sight of his eyes has been supposed to prove fatal.

Soon as she gains the prize, the syren glides
Eight floating down the silver stream : as swift
As when the arrow cleaves the yielding air,
And leaves no trace behind, so swift she bears
Her hapless freight, inglorious to the deep.
I heard a captive moan, with heaving breast
And flowing eyes—" to happiness, and peace,
" And heart-consoling joy, a long adieu !"
Forbear to prize that proud, " perfidious bark,"
That only steers the course from happiness :
Be cautious, nymph! your reasoning powers collect:
While now the Muse predicts the syren's fate,
And views in prospect all the final scene,
She sees the fatal hour advancing swift,
When all the gallant crews, to pleasure prone,
And that enchanted bark, where they so blithe
Carouse, with many a glance of wanton joy,
Deep foundering in Corruption's Gulph, will sink,
No more to rise, 'till Nature's final doom !

Though false as vain, and fatal oft as fair,
The joys of sense, what nymph believes the tale?
Wisdom herself inscrib'd indelible
The motto, "VANITY," on earthly joys :
And must experience still decide the point?
In Pleasure's mirror, frequent poring, we,
Anticipating joy, exulting, seem
Just on the verge of Amaranthine bowers.
Prismatic beauties oft she shews afar,
With dazzling glitter : but, when we approach,

'he tinsel splendour fades—the phan'om flies,
 And, flying, dissipates our admiration :
 Pleasure's deception oft we rue, too late,
 When loss and disappointment chide our choice,
 Or shame and sorrow overwhelm the soul.

Hence, let LAVINIA never more confide
 In BEAUTY'S transient charms. 'Tis oft a fair,
 But fading flower confest. The palmer preys *
 Full-frequent on the bud, and time, ere long,
 May blight its blossoms, or pluck off its fruit.
 Admit the sprightly eye, full-fraught with fire
 And sympathy, commands our ardent love,
 As on each dimpled cheek and winning smile
 A sweet attractive grace sits high enthron'd,
 And lurking cupids seem to glance around—
 Admit that perfect symmetry of parts
 Completes the polish'd structure ; † ah ! how soon,
 Like fair Athenian Temples, once admir'd,
 The short-liv'd fabric totters o'er its base,
 And sinks, a heap of ruins ! Not a trait
 Of its *primæval* beauty now appears,
 To stay the traveller who passes by.
 If o'er the relics stands a monument,
 In trust to testify its modest claim
 To the kind tribute of a passing tear,
 What means the full amount of all its tale,

* *Vermibus crosus.*† *Psalm. cxliv. 12.*

Save what the silent urn is seen* to teach,
 That "dust to dust" concludes Life's mortal scene?
 Tho' beauty wax and wane, true FRIENDSHIP glows
 With a progressive tenour. It was thus
 SERENA glow'd ; to virtue adding charms,
 To beauty lustre. As the full-orb'd moon
 Adorns the cerule vest of night, she shone,
 As modest and as fair, and stood confest
 The soothest shepherdess of all the plains. . .
 Each pastoral pipe was proud to gain her ear ;
 Her voice surpass'd the mellow nightingale,
 Her harp the sweetness of the Thracian lyre ;
 Her eyes display'd the lustre of a soul,
 With pure integrity and truth adorn'd ;
 Her steps as guarded as Penelope's ;
 And all the graces dignify'd her train :
 Ah me ! amid the silent midnight hours,
 The Muse has sigh'd, and dropt a tender tear
 To think such worth must die ! Though distant groves
 Prolong'd our pastoral lays, yet on thy breast,
 Remembrance, still SERENA's image lives ;
 And thus PALEMON breathes his ardent pray'r—
 " May she abide near yonder crystal spring, †
 " That worth, so passing fair, may ever shine."
 Would you, LUCINDA, gain the blissful port
 Where all is permanent ; where never fade

* Alluding to its *Memento Mori*.

† Psal. xxxvi. 8.

v. 508. *Address to a Lady, on the Christian Graces.*

The rose of beauty and the bloom of youth ?
 Say, would you now triumphantly transcend
 The dire opposing ills besetting Life,
 The latent rocks and fluctuating tides,
 The gusts of Fortune, and the wrecks of Time ?
 Fix not on earth's unstable premises
 The basis of your bliss, and rest not here :
 Let higher hopes pervade your feeling breast,
 Hopes that will not desert you in the hour
 When every mortal ~~and~~ affords no stay.
 Would you be happy, and securely bide
 Beneath the shadow of Life's sacred tree,
 Let piety possess your inmost soul,
 And Patience* shield secure your feeling breast.
 So the " king's daughter," † splendidly attir'd,
 " All glorious" to behold, went forth equip'd,
 Begirt with Virtue's golden zone " entire," ‡
 To meet the nuptial train ; and so may you,
 In Charity's celestial drapery,
 And pure Devotion's robes, " go forth" § succinct,
 A vestal pure, " to meet" the Bridegroom's voice.
 When Piety pervades the heart, 'tis all—
 Reality, not shew, Heaven's eye regards.
 No affectation or formality

* — Sed levius fit patientia

Quidquid corrigere est nefas. Hox.

Patience renders supportable, what is out of our power to amend.

† King David.

‡ St. James.

§ St. Matt.

Avails without the heart ; such spots as these
True virtue never foils. Cast the soft veil
Of kind compassion o'er the ills of Life,
And study most to mitigate its smart :
Attentive ever to the tale of woe,
" Visit th' afflicted," cheer the plaintive poor,
Pour out the balm of kindness to distress,
And shed on indigence a gleam of joy :
So shall the Christian Virtues round you shine,
And all the graces on your steps attend ;
Chief, that triumvirate of fair renown,
Faith, Hope, and Charity : these will befriend,
Till hoary Time, with elevated hand,
Has drawn aloft the curtain, and disclos'd
The grand, till then inexplicable, scene.



THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introductory Comparison, and Reflections.—Advantages of early Discipline.—Youth, a Jewel—Its Value.—Education and Religion, Pearls of great Price.—The Folly of neglecting the early Improvement of the Mind, represented under different Allusions; and the Advantages resulting from the opposite Practice, considered, as being of high Importance to our present and future Happiness.—Knowledge, its Growth illustrated by a Simile—Application and Humility profitable to the Acquisition of it—Resolution and Perseverance necessary to its Improvement and Perfection.—A Portrait of true Wisdom.—Hope—Her Attitude—Her Address to Men.—Remarks on Prosperity and Adversity.—A Caution to moderate our Wishes; exemplified in the Case of a Home-bound Mariner—A Tale.—The Downfall of Oppression, as it respected the Slave Trade.—Incitement to Mercy. Concluding Address to a Student, with Strictures on Fortune.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VI.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit sectique puer. Hon.*



AS when the mate of some advent'rous bark,
Bound in a Voyage o'er th' Atlantic sea,
Between the Continents arrived midway,
Beholds with joy a verdant isle, with springs
And forests blest; intent to gain supplies
Fresh from the fluid element, and breathe
A purer air, and respite find awhile
From the fatigues and incidents which late
Alarm'd at sea; he thither bends his course,
To furnish and repair for what remains
Of his advent'rous Voyage: so I deem
Myself to have succeeded half-way through
My destin'd course, with constant care, and toil,
And some success; tho' not exempt from fears
And perils which attend seafaring men—
Nor Poets less. Here in a silent nook,

For contemplation form'd, I rest awhile,
And tune my harp, which is not yet unstrung,
Tosoft~~er~~ not ~~es~~ upon the silent beach.

Pursue the theme : spontaneous thoughts arise,
To vocal and Arcadian reeds unknown ;
And truths, of prime import remain unsung,
Worthy the lyre of old Mæonides ;
Worthy the harp of Britain's fav'rite bard,
Of equal fate, and equal majesty.
There yet are themes reserv'd for modern lyres,
Untouch'd by rapid Pindar's daring hand,
Unsung to Mantua's majestic lyre ;
Which still have pow'r to bear the soul to Heaven.
Though few in this aspiring age obtain
A seat of eminence beneath the dome
Of Fame's fair Temple, near those godlike men,
Or rival half their praise ; yet 'tis confess'd
The Muse is friendly to the British Isles :
She oft approves the animated strain
Of such as catch the sacred flame from high,
Blest with creative and descriptive powers,
To fill the mind, to warm, to mend the heart.
So sagePrometheus, snatching sparks from Heaven,
Could animate a mass of sordid clay.
The cool inanimate and languid strain,
How smooth soe'er the numbers flow, that knows
To wake no pity, no resentment move,
Excite no smile, no melancholy sooth,
Nor raise a feeling interest in the breast,

The Muse disowns : how different was the mode
A YOUNG, a THOMSON, and a COWPER chose ;
Their Muse was Nature, and their book the heart.

May every Minstrel prove for ever mute,
Save such as inspiration deigns to warm,
Save such as truth and virtue gladly own.
Me of my hope to fill the judging ear
With harmony, and sentimental lore,
No jealous competitions may bereave :
My Muse shall not offend ; she venerates
True merit, more than mitres, where 'tis found ;
Yet dares not violate a sacred urn,
Nor snatch a laurel from a brother's brow—
No ; she would pluck it from the sacred bower,
Or die without a wreath. No plagiary
Is of the Muse's train. Not sinking low
In mediocrity, I meet my lot
Content, if Genius deign to own the lay,
And white-rob'd Virtue claim it as her own :
Of other cares my Muse makes small account ;
She, tuneful spinster ! softly treads the steep
Of fair Parnassus, with the seven-string'd lute
Close at her side, with uprais'd eye, intent
On loftier heights. Ah me ! what mortal wight
Can reach the top, which high o'erlooks the clouds ?
Clear were the head, and fortify'd the breast,
That could aspire, with ardour caught from Heaven,
To gain those roseate bowers, the Muse's haunts,
And drink beside the pure Pierian spring,

Till metamorphos'd to a bard, and rais'd
 To immortality. To mortal man,
 This privilege is rare. 'Twere fond and vain
 To offer incense at the Muse's shrine
 With hands unhallow'd, or invoke her smiles
 And guardian patronage with lips profane,
 Lips that ne'er tasted of her sacred spring.
 Lo! on Parnassus' sides the limpid streams
 Meand'ring flow, more clear than Siloam's pool,
 Till troubled oft by many a driv'ling bard—
 Priests of Apollo—Venus' train—whose Muse,
 As Sappho warm, as Ovid's "Art" profane,
 Is, Phœnix-like, consum'd in her own fires!
 When such awake the sprightly string, let Vice,
 With all her Centaur troops, trip nimbly round;
 But may no virgin blush amid the throng.
 The music of a pipe profane sounds worse
 In Clio's ear, than old Medusa's snakes,*
 Joining in concert to Apollo's lyre.
 The Muses, pleas'd, approve of numbers chaste;
 And are to sons of Virtue most inclin'd.
 Proceed, harmonious Lyre, intent to sing
 How well the early cultivated mind,
 Where Discipline to Wisdom leads the way,
 Secures its welfare, and ensures renown.
 The thirst of knowledge is a needful spur
 To application: this awakens hope,

* Dicta est musica, quod dracones in ejus Gorgone ad ictus
 citharæ tinnitu resonabant. PLIN. NAT. HIST.

And hope anticipates fruition: thus
 Perceptive judgment, and progressive grace,
 Remain invariably, through Life's career,
 The praise of youth, the joy of riper age,
 The sweetest solace of declining years.

Youth holds a treasure of divinest worth—
 A casket, with a pearl deriv'd from Heaven.
 The little *sanctuary* oft detains *
 The smiling cherub joy: while fleeting Time
 Beguiles the swift-wing'd hours; and passing scenes
 Glide o'er the sensual surface, in a maze,
 Down from the rising to the setting sun.
 The progress of those feebly-beaming rays
 Of scarce perceptive knowledge, soon proceeds
 To fond pursuits, and hopes, and little schemes,
 Too numerous to recount. Life's early joys
 Still cast an *iris* o'er my mind, and breathe
 A gale from Paradise to cheer the soul.
 —I once was bless'd with such a fragrant plant
 As angels took delight in; † but ere while
 My blooming flower was snatch'd from this cold clime,
 Transplanted to the Paradise of God,
 Fast by the fount of Life: there it acquires
 Immortal vigour, and unfading bloom.

Youth is the golden opportunity
 In which to traffic for the precious pearl

* Referring to that kind of *innocence*, which is opposed to
 moral guilt.

† Matt. xviii. 10.

Of price, which, haply gain'd, enriches soon
The fortunate possessor, and affords
The most enchanting prospect short of Heaven.

Youth is the golden prime, in which to sow
The seeds of Education, which supplant
The unblest'd produce of our native soil,
Us rendering more susceptible of good.
As the laborious hind prepares his field
By careful culture, ere he sows the seed ;
And waits with patience for Heaven's kindly showers,
Ere yet the fruitful crop rewards his toil—
The blade, the ear, the life-sustaining wheat ;
Just so, kind youth, begin with fix'd resolve,
Proceed with pious care, and cautious skill,
'T' uproot and dispossess the worthless weeds,
And stubborn brambles of the native glebe :
Under the influence that crowns the year,
Success and blessing will succeed your aims,
Respect and honour on your steps attend :
Reject this counsel, wretchedness in life,
Or infamy in death, your hapless doom !

He that in winter sows, and hopes a crop,
Pale disappointment soon will pay his toil,
And chide his folly with a tutor's frown.
When poverty, anon, comes armed in,
Impairs the scanty viands day by day,
And quite bereaves his soul of *present* good ;
And for the *future*, scarce of hope remains
A gleam, to cheer the gloomy night of woe.

Life, if neglected in its golden prime
 Of days ; if unimprov'd its early dawn
 In tilling deep*—breaking the stubborn soil,
 And sowing seeds of wisdom—all its tale
 Amounts to vanity. What, like the wreath
 Wrought by the hand of youthful diligence, †
 Can crown our hoary age with sacred bays, ‡
 Or laurels ever green ? Sweet youth, attend :
 When past the season prime—and soon 'tis past—
 A later harvest gives to wintry storms
 Your ravag'd stores ; or yields a rank increase
 Of bitter fruits, like those delusive pomes,
 Tradition says, once sprang where Sodom fell.

Th' uncultivated mind, not duly fraught
 With principles of wisdom, soon becomes
 A dreary waste—far worse than Lybia's wilds—
 Where dissonance and desolation reign,
 And fails to yield one bud of cheering hope,
 One opening blossom of serene delight !
 'Tis wisdom plans the course to happiness,
 And points to Eden's bowers : she leads the way
 To fruitful fields, and living streams of joy,
 Which, like a golden vintage, glad the heart,
 And overflow the cup with genial cheer.
 No generous wine, or fragrant oil so sweet,
 So grateful to the highly pamper'd taste
 Of luxury, as wisdom to the wise.

* Jer. iv. 3.

† Prov. iv. 9.

‡ Psal. xxvii. 35.

She pours immortal nectar in the cup :
When once we taste, we feel insatiate thirst
To drain her copious, ever flowing bowl :
Her's are pure, sober, rational delights ;
Her ways to pleasure tend, her paths to peace.

The happy owners of the fertile field,
Where seeds of grace and wisdom have produc'd
A fair and fruitful crop, are passing rich.
They, at the season due, shall copious reap
The golden harvest, with abundant joy ;
And, late returning, tread the steep of Life
All safe and slow, bearing their nodding sheaves,*
Elate, in fair succession, 'till possess'd
Of yon celestial Paradise, where flowers
Of "Amaranth"† blush pure unfading tints,
And breathe unminish'd sweets in fragrant gales.

Knowledge acquir'd, will overpay the toil ;
Yet he who far has sped, may still proceed,
And, with the aid of application, mount
To greater heights, advancing to the heavens,
Like yonder stately pine, that strikes its roots
Still deeper in the kindly soil, and drinks
Insatiate by the soft meand'ring stream,
Spreading its opening branches to the skies.

Then knowledge grows, when meek humility
Lops with unsparing hand luxuriant shoots,
And fosters such as promise fair for fruit.

* Psal. cxv. 6.

† Milton.

None e'er attain to lasting eminence,
 Save such as wisdom owns, and virtue crowns.
 To purchase knowledge, ~~ASSIDUITY~~
 Pores many a day, o'er many a bulky tome
 Of scientific and of sacred lore:
 And, with an unquench'd ardour, still pursues
 The pleasing task, what time the Attic bird,
 Sacred to Pallas, solemn sits and sage,
 'Mid academic groves, complaining loud
 Of destiny, to the attentive moon.
 The child of wisdom on her ample page
 Assiduous dwells, and plies the nightly lamp,
 Orion's rival, through the midnight watch;
 Till Lucifer proclaims th' approaching morn.
 Nor is such arduous application vain:
 Through application things of worth are gain'd;
 And stedfast ~~RESOLUTION~~ cannot fail.
 It fixes bounds to ocean's rage; it bears
 On silver-shining tracts, from sea to sea,
 The stores of commerce, and the golden fruits
 Of toiling industry; it brings to light
 The hidden treasures of the cavern'd earth;
 It scales the mountain top, and turrets rears
 Tipt by the clouds of Heaven. Nor brazen walls,
 Nor bright vulcanian shields, can long withstand
 Th' intrepid aim of resolution. Fix'd,
 It executes, and soon its end attains.
 'Tis *resolution* forms the man of worth
 In every line of eminence: 'tis this

Obtains heroic honours in the field,
And gives the student courage to proceed,
Intent on no less arduous enterprize.
This stimulates the Christian to the "fight,"
Untarnish'd keeps his armour, urgent calls
To watch and ward; t' equip with sword and shield,
Helmet and greaves, of panoply divine;
Leads him to conquest thro' Life's short campaign,
Till on his head is fix'd the starry crown.*
Who shuns the combat, never wins the prize;
The victor's only crown'd: the garland's giv'n
The veteran, who, as Achilles arm'd,
Scarce vulnerable, never quits the field,
Till high plum'd victory confers the palm.

Life is a warfare; duty is a race;

With resolution start, and gain the goal.
This tunes to harmony the poet's read,
Entwines the verdant laurel for his brow,
And leads th' adept in science to the door
Of Fame's fair Temple—still a candidate,
Till wisdom lets him in. The youth who would
Succeed in science, and in wisdom's course
Obtain pre-eminence, with fix'd intent,
Must launch with resolution, and proceed
With perseverance, till he wins the prize.

Though interposing rocks arise to view,
It more than pays the cost, with present gain,

* Rev. ii. 10.

T' explore the depths of science, in pursuit
Of wisdom's sacred gem: that wisdom, still,
Which points to future bliss esteems the prime,
And safe secures the bright celestial stake—
Be that our first regard. No hope like that
Can sooth the heart, and cheer the mental eye
With pleasing prospects of unfading bliss.
That wisdom never fails us in the end,
Though oft in Life it meets not full reward.
When all the skilful means are try'd that art
And vigilance devise, success attends
On second causes,* but is doubtful still,
If we refer to transitory things;
Yet in respect of yon celestial prize,
Who sail with Wisdom will secure the Port,
Laden with treasures, passing Ophir's mines.

The doughty mariner his idol gold
Pursues, intent to speed, nor e'er desists,
Though Eurus bluster on his lab'ring bark:
Knowing that milder gales succeed the storm,
He hopes to reach the mart: the mart at length
He gains. Success on diligence attends:
Storms must be weather'd ere we gain our Port;
But while "the Master's in the ship," we speed;
He stills the tempest, or o'er-rules the storm,
And safely guards us from surrounding ills.

In Providence reposing stedfast hope,

* Eccles. ix. 11.

We gain the pledge of Heaven's security :*
For hope will not desert us ; but remain
Hid, in the closet of the human heart,
A treasure richer far than that bestow'd
On high Olympus' brow, when goddesses
Unveil'd contended for the fatal fruit.
Such hope in Providence ne'er disappoints
Our sober expectations. Heaven shall fade,†
But not the promises, those golden fruits
For which the Christian breathes his silent hopes.
High on a crystal rock of adamant
HOPE stands secure ; with elevated hand,
She holds a golden chain, descending prone
From its celestial anchor in the skies ;
And thence she points it down to man, while Faith
Calls him to lift his hand and seize the prize.

While the preposterous Voyagers employ
Their idle cares and studies to o'erpass
Life's narrow frith, with elevated pomp,
And lade the leaky bark with yellow clay,
Which sinks them deeper in the swelling tide;
Hope still is seen on deck : forsaking these,
Whose expectations rise from present views,
She turns to those, who, toss'd, and nearly wreck'd
In Life's proud wave, have sought Religion's aid ;
And with a voice more gentle than the sound.

* Psal. xxxiii. 18, 19. 21, 22.

† Mark. xiii. 31. Alluding to the demise of Nature.

Of softest zephyr, whispers to their ear—
 “ Though turgid now the wave, and rough the storm,
 “ A milder gale to-morrow may succeed,
 “ And bear you to your Port. Fix not a stress.
 “ On earthly happiness—that vessel leaks—
 “ But with Religion you embark secure.
 “ Though frequent storms assail, Life’s ills are short:
 “ Among those ills subside : your Port is nigh ;
 “ And death, disarm’d by Faith of his dread sting,
 “ Soon lands you on the shore : behold, on high,
 “ Regions of pure serenity and peace
 “ Invite your weary feet to stand secure,
 “ Where painful conflicts will for ever cease !
 “ The baseless hopes of Life resemble dreams,
 “ Delusive, fond, or vain : not so my joys ;
 “ How bright the prospects, how sublime the hopes,
 “ Which cheer and animate the drooping heart,
 “ When past affliction’s cloud ; and lo ! Heaven’s sun
 “ Pours on the soul effulgent beams of day !
 “ In Faith’s perspective, you may soon descry
 “ A city built by God, whose gates are pearls ;
 “ The Lord its sun ; its streets are burnish’d gold.
 “ There all the chosen nations walk in white,
 “ And pay eternal homage at the throne.
 “ No sorrow enters there—no pain—no death :
 “ The former things are pass’d away ; and, lo !
 “ Said God, I will create all things anew *—

* Isaiah lxx. 17.

“ Evil shall not exist, and pain * shall cease.”

My soul's fair treasure, balmy breathing Hope!
I owe thee much for thy sweet soothing voice,
Thy sacred gifts, and prospects seen afar;
Thy stedfast anchor, and thy mystic veil. †

PROSPERITY to woo with ardent suit,
But gain the sullen mate ADVERSITY,
Oft proves the lot of Life. Experience shews
Such expectations oft deceive; such hopes
Add pond'rous weight to fickle Fortune's scale.
With hopes abridg'd, ‡ we seldom fare the worse;
But boundless wishes quite pervert the mind,
Tarnish its joys with discontent, and spread
A gloom o'er all the blessings we enjoy;
And hence, in plenty, some are passing poor.
Great expectations oft in sorrows end,
And disappointments lead “ the road to ruin.”
So far'd a merchant, laden with the wealth
Of richest Orm—“ Barbaric pearls and gold”—
And home returning, with a tide of joy,
In hope exulting soon to meet his *mate*
Secure on shore; when, lo! a sudden gust,
Ill-fated, struck his gallant gondola
Against a rock: she sunk in sight of port—
A painful scene! Such frequent proves the fate
Of unreflecting youths, who boldly brave

* Rev. xxi. 4.

† Heb. vi. 19.

‡ Sapias—e t spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Hor.

Life's torrent, swoln with hopes of high success,
Steering amain, unstable as the waves :
Experience oft, alas ! is heard too late
Remonstrating—" take Prudence in the ship,
And steer with caution." Destitute of these,
Young TYNO with the rapid tide bears down—
The gulph, wide yawning, closes on its prey !

I knew a YOUTH of lowly parents born,
Yet not of mean descent, full near ally'd
To Reverend Clerks : but what of this ? To him
Small were the privilege, and small the hope,
Attendant on the consecrated line :
For what, alas ! can titles recommend,
If means are wanting to support their claim ?
Shall I commend the priestly casuist,
Who, oft at variance with economy,
Unlike the ant, unlike the fowls of Heaven,
Scarce gathers manna for the present day ?
These find a shelter from the winter rage,
And those provide for future destiny.
I prize him not for wisdom, who neglects
His present interest, or his final weal.
One privilege, alone, the hopeful youth
Whose fate I sing, from such alliance gain'd :
His education was a precious pearl,
Which in itself transcends the worth of crowns.
With only this, now grown to riper years,
And conscious of his worth, he made the tour

To London's crouded mart, to cast a die
 For fickle Fortune, and invoke her smiles :
 But Fortune, wretched arbitress ! oft pours
 Her treasures to the grov'ling crouds,* whose eye
 Scarce kens beyond the small circumference
 Of bats and owlets, or the murky moles ;
 Herself is blind—her lovers myops seem ;
 Yet with their jaundic'd eye scan yellow dust.
 When Jupiter came down, in golden showers,
 He found the bosom, kept by centinels,
 Open to such embrace.† Who flies from gold ?
 Yet on the youth, whose artless tale I tell,
 Not one propitious genius deign'd to smile.
 The busy town now gain'd, no friend had he
 To guide his devious steps—a name, well-known,
 To recommend, or “ take the stranger in.”
 To earn the “ scanty meal,” his tender hands,
 Form'd for the finer arts, must ply rough toil:
 His frame too delicate, must bend beneath
 The pressure of calamity. I feel
 Commiseration waking at the heart
 For such distress, such painful bodings, such
 Anxieties : but chance ‡ awaits on all.
 Humanity might still demand a sigh-

* — *Hinc apicem rapax.*

Fortuna cum stridore acuto

Sustulit ; hic posuisse gaudet. Hor.

† *Ovid, Met. 4.*

‡ *Eccl. ix. 11.*

For such a youth, whose virtues none caress'd,
Whose growing talents silent claim'd regard ;
Whose manners and address bespoke his worth,
Expos'd to ravages of killing care.
Borne down with pangs of sad necessity,
And press'd by disappointment's galling yoke,
See him attend the churl mechanic's door ;
Such sight might make e'en hatred drop a tear !
Heaven interpos'd : too much for him it prov'd
To grapple long with such severe distress.
Meantime, his merit, after tedious months
Spent in privations which assail'd the heart,
Blaz'd like the lustre of bright Hesperus
Seen through autumnal mists, and haply caught
Th' approving eye of one of noble soul,
Who lov'd to raise desert to higher life.
Now, having gain'd a seat of affluence,
Compar'd, at least, with his afflicted state,
His tendons from the painful task were eas'd—
He bore the lighter pen, an instrument
Which he knew well to wield. Reviving hope,
Once more, began to shoot forth blossoms ; while
Fair promises and patronage smil'd on him.
Too late, alas ! these lent their kindly aids ;
And Fortune now ill-tim'd addresses paid.
Distress had on his vitals prey'd so deep,
That Æsculapian art could not restore
The springs and movements into harmony :
Crush'd by so great a weight of sorrow, soon

The most sordid of all Ambition.

v. 454.

He now relinquish'd Life, by Heaven's decree,*
And slipp'd behind the scenes to seek repose!

Full many a daring mind, in idle quest
Of honour's airy bubble, hoisting sails
Aloft, to gain the glitt'ring Port of Wealth
By many an arduous enterprize, and reach
Ambition's loftiest pinnacle, anon
Falls from his elevated station down,
Swift as a meteor glancing through the sky.

Ambition's daring sons, durst late aspire
To prosecute their plans—not in defence
Of Equity and Right—not in the track
Of Justice, or of Mercy, up the steep
But smooth ascent to Fame: the sad reverse
They chose—the pitch of Avarice to climb,
And gain the summit of Oppression; where,
In meditation fix'd, to prosecute
Not less than diabolical designs,
In Negroland, on Guinea's distant shores,
From cursed lust of gold, to purchase men,
And make a merchandize of human lives,
Enthralling those whom God created free.
The Muse with eagle eye pursu'd their track;
And, should her impulse prove true prophecy,

* Gen. iii. 18. This tale is founded in fact; and sheweth, in a strong light, the very benevolent intention, and the very useful tendency, of the institution of "The Stranger's Friend Society." Great is their reward in Heaven—"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

Justice will yet pursue them as a prey,
And give the tyrants, whom humanity
And mercy had deserted, due reward.
If Time forbears, Futurity hath sworn,
With a determin'd aspect, to confer
Slavery, complete as theirs, and hellish chains!
More innocent—though equally as mad—
Were the ambition of the Roman Chief,*
To ride, equestrian, o'er the raging gulph:
Or of the Persian Prince, † whose frantic zeal
Would scourge the Dardanelles, feigning to bind
The wild waves in a chain. A time will come,
When each mad effort of ambitious men,
To chain the innocent, shall prove as vain.
Great GOD OF Hosts! burst all their iron bands,
And set each sable captive exile free.
'TIS DONE! kind Heaven has interfer'd, and lo!
The Sons of Ham are free. Ethiopia, soon,
And Tarsis' isles, "shall stretch their hands to GOD."
I venerate each friend of human slaves;
And chief, the man, who, "with a martyr's zeal,"
Pursu'd the path of mercy round the land;
Nor to his pillow rest, his eyelids sleep,
Could he bequeath, till the great point were gain'd.
Ye sable Sons of Afric's shining coasts,
Engrave the name of CLARKSON on each greave,
Until the wish'd-for hour at length arrives

* Caligula.

† Xerxes.

When Judah's great DELIVERER sets you free!
 I venerate, with you, each Legislator
 In whose large heart humanity beats high,
 Prompting the ardent wish, with purpose fix'd,
 To see each honest hand at liberty,
 And every man within the reach of right :
 For this, so noble effort, I predict
 GRENVILLE and WILBERFORCE long time shall live
 To fame full dear ; each great and honour'd name,
 Engraven deep, as with a diamond pen,
 On record stand to late posterity.
 Hark ! Afric's rescu'd Sons, with shouts of joy,
 Cry " Liberty !" and drop each galling chain ;
 The vocal rocks and solitary shores,
 With sympathetic sound, cry " Liberty !"

Glad angels bear the mingled pray'r to Heaven,
 For endless " blessings on the British Isles !"
 Learn hence, each generous, each noble youth,
 To exercise compassion over all
 Who combat with distress. Let tenderness
 Pervade the feeling heart, and there inspire
 Such sentiments as Angels deign t' approve :
 For he that's early form'd to sympathy
 And noble deeds, bids fair in future years
 For every high achievement of renown.
 If born beneath th' auspicious smiles of wealth,
 O ! spare unfortunate calamity,
 Reduc'd from affluence to low estate,
 The pain to pour its plaint ! There still resides

A delicate reserve in breasts like these,
Unknown to vulgar minds. Meet their request,
And screen from winter's rage the shiv'ring limbs;
Perhaps as delicately form'd as thine!
Believe the breast from anguish, fram'd to feel
With tenderness—participating oft
Paternal cares—as vigilant as thine!
Double thy liberalities to such
Unfortunate, and make their heart to feel,
At least, a momentary gleam of joy!
Reflect, that, through the unabating round
Of Fortune's rapid wheel, the lot may turn,
And yet thy fortune's heirs solicit theirs!

For once, my young philosopher and friend,
Attend the Muse: the Muse awaits on you.
From long experience this has oft been prov'd—
The counsel of a trusty friend is like a balm
Extracted from Life's sacred tree, which proves
A sweet assuasive cordial to the soul.
From deeper studies, you perchance may find
A moment's relaxation with her strain.
Your wide-extended genius, branching high,
As in the sacred vision, young of root,
The more perchance may need the pruning hand
To lop luxuriant shoots, and still with care
To guard the growth of such as rise aright;
Lest some malignant blast should ruthless tear
Up by the roots the stately stem, and blast
The hope of fruit! Be your's true wisdom's choice:

Heaven's *final* approbation seek : 'tis this
 Deserves your study—this repays your toil !
 If fate should cast misfortune in your way—
 Which oft assails the wise, the great, the good—
 Then is the time for magnanimity,
 And every virtue, to come forth and shine.
 An OVID,* and a SPENCER, brook'd th' attack :
 Who then can claim security from fate ?

Great souls are shackled in a " pinfold " here,
 'Mid dun obscurity, whose inbred worth,
 If brought to light by Fortune's fost'ring hand,
 In Senates might have shone, worthy of Greece
 In her meridian splendour. Fortune plays
 Her idle pranks, and seems delighted oft
 In counteracting worth. Who has not seen
 In rich brocade, or crimson wrought with gold,
 Pedantic fops, on Fortune's airy plume,
 Borne over Continents, whose little souls
 Small orbits circumscribe ; whose vagrant minds
 Lie like the ruins of Balclutha's† towers,
 'Mid desert wilds forlorn, the foxes' fort :
 Whose appetites no sober bounds controul ;
 Ungovernable quite, as ocean's rage
 When in a tempest toss'd ; or like a ship

* Mr. Cowley has justly remarked, " One may see, through
 " the style of *Ovid de Trist.* the humbled and dejected spirit
 " with which he wrote it ; there scarce remain any footsteps of
 " that genius—*Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes—*"

† In Fingal.

v. 587. *Her Favours may become Blessings.*

Without a rudder in the rolling tide.
 Ah, Fortune! cruel Arbitress,* why thus
 Delight to sever merit from the palm?
 Yet wrong not Fortune—she, not always prude,
 Not always blind, nor yet coquette, confers
 Her lavish'd gifts, perchance, at wisdom's gates :
 And who would think that danger banquets there?
 Beware, my youthful hero! Take her gifts
 With gentle hand—a thorn springs near the rose.
 If merit, promising as yours, should chance
 To lift you up to signal eminence,
 See that humility your steps attends,
 Or soon you'll find that Fortune's envied smiles
 Are treacherous, and fatal as her frowns.
 Give to your caution'd soul full scope to wing
 Its steady flight, to reach th' Eternal Source
 Of excellence, the flowing fount of bliss.
 Should Fortune prove propitious, dare be good—
 The truly good, alone, are truly great.
 To all around, a pure example give :
 Stedfast and firm in honour's upright paths,
 Proceed with Christian fortitude. With these
 Accomplishments, fidelity possess,

* O Fortuna viris invida fortibus

Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis. SEN.

It is not a little paradoxical, that no one inveighed more loudly and frequently against the caprice of Fortune, than this stolt; and, at the same time, few were ever more completely in possession of her favours, and indulged with her smiles.

And all the sacred virtues. Then, oh ! then,
When all your warfare's past, look up with joy,
And see the Christian's palm held out to you !

Thus, a successful Voyager makes sail
To many a distant province, and surveys
The world's circumference, long time inur'd
To dangers and assaults from many a foe :
At length, long homeward bound, elate he sees
The cliffs and turrets of his native land ;
Rides in full triumph with a prosperous gale,
And soon obtains the wish'd-for harbour : glad
To stand secure on shore, with placid mind
He ruminates o'er all the conflicts past,
Then pleas'd partakes the boon his toil procur'd.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Vicissitudes attending Human Life, resolved into the Order of Providence.—Seeming Objections to a general and more particular Superintendence of Providence stated; and guarded from the false Conclusions of the Peripatetic Philosophy, and the Abuses of Sceptic Infidelity.—The present seemingly partial Distribution of the Gifts of Providence considered; and the Propriety of such a Dispensation vindicated.—The present not being a State of distributive Justice; hence, a demonstrative Argument for a future State of appropriate Rewards and Punishments.—Some signal Instances of a particular Manifestation of Justice, in the present State; with a suitable Improvement.—Reflection on the Harmony subsisting between Reason and Revelation.—Man's present State, a State of Probation—He is accountable to his Creator.—The Consequence of his attending to, or slighting Sacred Monitions.—A Dispensation of Mercy.—Observations on his Fall and Recovery, and on the Necessity of Christian Fortitude and Perseverance, in order to his attaining the Immortal Prize.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VII.

ΕΠΙ ΜΑΡΤΥΡΙΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ. ST. PAUL.



THE effort more, my Muse ; yet once again
Resume the sacred theme. Attention hangs
Virtue's dictates. Me she owns her priest ;
Will desert me, while intent to trace,
Through all the mazes of Life's shifting scene,
Divine Providence," and vindicate
The ways of GOD to men," whose righteous laws,
Built in equity, unshaken stand.
Who pursues the sacred track of Peace,
Teers with Virtue and Fidelity
On her side, in amicable league,
Through right his course, in this imperfect state
Combat oft with interposing ills ;
Nance may brook the galling yoke of wrong,
Yield to despotism's imperious nod,
Lie beneath the proud oppressor's frown.

Full oft on earth Oppression's arm is felt,
 Fair Freedom's rights insulting : yonder day
 Of future equity is overlook'd,
 When awful Justice, with unbiass'd hand,
 Shall hold the balance—weighing every deed—
 Actions and motives, guilt and innocence,
 And “ works of faith ”—distinguishing the pure
 Intent, as standard gold, from every shew
 Of seeming worth, which bore the stamp of pride.
 Then shall appear to angels and to men
 The perfect state reveal'd, which will redress
 The cause of injur'd innocence and truth,
 And deal just retribution for each wrong.

The fell oppressor, who, with savage grasp,
 Holds from the widow and the fatherless
 Paternal right and dower, finds frequent means
 T' illude the lash of law. Hapless the lorn
 And friendless orphan ; hapless all the poor ;
 Since law is that same engine which requires
 An arm of might ; and the machine stands still,
 Without the massive energies of gold.
 What then can these achieve, who lack the means ?
 For them no able advocate will plead,*

* This is not meant to apply to the excellent administration of justice in this realm, by the Civil and Executive Magistrates, as it respects equity and the relief of the poor ; but solely to the inexpedience and impracticability of obtaining a decision of law in any of the Courts of Justice, in questions of contested right, without adequate pecuniary means ; for which

No powerful patron will assert their right.
These lack on earth a friend ; yet one remains,
One Advocate above, who will espouse,
And their just cause maintain, and will succeed.
Though strong the gripe of thrifty avarice,
Though deep and dungeon-dark the hellish plots,
The mazy labyrinths, and latent snares
T' entrap the innocent, there is a hand
That them protects ; there is a wakeful eye
Which close pursues the proud usurper, through
Each wily maze ; and when the sable veil
Of darkness hangs around, still perforates
The stygian mask of every dark design,
And on his guilty head, and his compeers,
Will recompense the deed. Though high he rears
The superstructure of a stately dome,
And builds a palace with the price of wrongs,
Th' united force of all the furious winds
Shall level the proud fabric ; and the share
Of powerful destiny expose, and raze
The false foundation up, and with a blast
Scatter his ill-won wealth from under Heaven.
—" Ye good distress'd," a little longer hold
The patient tenure of your upright way ;

reason many oppressed widows and orphans have been injured and ruined, for want of that which would have enabled them to assert and support their just rights; and this is an evil, for which, perhaps, there is no adequate remedy, in the present state of things, but *patience*.

A little longer "stand"* beneath the ills,
 From which nor wisdom, nor integrity,
 Nor conscience' peaceful claim, nor sacred truth,
 Nor virtue' self, can clear exemption give.
 Soon shall the measure of your wrongs be full,
 And all your sufferings cease. The bitter cup
 Will soon be taken from your trembling lips,
 And dealt in measure full to those who dare
 Oppress your souls, and tread you down in dust.
 Justice is bent t' assert each injur'd cause,
 And in the glorious retribution morn
 Will, like the rising sun, shine on the good, †
 Supremely bright, through Heaven's unclouded day.

True merit may awhile appear depress'd
 In this imperfect state: it oft may seem
 Not mark'd by Heaven with its peculiar care.
 Meantime, Ambition's minions, on the wing
 Of airy Fortune soaring, spread their plumes,
 Ephemeron like, a few fleet hours to buz
 And flutter idly in the sultry glare,
 Till soon some intervening clouds arise,
 And lo! the tempest bears them down the stream.

Though virtue seems awhile in lowly plight,
 While pamper'd luxury abounds in wealth,
 Shall goodness pour an unavailing plaint?
 Shall suffering virtue sue to Heaven unheard?
 It cannot be. Let no vain sceptic dare

* 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

† Cura pñ diis sunt. OVID.

Presume to raise an argument t' arraign
Eternal Providence, as fallen "asleep,"
And destitute of due regard to men ;
As though the world and its minute concerns
Were wheel'd about by chance, or all consign'd
To some vicegerent Hierarchies in charge,
Without the pale of God's peculiar care.
Can this be wisdom ? No ; 'tis folly's creed.
Go, hare-brain'd infidel ! go, ask the fly,
" Whence all the dust around the chariot wheel ?"
Can he explore the movements, or machine ?
As soon might human science comprehend
Th' expanding circles of unbounded space.
Why, acting in so limited a sphere,
Would you, conceited wits, Omiscience bound ?
Why of immensity divest the Being,
Whom Heaven cannot contain ? And with a span
Limit who fills all space ? Who dare confine
To partial rule in Heaven his regal care,
Divest him of his dearest attributes ;
His goodness, which extends alike o'er all ;
His justice, which discriminates, awards,
His unrestricted mercy : what would he,
But meet the Atheist on unhallow'd ground,
And half undeify the JUDGE SUPREME ?
To wrong your better judgment, then, forbear ;
Nor dare presume the limits to prescribe
In which Eternal Providence will act.
In general and great events his hand

You own, but from particular concerns
 Exclude his watchful care. How vain th' attempt
 To circumscribe him whom infinitude
 Can scarce contain? Admitting space where he
 Inhabits not, supposes a defect;
 What brooks of limits, cannot be a God.
 Distinctions, hence, of great regards o'er small,
 And high o'er low, apply'd to Providence,
 Are relative; 'twere just the same to prove
 The sun is higher than the earth at noon.
 The Stagirite, though strong, has sunk beneath
 The massy weight of this great argument,
 And stands confounded in the Christian school.*
 Such views of the SUPREME are far beneath
 Unlimited perfection. Thoughts like those

* With all due respect to the astonishing comprehension and talents of that great Heathen Philosopher, the Author will be understood to refer here, only to his narrow and sophistical views of a particular Providence; and we are favoured with an infallible decision against both him and his pupils, by an Authority supreme and decisive. Matt. x. 29, 30.

The celebrated Roman orator, Tully, in his Book *De Mundo*, excellently remarks, by way of illustration of this subject, that
 "mechanics, when they have completed houses, ships, and
 "other works they have been engaged in, leave them to take
 "their fate in the world, and for the most part give them-
 "selves no further trouble about the accidents that may befall
 "them; but the Supreme Architect and wise Creator *never*
 "*forsakes the work of his hands*, but keeps his arms continually
 "around it, to preserve it; sits at the helm to rule and govern
 "it; is himself in every part of it, and fills the whole with his
 "presence."

All true philosophy disclaims. **GOD** knows
No passions, all partialities disowns,*
Save those of **RIGHT** o'er *wrong*, and **GOOD** o'er *ill*.
Forbear the least comparison to form
Between the **SUN** of Wisdom and the *lamp*
Of feeble Reason glimmering in a mist,
Lest **HE** "convict thee to thy face," and thou
Be prov'd to err. What time "Confusion heard
"His voice," order, and harmony, and light,
Through all the circle of his realms appear'd.
Still the minutest of his countless works
Live by his love, and act each various part,
By his unerring wisdom first assign'd;
And not a feeble tenant of the air
Falls timeless, disregarded by his eye.
Th' unwieldy elephant, and feeble mite,
Are both alike the objects of his care.
His watchful eye attends each rolling orb,
Through all the vast circumference of space,
Assigning each its orbit, bulk, and time,
In due proportion to the complex whole.
His all-pervading sight at once surveys
The past and future, th' evil and the good;
Intent to deal to each a recompense
In that decisive day, when every eye
Shall see his truth reveal'd, and venerate
His power. Let no presuming infidel,

* Acts x. 34.

Imperfect Knowledge suited to the State of Man. v. 162.

Exult : to Reason's eye, the plain reverse
Of all his impious notions clearly shines.
What though the "sentence" seems awhile withheld
From execution, and the evil deed
Meets not a due requital in this state ;
What though Vice revels, while the Virtues smart;
It is, that humble merit may be prov'd,
Like gold that's try'd, and suffering patience crown'd;
That goodness, signaliz'd on earth, may meet
Its high reward in Heaven, with God Supreme,
Who there exalts the just man near his throne,
While impious scorner's ink beneath his ire.
—Admit the virtues smart, and for a time
Vice proudly domineers ; admit, awhile
Oppressors flourish, and accumulate
The wealth of either Ind ; would you infer
No Providence exists, and HIM forget
" In whom you live, and move, and have your being?"
Let not the sullen voice of passion say,
" Things are not as we wish ;" 'tis love alike
That grants our wishes, or denies our suit.
The things we covet oft would prove our bane ;
But " Life abounds with ills : " 'tis mercy still
That from those ills educes general " good."
" Our powers are limited, our joys are short,
" Our sufferings oft extreme : " all this is right,
And suited to probationary beings.
Vain man would wish " to read to-morrow's fate : "
That foresight Mercy has deny'd him, else

His Life would be embitter'd, and perplex'd
 With sad forebodings of to-morrow's ills.
 Wisdom herein unveils her mystic plan;
 And man's imperfect knowledge tends to good :
 Hence perfect wisdom and unbounded love
 In all the ways of Providence appear.
 The plan of Providence involves one scheme
 Of great and complex interest to the whole :
 And since the greater must include the less,
 Partial to general profit must give place,
 And time's short interest to eternal gain.

This reasoning leads us safely to conclude,
 Whate'er Almighty Wisdom plans "is right."
 Arraign no more Eternal Wisdom's plan;
 Child of the dust, presumptuous man, forbear!
 Suspend thy idle censure, till such time
 As judgment sets thee right. What time the Judge
 Exalted fills his awful throne, draw nigh,
 And censure what was wrong : thyself acquit,
 And to his Providence attach the blame
 That thou, in Cæsar's stead wert not decreed
 To awe the world with thy imperious nod :
 Yet thou, oh man, must justice then acquit,
 If doom'd to dwell in Erebus' black realm ;
 Must own 'twas guilt that seal'd thy destiny,
 And Justice ratify'd th' important deed.

If Providence, with partial sway, consign'd

* As far as it relates to the contingent events of time.

Its sunshine and its showers to cheer the just:
 If fair prosperity, on golden plumes,
 Exalted him to happiness on earth,
 Beyond a possibility of harm;
 What could his virtues prove, and where the test
 Of his allegiance? Where the exercise
 Of "perfect patience,"* to be crown'd in Heaven
 With never-fading laurels, such as Greece
 Amid her brightest trophies never bore:
 The hope of future recompense were vain,
 If in this state alone we met rewards. †
 The good man "walks by faith:" and rightly deems
 That Heaven his suffering virtues yet shall crown.
 Should flaming vengeance always own the right,
 By speedy punishment of every wrong;
 Should Justice instantly involve from high
 The evil doer, how then could vice presume,
 Or where could infidelity appear?
 By what could virtue shine, in that great day,
 And gain th' applause, "servant of God, well done?"
 Where then could future judgment find fit place,
 If superseded by requitals here?
 Obedience, by such tokens dispossess'd,
 No place could find: urg'd on by servile fear,
 Restraint would force an unavailing awe,
 And leave to pure benevolence no room:

* St. James.

† The virtuous often meet inferior rewards in this life; but they neither *seek* nor *prize* them as their ultimate good.

v. 244. *Particular Manifestations of Mercy.*

But filial piety, and virtuous acts,
 Of choice, and not necessity, can spring.
 A willing service gains God's sole regard,
 And shall not pass the notice of his eye :
 Unwilling awe avails not aught with him
 Who scans the secret movements of the soul.

If still to punish, Heaven reluctant seems,
 Say not that Providence affords no proof,
 Amid th' inferior kingdoms of the world,
 Of its immutable, superior sway.
 " Where lies the well-authenticated fact,
 " Of Justice vindicating injur'd right
 " By punishment of wrong ?" VANILLUS ! hear :
 Have you, in Sacred Annals, never read
 Of injur'd Joseph's case ? Have you not heard
 Of Hezekiah ? And Sennacherib,
 The proud Assyrian, and his vanquish'd host,
 Subdu'd by Heaven's dread messenger of fate ?
 Survey the hand Divine, held out on high,
 O'er Noah, Daniel, and Uzzean Job,
 And those illustrious Jews, who triumph'd o'er
 The rage of Nature's fiercest element,
 Which will the world subdue : yet they, like gold
 Forth from the furnace, came more bright, more pure,
 Confounding all their foes. The signal care
 Of Providence, 'twere endless to recount,
 O'er Gideon, Samson, and the sacred seers,
 And favourites of Heaven ; in aid of whom
 Stupendous scenes of wonder were display'd.

Revere the stroke of Justice, in the case
 Of bold anarchial Korah, and his clan
 Of Infidels, against Theocracy ;
 Who, not unlike to rebel angels, sank
 By his Omnific ire, whose kindled wrath
 " Pursu'd them falling," to the yawning pit.
 Had not the hand of Justice interfer'd,
 God's Prophet, and his law, had been despis'd ;
 The mission, sent from Heaven, soon set at naught ;
 And that most signal Providence that cleft
 The raging sea, and rain'd down angels' food,
 All slighted, all attributed to chance.
 Where Sodom's fertile plains and lofty domes
 Once stood, in pleasing prospect glittering far,
 Survey the deadly Lake Asphaltites,
 A proof divine, a lasting monument
 Of God's determin'd rule to punish vice.
 In Salem old, his awful wrath revere,
 When Titus full commission gain'd from Heaven
 T' accelerate the destin'd vengeance due,
 And oft foretold* by him the promis'd SINE,†
 Whom Jews and Infidels alike blasphem'd.
 Nor deem, because the " sentence" seems delay'd,
 That Justice sleeps : she kens from far the hour,

* Luke xix. 41—44.

† Isaiah applies to our Saviour the title of " The Father of
 " the Everlasting Age," in reference to his having the world to
 come " put in subjection" to him, and acting as the " Prince of
 " Peace" in his mediatorial kingdom. Isai. ix. 6.

The solemn swift approaching hour, which dooms
 The disobedient to Gehenna's realms,
 And seats the righteous on celestial thrones.

Ere yet the solemn season, unreveal'd
 In records of futurity, arrives,
 Vindictive justice would be premature.
 God has no pleasure in avenging crimes :
 Mercy his fort, but justice "his strange work."*
 No pleasure can Almighty Goodness feel
 In hurling vengeance on a thoughtless world,
 Which yet awaits the offender's unwept crimes.

Reason bears record here, as truth displays
 The mutual fitness, harmony, and end,
 Of all the Attributes Adorable ;
 And both attest the due propriety
 Of such forbearance, † till a future day,
 When Mercy, Truth, and Justice, shine reveal'd
 In all Heaven's edicts, with resplendent blaze.

When HE of Judah born, Regent of Heaven,
 The golden sceptre, long despis'd on earth,
 Converts t' an iron rod—intent to bend
 Iniquity's stiff neck beneath the stroke

* Isaiah.

† Justice never exults over the Divine clemency, while Mercy may be administered; neither can Mercy be promulged at the expence of Justice. The Divine Attributes are inviolable. Hence respect must always be had to their mutual harmony: to the fixed and determined seasons of their operations; and to the means whereby those which seem the most opposite are reconciled.

Of his uplifted arm—ah! then, who once
 Despis'd his love, shall tremble at his power.
 Him his Almighty Father hath decreed
 To rule contending nations with acclaim,
 Imperial sway, and arbitration just.*
 Him his Almighty Father hath ordain'd
 To fix the future destinies of kings,
 When Justice, seated on an awful throne,
 Guarded with thunders, and th' expansive flash
 Of lightnings, streaming round, shall soon assign
 A just, impartial recompense to all;
 Mercy to such as MERCY's dictates lov'd;
 Judgment to such as did her suit deny.

Our Sovereign Maker plac'd us in a state
 Of short probation, and reveal'd to view
 The joys and sufferings of a future life,
 Not to our sensual but mental eye,
 That organ of true faith which can repose
 On God's veracity, as on a rock,
 And dares embrace the truths which he reveal'd.
 God's word asserts, with undissembled guise,
 Man's high prerogative to future life,†
 A life of prime regard: and oft appeals,
 To reason;‡ oft to faith;§ and kindly warns
 To shun the evil, seek the good, and live.
 Who dare the gracious dictates disobey,
 And slight the overtures which tend to peace;

* Psal. ii. 9.

† John x. 10. 1 Cor. xv. 22.

‡ Ezek. xxx. 11. Prov. i. 22.

§ John iii. 36.

Ev'n "these, and such as these," the gentle hand
Of Justice, though uprais'd, forbears to strike,
Till warning after warning they refuse,
And place themselves without the pale of Heaven.

Reason detects the wrong, and softly calls
Each Voyager to steer by Wisdom's chart,
And so secure the blissful Port of Peace.
If long neglected the soft-warning-voice
Of Reason, Conscience, Providence, conjoin'd
With what experience dictates ; what remains
To rectify the course oppos'd to these ?
—Though Justice long with slow forbearance wait,
It has its limits, and the brooding storm
Not always lingers : soon the worthless skiff
Will split amain upon presumption's rock,
And give the cargo down to shades, as dark
And drear as those of deepest Tartarus,
Unfathomable as the Stygian Sound,
Where hope and joy, the beams of Heaven's bright day,
Shall never shine. Impenitence ! Survey
Thy destin'd end, and shun that fatal rock ;
Bear round, with Reason at thy helm, and steer
The course of safety. Nobly dare, with skill,
To veer about and shun the Stygian pool ;
Dare to be wise betimes : who miss the Port
Celestial, hapless they : they lose far more
Than ever poet of Elysium feign'd—
Far more than worlds can ransom—Heaven's high prize,
And this they barter for the toys of Time !

Thus giddy youth, while airy fancy reigns
Triumphant over reason, part with pearls
For pebbles, quite delighted with th' exchange :
When ripening reason gains th' ascendancy,
It teaches men to estimate of things
According to their true intrinsic worth.

Heaven's Glorious Architect first form'd us MEN,
Endow'd with faculties of stamp divine ;
And when, of these despoil'd, we fell, seduc'd
By the intrigues of old infernal fraud ;
Reft of our Maker's "image," dispossess'd
Of innocence and blooming Paradise,
And sunk beneath the weight of sin's sad chain,
"Relenting Pity ey'd our hopeless grief,"
And flew from Heaven to ransom us from woe.
MESSIAH stoop'd from his celestial throne,
Put off the ensigns of his royalty,
And veil'd the Deity in human form :
He liv'd "a man of sorrows," in this vale,
The heir of sufferings, and of poignant griefs ;
And died to rescue from the tyrant's chain
The heirs of life, "and bruise the serpent's head :"
To seal our right to Heaven, again he rose
And "ever lives" our Intercessor there :
Patron and Guardian of his sacred charge,
He bears the keys of *hades** and of death,
And reigns Almighty to redeem and save.

* The invisible world.

"Stoop down, ye hills, in homage to the Lord;
 "Ye valleys, rise exulting; earth, and skies,
 "And thou great main; and, chief, let favour'd man
 "Join in a general chorus to the Son,
 "Who brought salvation near, who stoop'd so low
 "To rescue *captives** from their gloomy cells,
 "And publish *liberty* in strains as soft
 "And sweet as high angelic harmony.
 "Bound every heart!—Join all creation! join.
 "In mighty transports of Redeeming Love.
 "Lend your seraphic wings, ye sons of light,
 "And bear, oh! bear me to a Raphael's harp;
 "Its sweetest chords shall echo to my theme.
 "Let all creation join the rapturous choir,
 "And every breathing creature praise the Lord."

What feeling heart but glows at thoughts like these,
 Cordial as to the hunted hind the stream,
 And more refreshing to the thirsty soul.
 Enthusiasm here, a virtue seems;
 Well may these "tidings" wake up every "joy;"
 And may each passion here be lost in love.
 Rejoice "with reverence," ye ransom'd race;
 Chaunt your Deliv'rer's praise, with grateful tongue;
 And when your highest efforts are essay'd,
 Acknowledge still, "His love can ne'er be told."
 † When Jesse's sacred stem took root on earth, †
 And sprang as high as Heaven's eternal hills,
 Its vital leaves a healing balm exhal'd,

* Isai. lxi. 1.

† Isai. xl. 1.

Its teeming boughs with fruit immortal blush'd :
 Methinks I see beneath its sacred shade
 A troop of late demoniacs dispossess'd—
 The leper cleans'd, the paralytic heal'd,
 Th' aggriev'd redress'd, the dead to life restor'd.

In yonder holy Record sent from Heaven,
 Stupendous scenes of wonder are disclos'd :
 " Glad Tidings" there, in accents soft and clear
 As Raphael's voice, when heard in Paradise,
 Salute our joyful ears. A grand display
 Of "Love which passeth knowledge," meets our eye,
 In those fair records ; and th' amount is this :
 " The PRINCE OF PEACE, foretold by sacred seers—
 " The darling joy* and hope of righteous men,
 " From Adam, down to Nature's period—stoop'd,
 " On Love's expanded wings, from heaven to earth,
 " To pay the price of Peace†—once forfeited—
 " And reinstate mankind again secure,
 " In full possession of his Father's love."

Presume no more that man, though fall'n, is left
 Still destitute of help ; for help is nigh.
 The Infallible Physician, at the door, ‡
 Propounds a remedy to all who feel
 The piercing smart, the deep but hopeful pangs
 Of penitence—laden, oppress'd, and poor.
 He, "without money," heals their mortal wounds
 Pours in the "balm" extracted from Life's Tree—

* John viii. 56.

† 1 Cor. vi. 20. Eph. ii. 14.

‡ Rev. iii. 20.

v. 457. *The Philosophy of fixed Fate confuted.*

The consecrated Cross ; with matchless love
 Soliciting their cure,* he bids them " live ;" †
 And lo ! from impotence they rise, to life
 And health restor'd. So rose in Bethany,
 Rescu'd from death's cold hand, him whom the grave
 From Mercy's call no longer could retain,
 When Nature's God the fiat gave, " Come forth."

My soul abhors the vain philosophy
 That binds, not nature and contingencies
 Alone, but moral actions and results,
 Including good and evil, in a fix'd
 And fatal chain of strict necessity.
 Is man a mere machine ? Is he impell'd
 By springs of mighty fate ?—Detested thought !
 How stands he then accountable at last ?
 And what could judgment but insult his fate,
 A fate fix'd on him ere he had a being ?
 Since to appoint the END, *includes* the means,
 What then were sin ? Naught but a dire effect
 Of the supreme and uncontroul'd decree.
 Blaspheming so, the ancient *Manichees*
 Erring presum'd—and so, more modern schools.
 Preposterous scheme ! How far remote from these
 The truths St. Paul held forth to favour'd man,
 That Christ procur'd his life, ‡ and liberty, §
 And frees the humble mourner from guilt's chain : ||

* Matt. xi. 18.

† Ezek. xvi. 26.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 22. John x. 10. § Luke iv. 18. Gal. v. 1.

|| This is the evangelical and scriptural doctrine of the

That "where sin once abounded," now, much
 Flows the aboundings of prevenient "grace."
 'Tis rationality dominion gives
 To man o'er brute; and reason's strongest foe
 Is *choice of good and ill*. Depriv'd of this,
 Man stands no more accountable for crimes,
 Than stood the idol in Philistia's land
 Responsible before the Sacred Ark;
 Nor were he else a man, nor could he gain
 Pre-eminence in goodness, or in guilt.
 It is the "will" that constitutes the crime;
 Without it, all things were alike to all.

Is man sufficient then, by his own might,
 To think and act aright? Presumptuous though
 His sole sufficiency is from Heaven's Love:
 Yet, what for asking may be soon acquir'd,
 Stamps criminality on such as slight
 The proffer'd mercy, and the promis'd help.
 Granted, that man has no "free† will" to go
 While evil he pursues: unhappy choice!
 Yet not of strict necessity; for still
 Reason remonstrates; and there dwells within
 A sacred monitor, which whispers soft,
 "Refrain from sin"—"the soul that sins shall die."
 Convince the man that this is good, and that

Church of England; and will be understood to apply to
 characters as feelingly use its pathetic language—"Let the
 "tfulness of thy great mercy loose us."

* Rom. v. 18. 20. † Art. Rel. xii. Rom. viii. 7.

v. 508. *Man responsible for the Occupation of his Talents.*

Is **evil**, soon his reason will approve
 The one, and shun the other : hence, it seems,
 The “lack of knowledge”* leads the *will* astray ;
 And unbelief in darkness seals our eyes,
 While things of time eclipse eternal joys.
 Yet reason testifies aloud, that man
 Is no machine—has power to choose and act, †
 Since “grace” is promis’d to supply his need.
 Were this not so, full many a woful wight
 Might stand in judgment bold, and vindicate
 From strict “necessity” his crimes, who then
 Will “speechless” fall before the Judge ‡ Supreme,
 Unfurnish’d with one semblance of a plea.

Forbear, bold Fatalist, henceforth t’ arraign
 The high responsibility of man :
 Man was produc’d by an All-perfect hand ;
 And Perfect Wisdom never mars its scheme.
 Though men and angels, children of one Lord,
 Both fell enslav’d, yet man obtain’d release ; §
 And that release obtain’d without his suit,

* Hos. iv. 6.

† It should seem almost needless to explain here, that this is not meant to convey the idea of absolute, but relative and derivative power. This *power* of the will is admitted by the most learned and judicious among the Calvinists themselves ; how far consistently, I will not say.

‡ Matt. xxii. 12.

§ The equity of the Divine Justice, in passing by Angels, and redeeming men, is vindicated by Milt. P. L. lib. iii. l. 127.

Perseverance necessary to the Attainment of Happiness. v. 54

Thro' means which prove his high regard in Heaven
 Once lost and sunk, his hopes are risen again; †
 Man still is great—great by creation still,
 Majestic though in ruins; but restor'd,
 A living transcript of the Deity.

If by creation great, how passing great
 * By precious purchase! By redemption high,
 His nature soars, that angels cannot claim
 So great prerogative, ‡ Heaven's choicest pearl
 Being freely pledg'd for him, an earnest full
 For his access to an immortal crown.

And still, the prize celestial to secure,
 With patient perseverance, MAN must steer
 To Life's last period, bent with steady helm
 To hold the course his Pilot shall direct.
 'Tis perseverance stamps the character,
 And adds the seal to deeds of eminence:
 And will the Christian idly hope to rise,
 With dissipated habits, and a brow
 Not mark'd by vigilance, or studious toil?
 The sacred name but ill befits the child
 Of soft effeminacy: fond, and vain,
 And premature, his hope of present fame,
 Or future recompense. The Crown of Life
 Is kept to grace the valiant victor's brow. §
 Conquest without assault was never gain'd:
 The state of warfare, here precedes the rest,

* Rom. v. 15.

‡ Heb. ii. 16.

† Col. iii. 1.

§ Rev. ii. 10. iii. 5.

Which yet "remains," beyond this tearful vale,
When past Life's storms, and all its threat'ning ills,
On Palestina's shore we land secure.

Of all Life's Voyagers, the happiest he
Who braves the dangers, weathers out the storms,
With stedfast Faith and Patience at his side—
Affliction's surges, and the piercing blasts
Of chill Adversity soon die away :
The pleasing prospect opens wide and clear
To greet his wishful eyes. He sees it nigh,
And nigher still. Advancing to the strand,
Before a swelling gale he gently glides,
And gains the Haven of Eternal Peace !
There he, in rich abundance, finds the fruit
Of his assiduous toil. What words can paint
The calm serenity, and cordial cheer,
Which reigns eternal in his tranquil breast !
But, chief, what heart can fully comprehend
The bless-inspiring view of rolling years,
Big with increase of flowing happiness,
Which fills, elates, o'erwhelms his sainted soul !

'The radiant splendour of the purple morn,
When past a night of deep and dark distress,
Conflicting tempests, wrecks, and loud alarms,
How grateful to the woe-worn mariner !
Descrying now in view the wish'd-for Port,
With shouts of joy he greets his natal shore.
The Christian so exults his Port to gain,
And rest at home. His Father's house henceforth

A Tranquil Scene.

v. 584.

Receives him : his inheritance is high :
No pirates depredate ; no foes annoy ;
Nor dangers drear, nor shipwrecks, nor alarms,
Disturb him more. A long adieu to ills !
After a tedious Voyage, welcome rest :
All " tribulation's " bitter potions, now,
Succeeded are by cordial draughts of Peace !

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Providential Display of Mercy and Omnipotence, exemplified in a Storm at Sea.—A signal Deliverance on the Ocean.—Similar Deliverances, in the Dispensations of Life and Providence, frequent.—The Uses of Storms in a Physical, and of Calamities in a Moral Sense.—Their salutary Influences on Nature, and on the Human Mind.—The Author of Nature, discovered in his Works.—Philosophic Views of Creation.—Moral Use of Afflictions.—Good produced out of Evil.—Mutability of Man, contrasted with the Stability of God's Purposes.—Address to the Votaries of Pleasure.—The Disadvantages attending Stations of Eminence and Poverty, allegorically represented.—The Happiness and Security of a medium State.—Their dangerous and often fatal Enterprise, who make Riches, Honours, Preferments, the Ultimatum of their Pursuit.—Reflection.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK VIII.

Και οἱ αἶμοι καὶ ἡ θάλασσα ὑπακύνθησιν αὐτῷ. ΜΑΤΤ.



ETHEREA¹ Source* of pure primæval light,
Which gave to unborn echo instant birth,
What time the “ morning stars” united sang,
And God’s triumphant host, in swelling hymns,
Glad acclamations through Heaven’s concave rais’d;
And ye, Harmonic Powers, who oft awoke
The full-ton’d viol, and the warbling harp
Of Judah’s regal bard, who sang altern
Of Nature and accordant Providence,
In pleasing accents, various as his theme,
Till list’ning dæmons lost their power to harm ;
Assist my Muse, with eagle wing to soar,
Like him, whom “ chariots” and triumphant steeds,

* This Invocation alludes to the close connexion which, in the learned languages, subsists between *wind* and *spirit*—the

More swift than Pegasean, bore sublime,
 To scale the Mount of God, and thence to trace
 The mingled wonders of his love and power.
 Or if below the lunar sphere confin'd
 "To dwell inglorious," still the Muse would sing,
 Symphonious to th' Æolian harp, as erst
 The Druid sang o'er Conway's rolling flood.
 And lo! she sweeps the lyre, and boldly dares
 To join the concert of the winds and waves.

What time the troubled seas unwonted swell,
 And in the air a "solemn stillness" reigns,
 Save that the penguin and the cormorant

former an imperceptible flux of air, the latter an invisible agent of Divine Power, which was the first moving cause of producing order and harmony out of emptiness and confusion: hence, the Royal Psalmist asserts, "By the word of the Lord were the Heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath—*πνευμα σωματος*, or *spirit*—of his mouth." It is probable that the æther of the Stoics was derived from this source; but not understanding the true application of so great a mystery, they seem to have applied to natural causes, what should have been attributed to Supernatural influence: for instance, they held, there was a subtil and active fire which diffused itself through, and pervaded, the whole universe; that by the energy of this ethereal substance, to which they gave the name of *αἶθρ*, all parts of nature were produced, sustained, and linked together; that it embraced every thing, there being no such thing as a vacuum in nature; and that light itself acted through the medium of this ethereal fire: all which seems to have originated in the account which Moses gives us of an operation of the Divine Spirit, producing light out of darkness; and accords with the Royal Interrogation, "Whither then shall I go from thy Spirit?"

Screaming, assail the sky with boding wing,
In haste to gain the shore : the signal's given ;
Fast from the verge of Heaven, contending winds
With mad tumultuous fury scour the seas,
And lift the waves in contact with the sky.
Refulgent lightnings, with expansive flash,
Transfix, and kindle 'mid the reeky clouds,
Discharging volleys through the vaults of heaven !
Thunders, involv'd in flames, precipitate
The car of Deity, with pond'rous crash,
Rattling o'er all the crystal battlements,
A martial onset to the trembling hills.
Ocean, affrighted, swells and foams, his voice
Uplifting horrible. Confusion wakes :
The whirlwind rages, raising cataracts
Above the shatter'd mast, which streaming down
Upon the head of proudest navies, swift
As Niagara's falling deluge, sinks
Their pendant honours suddenly ingulph'd !
The fountains of th' abyss seem half disclos'd,
And, threat'ning, aim to deluge wide the world.
It would require a Raphael's skill to paint
The terrors of yon navy : hulks are split
Sheer on the rocks, like bubbles on the stream !
Lo ! Britons' valiant hearts are half abash'd—
These from the cordage blown swift to the deep,
And those swept off the deck, lost from the helm !
Each florid cheek grows pale ; each startled eye
Wishfully rolls : no ray of hope appears

Above, beneath, around, t' illume the scene,
Or ward the instant danger! Swelling seas
As mountains roll, involving oft the deck
'Mid the translucent brine. The reeky keel
Complains beneath the elemental rage,
And labours hard to stem the whelming surge.
Kind Heaven! avert the fast impending doom,
For human help avails not! refuge now,
Less than Diviue, is sought in vain. 'Tis then,
Just at the point of man's extremity,
That swift-wing'd Mercy hastens to the helm.
Despair not still, ye pallid crews; though sunk
Your hopes forlorn, Almighty Power is nigh!
Give to the gales your fear, and fix your hope
On one who holds the winds, and stems the waves.
The "Galilean Pilot" still can shield
From threat'ning dangers, incidents, and harms,
And land you safe—HIM "winds and seas obey."*
—'Tis done! the storm subsides; the scatter'd fleet
Bear on to make the harbour; soon they rig
Afresh. All damages repair'd, 'tis meet,
With flowing gratitude, and songs of praise,
T' improve the Lives prolong'd by Providence,
And recognize deliv'rance with a tear!
'Tis thus Heaven's boundless pity stoops benign
To rescue souls devoted to despair.
Our contrite fears, when sooth'd by thy "still voice,"

* Vide Motto.

An Apostrophe, addressed to the Ocean.

mercious King, subside. The fiat pass'd,
restless tumults seem as fall'n asleep.
pt the stormy lake in Palestine,
law'd by his majestic voice, who call'd
ision into order. "Let them be,"
God; and lo! they are. "Let there be light;"
instantaneous light appear'd! That voice
re, through all her various realms, reveres;
voice angels and hierarchies obey.
e, what avails the inharmonious din
irring elements? "Proud Main, forbear,
r longer lash the stubborn rocks, and foam
fiance to the everlasting hills:
ce Heaven decreed, e'en despicable sands
y bounds confine, thy utmost rage defy;
h energy attends Almighty Power;
gave to Nature laws—ordain'd thy bounds
due circumference; nor canst thou move
yond the limit which his hand assign'd."
subdues at length the sons of Pride,
stills the madness of Ambition's wave.
ture through all her realms salutes our ears
various lectures of divine import,
l frequent from the forests and the groves,
ills and floods, the hollow winds, the seas,
thunders pealing through the distant sky:
eets our eyes with pleasing scenes pourtray'd
ir Perfection's pencil; and with these,

The imitative arts in vain* would vie.
 These plainly shew the Great Creator's power;
 And if exalted in the storm his voice,
 E'en storms proclaim, in strains all-eloquent
 Around th' astonish'd world, his echoing praise.†
 Kind Nature's voice is solemn and sublime,
 Heard by philosophy's attentive ear.
 Tornados dire have useful ends assign'd,
 And tempests usher in to favour man.
 The active elements conspire to chase
 The pest of foul infectious fumes afar;
 To kill the noisome seeds of dank disease,
 Which else might epidemical pervade
 The vital air, and soon with morbid taint
 Corrupt Life's springs, and sweep whole realms away.
 Kind NATURE, in her complex attitudes,
 Appears, to Reason's philosophic eye,
 Studious to heal her "Lazar-house," the world,
 And furnish all its wants with liberal hand.
 The clouds are copious magazines, whence flows
 Her inexhaustible abundance round;
 The air, her potent engine, which conveys
 Up to the mountain-top resources fresh
 Of fluid element, to feed the springs
 That thence to cheer the valleys swiftly move.
 What time to soft Favonian gales the storms give way,

* In point of equality. † King David. Vide Psal. cxlviii.

v. 136, *The Author of Nature discovered in his Works.*

HER fertile stores in smiling showers descend,
 To clothe in livery gay the verdant meads—
 The plains and russet fields with corn to crown—
 The open lawns with flowers to perfume,
 And vocal woods with vestments to adorn,
 That all in concert sweet rejoice and “sing.”*

Th’ All-wise Creator’s countless works display
 Order, design, and perfect art. In them,
 Means are connected with the end, and parts
 Subservient made to suit the whole. Here, just
 Proportions mark the graduated scale
 Of “animated nature ;” weigh the hills
 As in a balance ; ascertain the bounds
 Of ocean ; circumscribe the orbits mark’d
 To bright revolving worlds, which seem to move
 With slow progressive course, tho’ bent on speed
 By lightnings scarce surpass’d, † yet never err
 A second from the time and space assign’d
 Their various revolutions to fulfil.
 No chasm seems, and no vacuity,
 Throughout th’ immeasurable heights and depths
 Of All-sustaining Wisdom. All was full,
 Harmonious, perfect in the eye of Heaven,
 When the Great Architect pronounc’d it “good.”
 And all shall yet be duly harmoniz’d ;

* King David.

† The hourly motion of Venus in her orbit, is about 80,000 miles ; and our Earth, with all its furniture, proceeds in its yearly revolution at the rate of more than 68,000 miles an hour.

Evil and suffering cease; "antipathies"
 No more appear: to the expectant "just"*
 A shining Paradise shall rise reveal'd,
 Worthy of him from whose primæval love
 First rose Creation's and Redemption's plan.
 Such wond'rous works with deep solemnity,
 And with an interest passing other themes,
 Are scann'd by Wisdom's sons,† with pure intent
 To trace the conduct of the "First Great Cause,"
 In all the operations of his love.
 Creation publishes his handy work.
 In strains which an attentive world might hear;‡
 While Providence, with "soft still voice," proclaims
 "How wise his counsels, how profound his plan:
 "His purposes, surpassing human thought,
 "Are hid from principalities and powers:§
 "Their highest orders seek in vain to trace
 "The various objects of his boundless plan."
 Unerring wisdom has decreed to man,
 In passing through Life's turbulent domain,
 'Gainst Fortune's frowns to lift aloft his brow,
 To meet the "buffet" of temptation's tides,
 And combat with a thousand galling wrongs.
 This day may shed its flowers and odours round,
 The next, its blighting mildew and its bane.
 Though chequer'd oft this scene with good and ill,

* 2 Pet. iii. 13.

† *Philosophy*.

‡ Psalm: xix. 3.

§ 1 Pet. i. 12.

Yet Life is with abundant blessings crown'd :
Its Sole Proprietor has plac'd the good,
The *ill* to counterpoise, with kind intent,
As in Astrea's balance—art divine !
Himself apportions out, with nicest hand,
Its mix'd vicissitudes of pain and bliss—
Of sweet and bitter—with a due regard
To present and to future happiness—
The prime regard which Sovereign Goodness deigns
To feeble man, to fit him for the skies.

What though the Life of man abounds with ills ;
These still, though numberless, are provident,*
And light a "lamp of wisdom" to the wise.
These warn against a false security
On Life's unstable wave, and kindly urge
Th' affections fleeter on to reach the Port
Celestial : welcome accidents ! bless'd gales
That waft the mind to its congenial skies.
These "light afflictions," transient as a night,
Are sent to fit the soul, like gold refin'd
From base alloy, for that eternal day
Of glorious recompense, so soon to dawn.
Sable Adversity full oft befriends
Ungrateful man, forgetful of his God,
And calls him back, wide wandering from the fold ;
As erst the "Prodigal" was kindly call'd,
To share the meltings of paternal love.
Misfortune oft is heard by Wisdom's ear

* Vide Gen. i. 20.

Disclosing secrets of divine import,
To which prosperity scarce pays regard.
This stimulates to future hope, and mounts
The soul on pinions for a perfect state.
Abstracted so, from all these sick'ning scenes
Of instability, we fix on Heaven,
And with Religion steer to make our Port.
As tempests terminate in calms serene,
So Christian conflicts, well supported, end
In "heart-felt joy," and hope, and soothing peace.

A few short moments measure out the span
Of man's existence in this minor state—
A few short periods bear him to his goal.
This seems a state of infancy, compar'd
With what maturity of mental growth
Awaits him in a future state, where Life,
By transmutation strange, subsisting still,
Seems all immers'd in immortality.
If present time with future might compare,
Platonic periods still would leave untold
The tale of heavenly joy. Futurity
Can never number out the sum of bliss,
When righteous men* like glorious angels shine.

Till then let no presuming sceptic tax
The operations and disposals meet
Of that All-perfect, "Wonder-working" Hand,
Which operates, unseen, throughout the mass,
Works the machine, and governs every spring

* Mark xii. 25.

Of animated nature, and inanimate.
 Too limited man's life, and too confin'd
 His narrow span of knowledge, to attain
 A comprehension of the works and ways
 Of wisdom, plann'd in the Eternal Mind.
 Too impotent man's arm to move the springs
 Of mighty fate—"a wheel within a wheel"*—
 Or in their orbits to roll round the spheres.
 Such pow'r to the OMNIPOTENT belongs ;
 HE, through his infinite of plan, proceeds,
 Convolving order and necessity
 In one eternal round ; conducting men,
 As moral agents, by well-order'd rules,
 And nature's works by necessary laws :
 Shall folly censure, or revise his plan ?
 Vain man ! forbear ; nor daringly presume
 To teach Eternal Wisdom what is meet.
 Go, rather recognize thy origin,
 And study well thine end. Why form'd at first
 By Wisdom's Architect—offspring of earth—
 A feeble child of dust ? Why once more doom'd
 To sleep in her embrace ? A lecture meet,
 To teach thy pride humility ! Reflect,
 That soon the tenement of human clay,
 Though slightly varnish'd o'er with splendid pomp,
 Must mouldering fall, ignobly, into dust ;
 As falls the fairest flow'r when past its prime,
 And back to its primæval state returns.

* Ezekiel's Vision.

Ye vassal sons of Pleasure ! while the Muse
 Your destiny predicts, with patience hear.
 Like Phaeton, upon his fiery car,
 You give to passion and to folly reins,
 Ardent, like him, who set the world on fire.
 Life's fleeting shadows you pursue, and spurn
 Behind your courser's heels substantial joys ;
 Meantime, as in the wild career you run,
 The Archer Death pursues you close behind,*
 With equal speed, and marks you for his prey !
 No might beneath the sun can stay his course,
 Or enervate his arm, save that alone
 Which led the Appellant† Paul to victory.
 Here riches, honours, beauty, fame, and strength,
 Are vain and worthless toys ! 'Mid gems and crowns,
 Behold them hurl'd beneath the tyrant's feet,
 And VANITY engrav'd aloft o'er all.
 So vain a mortal's boast, so weak his arm,
 So fluctuating all his boasted bliss !
 Not more delusive the pale lover's dream,
 When near the fair enchantress of his soul,
 He trembling stands, views her approving smiles
 With raptur'd eye, nor hopes for higher joy :
 Lost in a fair Dædalian labyrinth,

* This sentiment from Dr. Young, is one of those "common places," which should never fall upon the ear; as it can never be unseasonable, while the truest wisdom is discriminated by "considering our latter end."

1 Cor. xv. 55. 57.

Too soon, alas! some intervening scene
Him severs from the idol of his breast :
In vain his anxious cares to trace her flight,
For soon he wakes, and feels complete undone,
To find his happiness was all a dream !
Such, and so dubious, are Life's fickle joys,
Unstable all, and all delusive dreams—
No state of eminence, no lowly lot,
Not innocence itself, can us exempt
From frequent onsets of Misfortune's wave :
The following scenes confirm the truths I sing.

In Life's converging Voyage, some are seen
Hoisting their sails, with stately elegance,
Before the gale of warm Prosperity—
A fost'ring breeze! Cheer'd with the flatt'ring hope
Of floating still on many a prosperous wave,
Through many a future, joyous, live-long day,
They seem possess'd of all below the sun,
Save solid happiness, the sum of all !
Their proud aspiring masts, expanded sheets,
And waving streamers, like the rainbow's die,
Salute the clouds of Heaven. Their stately bark,
Expos'd to each contending element,
Unballasted, unfraught, bears gliding on,
O'er all the smooth and fathomless expanse,
Unconscious of a storm, and unprepar'd
For jealous Neptune's rage. Anon he frowns,
And summons from the dark Æolian caves
The raging hurricane to strike the sails,

And shew the impotence of human pride ;
 So, oft, the chase of earthly happiness
 In disappointment ends. Its soothest tale
 Deceives the listening ear, and all its joys
 Evaporate, like morning dews before
 'The ardent sun's all-powerful beams. Ah ! then,
 The mighty fabric of our hope is sunk,
 Like some romantic castle in a dream.

“ Enamour'd” of her theme, the Muse aspires
 To sing the fate of Kings. Can Monarchs dread
 Descent from their superior eminence ?
 They, who enjoy gay Fortune's envy'd smiles,
 And seem to rise above Misfortune's frown,
 To fairer realms—like demi-gods—and there,
 Lull'd in the lap of Pleasure, soft repose :
 Can these experience the reverse of fate ?
 Yes : such in wealth and splendid state may rise
 Like the rich Lydian Chief,* and set like him
 Of Uz,†stripp'd of their honours, kingdoms, crowns;
 May shine like stars, but soon like meteors fall.
 Survey at hand the emblem of their fate : ‡
 That stately vessel, launch'd into the deep,
 Draws shouts of wonder from th' applauding shore.

* Cræsus.

† Job.

‡ These figurative lines were originally written, a short time previous to the sanguinary demise of Louis XVI. Kings and their thrones seemed then sacred and inviolable ; but we have since witnessed many awful instances of the precarious tenure of human greatness ; and seen, that “there is a God who judgeth in the earth.”

Those spacious sheets, swoln with the whizzing gale,
And pendant streamers waving to the sky,
Bid to the destinies defiance bold :
Vain pomp of Power! The world has frequent seen
Such stately vessels split on treacherous rocks,
Sinking inglorious 'mid the surging seas.

Descending soft, with gentle steps, the Muse
To different scenes attends : and now she sings,
In plaintive accents, to the whistling winds,
Their luckless fate, by fickle Fortune plac'd
In humble stations in the ebb of Life ;
From the high helm of power they stand aloof,
Nor melt beneath the torrid zone of wealth :
No danger these from Fortune's sunshine fear ;
Far different is their fate : full oft expos'd
To battering cares, anxieties, and wrongs ;
Subject to nakedness, and scorn, and want,
'These meagre sons of poverty are doom'd
To combat misery and various woe :
The sick'ning gleams of proud Prosperity,
By them unfelt, portend no future harms ;
But still superior ills they oft sustain
From chill Adversity's corroding blasts.
Their leaky skiff can seldom shelter find
Within the haven of unruffled Peace.
Like little Nautilus, it silent glides
'Twixt rocks and rocks, o'er shallow sounds as low
As unregarded in the eye of power ;
And should it chance to wreck, the loss seems small,
And small is the alarm : They founder oft

Amid the shifting sands of accident,
And strike, perchance, on rocks of deep despair:
Yet seldom is their vessel overset
Before the blast of envy. Safe it seems
From fierce ambition ; the preposterous gale
Of airy fortune bears it not away.
The idle freight of trifling cares, and schemes,
And fond formalities, which prove the bane
Of Life in higher rank, affects them not ;
Nor thieves, nor pirates, deem them worth regard.
Their shallow bark, 'mid tatter'd weeds secure,
Escapes the fury of the elements :
Hid in a silent nook, o'er rippling waves,
They hear afar, and only hear, the storm.
With due proportion'd freight, and lowly sheets,
They safely steer where gallant ships would heel :
Such privileges are by charter theirs.
Still they have much to feel, and much to fear ;
Assailing sorrows, with a train of ills,
Beset their course. Such fates as theirs attend
The northern pilot, when the shining seas,
Bound by the nitrous particles of air,
Are pil'd in many a ridge, like pearly rocks,
Or crystal pyramids to meet the moon,
Adding new lustre to the spangled skies.
Such icy barriers sailors dread to meet
Near Zembla's or cold Greenland's glittering shores:
The fluctuating islands, Delos like,
Obstruct the passage ; oft with fatal force
Crush into ruins the environ'd bark,

And sink it deep beneath huge hills of ice !
So proud oppressors grind the friendless poor,
Forlorn and wretched : they themselves must sink
Beneath the mountains of eternal ire.

Happy the man who, plac'd in equal rank
'Twixt glaring pomp and poverty obscure,
With all the sacred virtues at his side,
Glides silent on, secure from each extreme,
As o'er the swelling surface of Life's sea
He plies the humble bark and lowly sail :
Content, his constant inmate, smiles, while peace
And happiness are his ; nor would he change
His lot for wealth and care. Full well he knows
Life's Voyage teems, in every high extreme,
With dangers clustering in an endless train.

Yet this is Reason's and Religion's choice—
A choice that's sought by few. The mind of man,
Desultory and vain, is like the sea
When agitated in a storm ; it rolls,
Dashing its foaming billows on the rocks.
If he one ardent wish obtain, for which
His anxious soul was bent, panting anew
He forms another ; that obtain'd, a third
Expands his swelling breast : he hoists fresh sails,
And plies each oar with double diligence ;
But ere his kindling ardours are allay'd,
The lab'ring keel strikes foul upon a rock,
And rushing torrents soon his thirst assuage ?
Some pant for riches ; some for honours burn ;
And *not a few* for pleasures bend their course ;

Pursuing shadows, grasping at the wind—
As unsubstantial all their efforts prove.

These brave the tempest for Peruvian dust ;
Assiduous, thence, with long and tedious toil,
To lade their vessel with the glittering ore.
Too dense the freight; the first swoln wave involves
In total darkness all their future hopes.

Those court the great, ambitious of their smiles:
Unenvy'd I their fickle fates survey,
Myself more happy in this humble shed.
I feel like one escap'd the billows, cast
Secure on shore, with favour of some plank
By Providence commission'd: 'tis my lot
To paint their shipwreck, and their fate deplore,
Safe on the confines of my native land.

Here let me catch the "precious sands of time,
"And purchase wisdom at the golden mart
"Of opportunity"—intent to learn
Life's work—importance—end; and how to steer
As Reason guides, and Wisdom's dictates teach.
Here let me meditate on future scenes,
And how to stand secure in that "great day,"
When mighty ruins wreck this stately globe,
And th' elements one flaming mass appear.
Religion! then thy friendly aid afford,
And safely bear me to the Heavenly Shore.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK NINTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Life; its Course compared to a Stream, and lost in Futurity, as a Rivulet in the Ocean.—A solitary Scene.—Melancholy; its Joys.—A Cave; its Precincts.—Solitary Reflections.—Address to Solitude.—The Author's Soliloquy to his Harp.—Truth—A Definition of it—Its Test.—The Fate of Error.—Reflection on the Ills of Life.—Ingratitude censured.—Friendship; its fickle and precarious Tenure.—True Friendship defined, and opposed to that of a spurious kind.—Parasites, sometimes patronised.—Merit; its Success precarious—Its Friends—The Advantages derived to it from Patronage—These Sentiments appropriated to ancient and modern Bards.—Discriminating Features of true Bardism, with a peculiar Reference to the Author's Country.—The Disadvantages resulting to Genius from unaffluent Circumstances.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK IX.

Longa mora est, quantum noxae sit ubique repertum. OVID.



LIKE him whom All-directing Providence
Cast safe on Patmos' isle, I feel escap'd
The raging elements ; like him I muse,
Though not like him inspir'd ; and sing awhile
In this sequester'd shade, beside a stream
Whose murmuring lapse illusive steals away,
And suddenly immingles with the main.
To Reason's eye, Time's stream as swiftly rolls,
Yet rolls unheeded : soon the fatal hour
Arrives, and gives the signal to embark,
Ere men for future destiny prepare !

The verging sun to the horizon tends,
And sober evening seems as Heaven serene ;
Sacred to meditation be the seat,
Where peaceful I recline, beside a cave,
Amid the nodding cliffs which awful frown,

Projecting o'er the deep, and oft assail
With force precipitant th' affrighted gulph.
From this exalted site, the quivering sea
Appears afar one grand unbounded glare
Of azure, purple, emerald, scarlet, gold !*
No hand but Nature's can depict the scene,
Which all the soul involves in the sublime,
And baffles all a Poet's art to paint.
That vast interminable deep presents
Futurity's best image to the mind—
Wave still succeeding wave revolves from far,
With many a thwarting vessel under sail,
Floating in solemn state : each valiant prow
Bears on in hope to gain its destin'd port—
Fit emblem of the final lot of man.
One only difference seems : in that " great day"
Of solemn recompense, two havens, only two,
Await the future freights of all the world.
On either hand the craggy rocks display
Their awful summits to the stooping skies,
As in defiance of the wreck of time :
Yet vaunt not, stedfast earth—nor thou, proud main:
It stands recorded in the rolls of fate,
That streams like thine, from twice ten thousand hills,

* There is not perhaps a more sublime sight in nature, than, from the summit of Snowdon, to see the variegated rays of the rising sun on the ocean, which affords a display of such scenery and prospects, as may probably challenge competition with any site on the globe, and seem to surpass description.

Shall deluge all the plains with liquid fire ;
 When Alpine and Ryphean mountains sink,
 Fus'd and o'erwhelm'd amid the molten sea !
 Such solemn scenes in distant prospect seen,
 To melancholy musing move the mind :
 And oft the sober joys of solitude
 Elate the soul, and rouse her noblest powers.
 The Muse affords deep interest, what time,
 Harness'd in armour, bearing crested plumes
 Of terror, and in fiery glooms convolv'd,
 Horrific, in the martial field we trace her steps,
 Or mark her purple track through tragic scenes !
 Attention's all alive—the heart is won :
 Mov'd by exulting triumphs, and by woes,
 The mental powers enkindle to a flame !
 Whence spring the joys deriv'd from scenes of woe?
 As we are men,* our hearts are form'd to feel
 An interest in the fates of brother men :
 And still, though softest sympathy will yearn,
 The consciousness of self security
 Prevails o'er every feeling in the breast,
 And mitigates our grief. So Life seems sweet,
 When from the brink of danger we escape,
 Outride the billows, and secure our Port.
 Dare I invade the solemn cave's recess,
 Gloomy and vast, tremendous, craggy, deep—
 Reverberating sounds like distant thunder ?

* Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto. TAA.

—A light which renders “darkness visible,”
Depicts a thousand terrors on the mind,
Of grisly spectres, chasms, an abyss,
Connected with the dashing waves below !
A solemn awe trills through each cringing nerve,
And chilling languor steals o’er all my frame.
It seems not safe t’ invade the premises,
Or tread the slippery edge of danger here—
Like some preposterous revellers, who sport
On ruin’s brink, and brave the destinies,
Which ever and anon precipitate
The bold adventurers to the yawning pit.
From danger’s brink, ’tis safe to turn away,
And in the adjacent cliff find safe retreat.
So finds the way-worn pilgrim a secure
And cool asylum, underneath the shade
Of yonder “rock, within a weary land.”*

As those who visit dreary vaults, beneath
The midnight gloom, and in some sacred fane
Bow down before the All-pervading Power,
Whose presence seems more intimately nigh,
Fancy they move ’mid disembodied ghosts ;
As solemn now I feel upon the brink
Of this tremendous cave, where terror reigns—
I feel impress’d with solemn, sacred awe,
Amid the twilight glooms and echoing vaults.
This nodding precipice, this dismal chasm

* “A land fainting with heat.” LOWTH. *Isai.* xxxii. 2.

To mem'ry calls the sentiment inscrib'd
 In blazon'd capitals on hell's dark gate—
 "Who enters here leaves hope behind!"* 'This seems
 Æolus' hall, and at this hour may prove
 The rendezvous of spirits foul and fall'n,
 Who darkness love, and cannot brook the light,
 But rally forth, and howl in midnight storms.
 Should these chimeras seem, there are who hold
 That naiads, fairies, and the sea-nymphs green,
 Assemble here, with dulcet charm, to pour
 Their nightly roundelays full on the ear
 Of yon attentive moon. The mantling weeds,
 Inwove with pendent ivy down the cliffs,
 Adorn the entrance, and supply the place
 Of massive doors, admitting glimmering rays
 To aggrandize the solemn shadowy scene.†

Enough of terror and disastrous scenes :
 Descend, my Muse, to yonder border groves—
 More safe I'll sing within the grot's recess,
 And tune my harp to Solitude's sweet strains.

All Nature's works discover just design :
 In this lone dell, the rural grotto' site
 Though safe—yet dreary as the catacombs

* Dante.

† The Author has here blended certain identical ideas, connected with some local peculiarities of Elden-hole, with the solemn and sublime scenery of Pen-maen-mawr; both which places cannot be surveyed, in certain situations, without feeling a shock upon the nerves, similar to that of electricity.

Soliloquy to my Harp.

v. 118.

Where sleeping heroes "lie in sober state"—
 Methinks fresh vigour animates the soul:
 Concentred in herself, she feels her powers,
 Wings her advent'rous flight beyond the stars,
 And scarce looks back on earth's unstable joys.
 Hence, ye obtruding vanities of Life,
 Break not the charm which hides me from your sight.
 From all the world abstracted, give me here
 With sober Solitude awhile to muse,
 Companion ever dear! More musical
 Thy soft still voice to fancy's list'ning ear,
 Than to the virgin, mourning plighted faith,
 The love-torn tale of the sooth nightingale,
 Pouring her pensive plaint to "notes of woe."

Prolong, my harp, thy sweetly pensive notes;
 Warble melodious to the vocal rills;
 The rural shrubs shall echo back the lay.
 Of old such magic dwelt among the strings,
 That rocks, and rivers, and admiring groves,
 Th' attraction felt, and *Iliou's* walls sprang up.*
 Then bards, and heroes, and creation's works,
 Trill'd to the sounding lyre; and, yet more strange,
 A new creation seem'd to rise in view,
 As music breath'd an energy divine.
 Is ART decay'd? Such skill no minstrel boasts
 In these degenerate days. It hence might seem,

* *Iliou aspiciet, firmataque turribus altis
 Mœnia, Apollineæ structa canora lyra. OVID.*

Nature's primæval springs are all relax'd,
 Her vocal and harmonic powers unstrung.
 Orpheus' lyre is known no more to gain
 A lost Eurydice up from the shades,
 Nor St. Cecilia's harp bring angels down.
 My Muse shall still her proper spheres assume,
 With soft and pliant touch the lyre awake
 To animated strains, with pure intent
 To touch the softer passions, and to melt
 The "stony heart" to flesh; haply to teach
 The feeling breast to own the force of truth
 Invincible, and echo back the strain.

And "what is truth?" Of prime importance seems
 The query to our peace. 'Twas utter'd once
 From off the Judgment Seat, where Truth should shine
 With splendour.* Wisely 'twas referr'd to him
 Who best that weighty question knew to solve;
 Who first implanted definition just
 Within the human heart, when man was form'd
 In his Creator's image. What is Truth?
 The symbol of realities 'tis deem'd,
 The correspondence of ideas and things.
 So on the polish'd mirror we descry
 Just images—so Sacred Writ reflects
 Realities, with certain evidence,
 Upon the mirror of th' attentive mind;
 We prove the likeness just, and call it truth.

* John xviii. 38.

So Reason's unsophisticated voice
 Full well accords with the divinity
 Of Conscience, the deputed god within,
 Who bears a faithful record to the right,*
 And makes us rue the wrong. 'Tis Truth informs,
 "Things are ;" and Reason hence infers, "a God,
 "By whom all things consist," or nought could be:
 And hence effects as clear from causes spring,
 As from the sun proceeds the gladsome day.
 Hence Truth and Reason terminate in one
 Unvarying point, as rivers in the sea.
 When sacred TRUTH came down disclos'd from Heaven,
 With inspiration in her "soft still voice,"
 Her office and prerogative was *then*
 T' illumine and convince a wond'ring world,
 Predicting great events, through distant years
 And unborn ages ; noting down the fates
 Of kings, of empires, and succeeding realms,
 To time's last period ; and, ere time has drawn
 The curtain, opening half the scene, above,
 Below, to wake our fears, to animate
 Our hopes, and give us to behold afar,
 "As in a glass," the blaze of future day.
 Her office *now*, is to conduct our course
 Through all Life's ills and incidents aright ;
 To guide, conciliate with soothing hope,
 And then to set us free. † Fair Truth is clear

* Rom. ii. 15.

† John viii. 32.

As the pellucid springs of Arcady ;
 Of virtue to restore our lapsed powers ;
 More healing far than Jordan's sacred stream ;
 More strength'ning than Bethesda's Heav'n-mov'd pool.
 The humble pitcher of an honest heart,
 Let down into that sacred well of Life,
 Procures from thence, as from the fount of God,
 Refreshing draughts of solace to the soul.

Since Error seems connected close with Truth,
 Small deviations to the right or left
 Seem scarce perceptible ; but soon the mind,
 Pursuing either scheme, the " golden mean"
 Deserts, and oft to fatal lengths proceeds :
 If from a central point they* seem to part,
 What test infallible remains, of force
 To guard the right, and disconcert the wrong ?
 Consult the **BOOK OF GOD**. That Sacred Code
 Is Truth's deposit to the world, in which
 A voice more musical than Angels' lyres,
 Attracts the ear of Wisdom, and elates
 The feeling heart, with energy divine.
 In that the evidence of Truth is clear :
 Its solemn voice, heard loud in Heaven, proclaims
 The future fate of error, † echoing far,
 O'er distant Continents from shore to shore,
 The glorious conquests of Jehovah's word. ‡
 Yet men there are, " deceiving and deceiv'd,"

* *They*—viz. Truth and Error.

† Mark xvi, 16. pars post.

‡ Rev. xix. 13—15.

Who lie in wait the simple to beguile
 With shew of learning and philosophy.*
 Truth meekly stands, as erst at Pilate's bar,
 Arraign'd, and full expos'd to ridicule
 By Antichristian art. A time will come,
 When she, with her celestial rays shall dart
 Confusion on her foes, and free the Church
 From all th' opprobrious wrongs, and bold assaults
 Of each malignant hand, which fain would tear
 The sacred charter from her breast—O vile
 Indignity!—and cast it to the flames.
 Truth is invincible; and will one day
 Gain full and free access to every ear,
 More loud than peals of thunder. This will stand
 The fiery test, when earth's strong pillars break,
 And drop to ruins amid Nature's wreck;
 When all is renovated, † and assumes
 Perfection's stamp, by Artifice Divine;
 And those who lov'd the truth, in Heaven shall bear
 The golden crowns, and palms of victory,
 And such high honours as God's hand bestows.
 That perfect state will suddenly arrive. ‡
 Meanwhile, permit the Muse to cast an eye

* The Author wishes these lines to be understood, as only levelled at the *insaniens dum sapientis* of the poet; and the deception *φιλοσοφίας και κενεσ απατης*, guarded against by the Apostle. He regards Philosophy as the handmaid of Devotion and Truth; and as the most useful and most honourable of human sciences.

† Isai. lxxv. 17. 2 Pet. iii. 13.

‡ Rev. xxii. 7.

O'er ills, so obvious in this changing scene,
 That "he who runs may read;" and whose reads
 May arm against the conflict, and betimes
 Secure the aids which Heaven alone imparts.
 We all may find an interest in the tale—
 For truth concerns us—and while men are men,
 Truth and experience claim their prime regard :
 From these the ear of wisdom never turns.

In Life's advent'rous course, what various scenes
 Disclose man's frequent tendency to vice,
 His instability in virtue's paths.
 Yet vain and erring man himself neglects,
 And scans his "brother's" faults with critic eye :
 Forgetful of his ill deserts, receives
 Blessings from Heaven, and favours from his friend,
 Alike with thankless heart. And should at length
 The bounties of an age surcease to flow,
 Ingratitude consigns each former pledge
 To dark oblivion. Insolence repays +
 The countless acts of pure benevolence ;
 Too glaring proof of a degenerate mind—
 Nature might blush to own her sordid sons.

Fortune and friendship twine a brittle band,

* Matt. vii. 1, 2, 3.

† ——— Ἀλλ' ἂν εἶα χορὸς
 Οὐ δίκαια συναντιόμενος, ἀλλὰ μαργῶν ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν
 Το καλαγῆσαι θελῶν
 Κρυφὸν τι θεῖμαι ἐσθλῶν, κακοῖς
 ἔργοις. PINDAR.

By ruthless accident soon rent in twain.
 Such seems the casual "friendship of the world"*—
 'Tis counterfeit and false, and proves at last
 As light as vanity. True friendship, pure
 And permanent, can form a sacred knot
 Indissoluble; and a two-edg'd sword,
 Though temper'd high as Alexander's blade,
 May haply fail to cut the Gordian twine.
 Its record is above, by angels read,
 By white-rob'd saints admir'd : still, like a flame,
 It soars aloft, and centres in the skies,
 Surmounting time, and chance, and death's assault.
 These ruthless rend true friends apart ;
 But soon they meet, beyond these changeful scenes
 Of instability, nor sever more.
 True friendship is in conscious merit form'd,
 Uniting kindred spirits in a bond
 Of lasting union, which will prove mature
 In the pure regions of abiding bliss.
 For me, should gratitude desert this breast,
 And apathy possess the fort ; should e'er
 The fond and dear respects to friendship due,
 Surcease to kindle here ; ah ! let me first
 Be banish'd from society's sweet joys,
 And all the bliss that mutual love inspires—
 Live unesteem'd and unlamented die.

If God's own Paradise was not exempt
 From the approach of ill, while sacred peace

† James iv. 4.

And spotless purity held converse there,
We may presume no state of earthly bliss
Is permanent; no gold without alloy.
The goods and ills of Life are kindly mix'd
To cool the gust for pleasures, soon to cease :
All earth-born joys are vain; all hopes beguile,
Save such as flow from an unfailing source.
Since friendship stands connected with your peace,
First prove your friend; then trust him as a man;
But fix your hopes alone on the Supreme.

The Muse has mark'd, that Parasites aspire
At heights above the reach of pigmy powers;
And oft with forward *petit-maitre* guise,
Stand twanging at the portals of the great;
While men of worth, with unassuming port,
Unskill'd in low, ingratiating arts—
“ Not obvious nor obtrusive”—frequent pass
Unnotic'd in the throng; and though as wise
As Socrates—as wise perchance may be,
And be like him discarded. Time has seen
Fair virtue's fav'rite pupils stand aloof,
Without the crouded scene; and modest worth,
Though not by Heaven's intelligence unmark'd,
Has sunk, and died unknown. Admit, the while,
That virtue up to eminence may lead
A chosen favourite in either hand;
Yet others no less worthy, stay behind:
The swift are distanced, and the strong are foil'd—
The skilful slighted, and the vile caress'd :

Nor can it less.—Amid this medley scene,
Fill'd up with contraries and imperfections,
Where hindrances so frequent bar the way,
'Twere strange if merit met its due reward.
Th' illustrious few, by numerous objects press'd,
Not often can find leisure to attend
True merit's voice ; while advocates of vice
Esteem not worth ; for every class of beings,
By instinct led, or drawn by sympathy,
Associate with their like ; and men are known
By their colleagues. It stands a certain rule,
That light and darkness cannot hold accord.
How then should men, who pay so small regard
To true propriety and rectitude,
Discriminate between the counterfeit
And sterling ore, in human character ?
Their sense of right is mark'd by splendid wrong :
Yet all of eminence are not averse
To sacred wisdom ; all are not estrang'd
To merit. Still, there are who worth prefer :
Th' example shines with splendour from the throne,*
And long will its remembrance live rever'd ;
I neither court nor flatter, yet affirm,
'Tis those alone who generous sanction give
To virtuous merit, wisdom, character,
In each department of the Church and State

* The Royal and National bounties, conferred with discriminating judgment, on Divines, Philologists, Poets, and Artists, will signalize the reign of George III. to posterity.

v. 254. *Exalted Patronage congenial to Merit.*

Pre-eminently good, the title gain
Of true nobility. Such, like the sun,
Dispensing kindly influence afar,
Shall ascertain the prime ascent to fame :
The province theirs to cherish liberal arts,
To cheer the sacred Muses 'mid their haunts ;
While on the sunny bank dispos'd to range
'Mid bleating flocks, or in the flowery lawns,
Where spangled herds look gay—or hid beneath
A verdant canopy, where lofty trees
Embow'r a shade, and pour wild melody
From forth a thousand sprays—or if beside
The babbling brook, or cool Castalian spring
Reclin'd—or in some cave or grot's recess,
As this where still I find a sacred fane.
And should the Muse, Camilla like, on wing
Skim o'er the wavy corn-fields and the billows,
It matters not, while moral is the lay,
And musical, to sooth th' attentive ear,
To form the mind to virtue, and excite
The finest feelings in the glowing breast.
When true Mæcenas listen to the lyre,
Beneath the kindly warmth of genial skies
She basks secure, or higher soars, where like
The rising lark she sings more soft and clear.

To ripen pearls 'tis said meridian suns
Shed lustre with their blaze. The human mind,
If not irrationally dark, will shine
Beneath the cheering rays of patronage.

It cannot Supply the Absence of Genius. v. 383.

It seems an old authenticated rule,
 That "wisdom waits on state:" 'tis yet as true,
 Simplicity may chance to keep the door,
 And men of vile pretensions enter in.
 I grant exalted patronage a boon
 Of no small consequence; and should it hold
 That genius brighter shines beneath the eye
 Of eminence, if merit absent prove,
 'Tis counterfeit, and lacks the genuine die.
 Hence merit, join'd to genius, marks true worth.
 The stamp of patronage is marr'd on coin
 Of base materials; and 'tis passing clear,
 "A fool, in Plato's groves, remain'd a fool;
 "And Solomon's own beast was still a mule."*
 Admit the pebble in an artist's hand
 May seem to blaze—'tis not with native light;
 It cannot with the simple agate vie,
 Nor can the agate like the ruby shine:
 The princely diamond, by polish'd art
 Its lustre shews: just so, in social league
 With men of worth, the mind gains brighter stores,
 And shines with splendour like the morning star,
 Which decks the east, and wakes the rosy morn.
 This truth is worthy of a prince's ear:
 "Once titles gave a temporary fame
 "To kings—to poets, dedications: now,
 "'Tis merit only can procure the palm

* The Author here solicits the indulgence of critics.

“ Of immortality, and raise a bust
 “ As durable as time, to bear its name.”*
 Few Cæsars shine in state ; as few, I deem,
 Of genius super-eminent illum’d the world :
 One Homer charm’d old Greece; one Virgil, Rome;
 One Milton strung to immortality
 The British lyre : yet taught by these to sing,
 A throng of tuneful minstrels are descry’d,
 Ancient and modern, anxious to present
 Their bold pretensions at the gate of fame—
 Many pervade the porch, but few the dome.

If patronage alone could Bards create,
 How might the Laureat-lyre enchant our ears !
 If Poets, whose prerogative has claim
 Upon the Royal ear, seldom excel,
 The fault is theirs—or Nature’s : to acquit
 The regal choice, were generous and just ;
 Since princely patronage, bestow’d on Bards,
 Might seem to elevate the lowest lyres
 Half way from mediocrity to fame.

But not in Courts are real Bards produc’d,
 Though genius oft has gain’d admission there :
 They love the walks where Nature’s track is seen,
 And riot ’mid rent rocks, and forests wild,
 Huge precipices, cataracts, and groves
 Of venerable oak, impervious half
 To Sol’s bright beams, o’erhanging waterfalls,
 And half admitting chequer’d rays to dance

* *Quilque fui memores alios fecere merendo.* VIR.

Adown the silver Naiad's murmuring streams.
 Such are the scenes which caught the Poet's eye,
 And fir'd in freedom's cause his ardent Muse,
 'Mid Cambria's cloud-capp'd hills, and rural vales.
 Here balmy air, and springs as æther clear,
 Fresh downs, and limpid rills and daisied meads
 Delight the eye, reanimate the heart,
 And on the florid cheek emboss the rose,
 'Mid sweetest dimples and unfeigned smiles.
 Here shepherd swains, attentive to their charge,
 Distent o'er hillocks green, or mountains huge,
 Mantled with purple heath; throughout the day
 Enjoy "alternate exercise and ease,"
 And oft, at eve, meet each his favourite lass,
 And chaunt their ditties to the dulcet sound
 Of tabor, pipe, and harp, with social glee.
 Blithe days and nights of undisturb'd repose
 Brace all their nerves with vigour, and conduce
 To health, and happiness, and length of years.*
 Near to these sacred haunts, erst seldom trod
 By foot profane, the far-fam'd Druid pour'd

- * The mountayne men live longer many a yeare
 Than those in vale, in playne, or marriah-soyle;
 A lustie hart, a cleane complexion cleere
 They have, on hīl that for hard living toyfe.
 With ewe and lambe, with goates and kids they play,
 In greatest toyfes, to rub out wearie day:
 And when to house and home good fellowes drawe,
 The lads con laugh at turning of a strawe.

Aphorisms of Church Yard, 1587.

v. 459.

Eisteddfod.

Immortal harmony, to meet the skies.
 Methinks I hear the symphony sublime
 Of Cambria's ancient harp, with triple rows
 Of melodies, so soft, so sweet, so full,
 As old Orphean lyre might not disown.
 I hear applauding throngs, assembled round
 In the *Eisteddfod*,* chosen sons of Art,
 Rehearsing, each in turn, to Cambrian airs,
 The warm effusions of no venal Muse, †
 In epic, lyric, elegiac strains,

* The *Eisteddfod* consisted of an ancient and select Association of Welsh Bards and Musicians, and was honoured with the presence and patronage of the most distinguished persons, for nobility, learning, and genius, in the Principality. Original odes, martial, pastoral, and elegiac, were sung to the triple harp, with much effect. Lyric respondencies, catches, and glees, were contested in a manner similar to the ancient pastoral dialogue, with very surprising acumen. And the merits of the several competitors, and their performances, whether poetic or musical, were decided upon by competent criticism, or, perhaps more frequently, by popular approbation.

Is it honourable to the present taste of the nobility, and *litterati* of this country, that so rational a source of entertainment—one so well calculated to stimulate exertion, and incite commendable emulation in pleasing and useful science—one so closely connected with the enthusiastic love of liberty and our country, should be superseded by an introduction of interludes, plays, or bacchanalian revels?—" *O tempora, O mores!*"

† To the immortal honour of the Welsh Bards; their historian informs us, that "this order of men were never guilty of flattery, and never lavished their praises on heroes, or even on kings, unless deserved by their gallant exploits." MABLET, vol. I. p. 384.

What time Dolbadarn's regal turret walls,
Or Conway old re-echo'd to the song,
And princes listen'd with approving joy.
Old time aloft has seen a Druid Bard,
'Mid *Mona's* sacred groves, and *Cader's* cliffs,
With meagre cheek, and piercing hollow eye,
Commanding awe, (as the surrounding scenes,)
And in his hand the crwth,* or Cambrian harp:
Loose and dishevell'd hung his hoary locks
Light floating on the gale: he struck the lyre,
And *Idris*† † craggy crevices around
Re-echo'd triple harmonies, in full
And various concert with the hollow gales,
And rapid rills fast falling o'er the cliffs;
While underneath, his darting sight survey'd
Alps, lakes, and precipices, rivers, groves,
Turrets, and islands, with surrounding seas.

These scenes of wild display elate the soul
Above her wonted mark. 'Tis all a maze
Sublime of solemn grandeur, never seen,
And never felt amid the tinsel scenes
And noisy tumults of a city throng.
Hence genius, elevated sentiment,
Seclusion from the busy scenes of Life,

* A kind of ancient viol, of very simple construction, pronounced *crooth*.

† *Idris*, a celebrated bard, musician, and astronomer, is said to have had his observatory on the Peak of *Cader Idris*; and the mountain to have derived its name from him.

v. 493. *Discriminating Features of Bardism.*

And converse held with Nature in her walks,*
 Mark the true Bard, and constitute his choice :
 But not such Bards as unreflecting crouds
 Are seen t' admire, whose "common places" blunt
 The edge of genius, or whose "syren song"
 Haply might pall attention soon to sleep :
 Nor such whose twanging lyres, reverse of these,
 Confound all harmony ; whose daring Muse,
 With Pegasean wing, o'erleaps all bounds,
 All measures, and all precedents ; as bold
 As Phaeton, who snatch'd the solar rein,
 And set the world on fire. From cadences
 Of such dith'rambique† lyres, the ear of taste
 Confounded turns, delighted more to hear
 The simple minstrelsey of woodland choirs.

It seems proverbial,‡ and experience proves
 That poets oft are poor ; as if the Muse
 And Fortune swore to wage eternal war.
 'Tis true that Bards have elevated minds,
 And, slighting worldly views, the world slights them :
 Yet, competence is genial to the Muse.

* Nam quod naturale est, sponte fluit.

† *Dithyrambiques* were wild, enthusiastic, and irregular odes, composed in honour of Bacchus, and descriptive of his fanatic rites : hence, such measures as are confined by neither rule, nor precedent, if we except Pindar, are the next in kind to these ; and hence arose the Greek proverb, *Διθυραμβοποιῶν ὄν' ἵχμυς ἰλαίηται*.

‡ *Insanis ; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis
 Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgiliosque vides.* MART.

The Poet's precarious Lot commiserated. v. 514.

Whatever sparks of genius may be given,
Depriv'd of Fortune's warmth, they lack the power
Of kindling to a flame. The vital seeds
Of innate worth, in many a noble breast,
True to its king, and to its country's weal,
Lie latent, frozen by chill penury ;
No fruitful harvest can succeed the toil.
The busy cares, which throng attendant round
The dwellings of dependant hostages,
Are quite ungenial to the liberal Muse,
Damp all her fires, distract her harmonies—
All—save the tones of elegiac lyres.
Hapless the Bard whose fate dependant hangs
On the perverted and capricious taste
Of vicious or incompetent decision.
Meantime, should the poor wight's ill-omen'd stars
Shed influence malign, and should he lack
Life's cheering beverage, thrice hapless he!
The vigour of a soul like his must sink,
Chill'd in the frigid zone—a winter's day !
And such, to Bards remov'd from Fortune's smiles,
The day of Life. Ah ! what avails to them
That Nature kindled sparks of vital fire
Within their breast, the Muse's sacred flame ?
If they lack oil—a competent supply—
The genial flame must languish and expire.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK TENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book exhibits contrasted Views and Prospects of Nature, and of Human Life.—Evening Scenes depicted, as they appear from the Thames; as they affect the Senses, and delight the contemplative Mind.—Striking Contrast of sublime Scenes in Wales.—Succeeding Night opens new Prospects.—In what Light these Prospects are viewed by Philosophy.—Nature's universal Temple—The Stars its Lamps—They are outshone by the "Star of Bethlehem"—Eclipsed by the "Sun of Righteousness."—Matin addressed to Him.—Approaching Morn.—Incitement to early Rising, and to Industry.—Apostrophe to Religion—Irr Religion considered as the highest Instance of Ingratitude.—The Vanity of Earthly Attachments.—Stimulus to higher Attainments.—The Muse's Adherence to Virtue—Her Apology.—Life's short Tenure—Its Retrospect from Infancy to Age.—The Grave, an Asylum.—Gehenna.—Heaven our Port.—Review of the Subject.—The Voyage triumphantly closed.

THE
VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BOOK X.

Life is like a Vessel on the Stream. Youso.



WHAT time the lavish year his bounty pours
In rich and plentiful profusion round,
'The flow'r of Albion's sons, embark'd, glide smooth,
Adown the learned Isis' gentle stream,
And breathe the evening gales, that sport around
In wanton frolic, and are seen to kiss
The surface soft and clear. While Flora breathes,
Odoriferous, her sweets to greet the sense,
From off the fragrant fields, or open lawns,
Or meads of new-mown hay; and industry
Exerts his every nerve, with busy toil,
Through all the country round; how gay the scene!
How wonted to inspire! Soft music pours
"Her native wild notes" from the copsy brink
Of each meand'ring stream: the concert flows,
Commix'd with dulcet chime of distant bells,



" Now heard, now lost at intervals ;" while pipe
Of soothest shepherd, trilling to the ear,
Awakes to memory Arcadian scenes.
Delighted, and delighting, all then feel
Plesure's soft impulse ; all then taste the joys
Of innocence, and seem t' imbibe a gale
From Paradise. Such sweets, such beauties breathe
An ardour o'er the soul. Callous the heart,
And sordid is the breast that never feels
The glow divine ; that never melts, refin'd,
Beneath the bounties of the breathing God,
Who smiles o'er all his works ; beneath whose eye
Nature exults and sings. In Nature's works
How visible his hand ! How bright his beams !
How felt " his power, his tenderness, his love !"
More sweet than music's charms which please the ear,
More grateful to the soul his breathing love.
—Another scene the sprightly passengers
Well pleas'd enjoy. The lifted eye surveys
Afar Augusta's hundred spires, uprais'd
Above the smoaky surge—of Britain's fame
Fit emblem, which aspires to istant realms,
And wakes to jealousy a wond'ring world.
And now the forest views,* and now the groves,
With rural villages, at intervals,
In ever-pleasing gay variety.
Such Twickenham, once the Muses' favour'd haunt;
Rochampton such, with Sylvan honours crown'd.

* Windsor.

While fleecy clouds extend o'er all the scene,
The various view appears reflected clear
On the soft surface of the silver stream.

Yet bolder scenes delight th' enraptur'd Muse,
'Mid Cambria's solitary rocks and dales,
His residence, whose leisure finds an hour
To chaunt these moral and descriptive lays.
Here tow'ring hills o'er hills are seen to rise,
With stately ruins grac'd, of nodding walls,
And "cloud capp'd towers," which anciently were deem'd
Impregnable. Amid the lofty mounds
Credulity surveys, with curious eye,
Huge tumuli,* where bones† were found of size
Incredible—relics of human mould :
Hence vulgar legendary tales affirm,
Giant's renown'd in chivalry, once' rul'd
The terror-struck inhabitants around.
Aloft, o'er these, the traveller descries
More doubtful various scenes, to where, afar,
The blue-pale mountains' elevated tops
Appear like pyramids to prop the sky. ●
Such Snowdon's huge bicapitated‡ heights,
The eagles' ancient fort :§ Plinlimmon such,

* These *tumuli*, vulgarly called the Giant's Graves, are frequently seen in this country, near the ruins of ancient castles.

† *Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchra.* VIRGIL.

‡ This mountain has two heads, the one called *Wydd-fa*, the other *Crib-y-distyll*.

§ Hence Snowdon obtained, in the British language, the name of *Creigau'r Eryrod*, i. e. the Eagles' Rocks.

Whence Vaga and Sabrina fair run down
 The craggy cliffs abrupt, with nimble feet,
 In haste to gain the valleys, and to cheer
 The sons of Commerce with their maiden streams:
 Such Cader-Idris, fam'd for Alpine plants;
 Such Pen-maen-mawr, which frowns aloft o'er seas,
 And casts his shadow on the distant isles.
 Scal'd with red thunderbolts, the mountain brow
 Nods tremulous, and frequent seems on fire
 With the redoubled flash, re-echoing back
 The crash of elements from cloud to cloud.
 O'er Cynfael's falls,* and Aberglaslyn cliffs,†
 And Conway's‡ rollicking stream, profuse and wild,
 What various views appear, and all sublime.
 Here pond'rous rocks o'erlook the surging flood,
 And seem to stem the torrent. There, amain,
 Whole cataracts precipitate from high,
 With a rapidity and hollow roar,
 Heard, like the distant din of clashing arms,
 'Mid the mix'd tumult of conflicting battle;

* The beautiful *Cynfael* water-falls are contiguous to the village of Ffestiniog, situate in a delightfully romantic vale in Merionethshire, celebrated by Lord Lyttleton's elegant pen.

† The truly romantic scenery, including the bridge, torrents, and precipices at *Pont-Aberglaslyn*, is scarcely to be surpassed even in Switzerland.

‡ *Conway Castle* is a noble relic of ancient power, and is famous for its incidental regal chivalry—affording sublime and charming prospects of the river, the British Alpine mountains, the islands and the seas.

'Till sunk, at length, to yonder reservoir,
Amid the spiry fragments of the rock,
They spend their rage in foam; then slowly march
With majesty to meet the raging main.

Such scenes, by the Creator's pencil drawn,
Afford the true sublime, and fire the Muse.
The Cambrian scenes are wild, irregular,
And great: as great, irregular, and wild,
The genius of the Cambrian Muse appears.

Yon Monarch of the Day now rolls his car
Beyond th' Atlantic billows. In return,
Fair Luna, queen of Night, emerges forth
From out the eastern wave, and seems as fair
As Dian' self when bathing: lo! tis she—
In peerless majesty, now marching up
The steep of Heaven, as conscious of her state,
She oft amid the silver-tissu'd clouds
Looks out, and smiles on the admiring world.
To emulate her brother she would shine,
'Though with his borrow'd rays: yet half his loss
Is by her softer beams not ill supply'd.
And when of her soft radiance man's depriv'd,
Bright Hesperus lights up his splendid lamp,
And leads the vocal constellations round
In mazy dance, throughout the silent hours,
Till Lucifer relieves him from his charge,
And shines the herald of the blushing morn,
Meantime, nocturnal glooms are vocal made
By Philomel, sweet warbler of the shades,

Nature's Universal Temple, as seen by Philosophy. v. 117.

Pouring her plaintive song through all the grove,
In strains excelling art: such minstrelsey
To love and innocence sounds ever sweet.

Lo! in the train of Night, Philosophy
Appears; and now with elevated tube
She views the stars, attends their softer song,
And drinks their glories in. Their thousand lamps
Kindle sublime ambition in the soul,
Which things terrestrial cannot quench, and wake
Devotion there. Her fane the universe;
The liquid plain, a silver pavement seems;
The concave vault, adorn'd with studs of gold,
A glorious canopy, divinely bright!
All, all is lustre here! All majesty,
Which elevates the soul. More sumptuous shines
This fane, than all the proud magnificence
That richest eastern temples e'er could boast.
Imperial Rome, and ancient Babylon,
Excelling all the boast of modern art,
With palaces, and gardens hung in air;
With stately halls, proud porticos, and domes
Illumin'd bright on some high festival,
Are here surpass'd, far as the rising sun
Exceeds the glimmering taper's feeble ray.
Yon splendid luminaries feast the eye,
And raise the soul to Heaven. Their sacred beams
Illume the soul to veneration pure
Of the Omnipotent, who spread so wide
The curtains of his elevated throne,

v. 146. *The Supreme Light of the Nations.*

And kindled up those living fires to shine,
 Like splendid lamps before his palace gates,
 Or glittering pearls in his eternal crown.
 Each stated watch to them in charge assign'd,
 They keep; but chief, "God's glory they declare,
 And to the nations shew his handy work."*
 Yet all the constellations' countless suns,
 If all united in the zenith blaz'd,
 All were surpass'd by Bethle'm's sacred star
 Of genial ray, bright harbinger of grace,
 Which shone on earth, near Jordan's hallow'd stream,
 Blaz'd over Palestine, thence o'er the Isles
 With beams benign, to light our steady course
 Up to the realms of day. Heaven's splendid lamp,
 Receptacle of God's prime gift, the Sun,
 Once blush'd in shades, astonish'd and eclips'd
 By his superior blaze—"the Gentile's light."
 "Blest SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS! with sacred beams
 "Relume the darkness of our gloomy days;
 "Cheer the benighted Voyagers with THY
 "Uprising; and, with healing in thy wings,
 "Scatter the gathering clouds; disperse afar
 "Life's deepest glooms with thy consoling beams;

* This sacred allusion to the sidereal *Heavens*, by the Royal Psalmist, as an universal volume of nature, indited in a language understood in all nations, very well agrees with the Newtonian system of the Universe, which signally displays the wisdom and goodness of God.

Matin, addressed to the Sun of Righteousness. v. 169.

“ Lighten the nations round the spacious earth
“ With all thy splendid rays of sacred truth :
“ And thou, bless’d SPIRIT, comforter divine,
“ Each wanderer win Religion’s course to steer,
“ That all may safely gain Heaven’s peaceful beach.”

My Muse, on sacred themes intent, prevents
Th’ observant watches of the night ; and, fraught
With waking meditations, hails the morn.
And lo ! the sprightly day, with balmy breath,
Bespangles all the lawns with numerous gems ;
Looks o’er the mountains healthful, blushing red,
To see the sons of indolence reclin’d
On downy couches, this prime cheering hour,
When Phœbus his triumphal car first rolls
Sublimely up the steep of Heaven ; when breathe
“ Sweetness and health through all the vital air.”
Ye soft, effeminate ! awake, arise,
Salute the balmy morn ; and blush to hear
How lovely Nature calls you forth, to join
The general chorus of earth, air, and skies—
His mercy and beneficence to sing,
Who gave your heart to feel, your tongue to praise.
Be this your first, your last and chief employ,
His praise, by whom all nature moves and lives :
This rite of duteous homage humbly paid
Your Maker God, your occupations, toils,
Or useful studies ply ; and say what joys,
What opening prospects, such a course attend.

Pursue the tenor of this course, and soon
The joyful retribution morn will dawn,
And grace religion with a radiant crown.

Religion ! O thou source of sweetest joy,
Thou balm of hope, my yielding heart is thine :
I feel myself to thee betroth'd by ties
Indissoluble : still, still bind my soul
With twice ten thousand bands of sacred love,
No more to sever from thy company,
In life, in death, or distant worlds unknown.

And are there those who at Religion scoff,*
And cast aside the only balm of hope ?
Though fortune smile within their palace gate,
I envy not their lot ; nor would I change
The harness'd African's hard yoke for theirs.

If vile ingratitude to man proclaim
A low and sordid mind, how must appear
The wretch who lives unmindful of his God !
In whom each name is truly realiz'd,
Of Father—Benefactor—Friend ? Such sight
Might guardian angels move, to drop a tear.
Hence, irreligion is ingratitude
Of deepest die ; and worse, 'tis war with Heaven.
Man's disobedience urges destiny
To grasp the bolts of justice with fix'd aim,
And dart them down, quick as the glancing flash,
At the defenceless head of impious pride ;

* 2 Pet. iii. 3.

To sink the scorner, low as is the realm
Of ancient Night and Erebus profound.

Shall man, the child of God, whom mercy crowns
The favourite of Heaven, whom goodness guards
Throughout the busy day, and close pursues
What time the evening shades invite repose—
Its station fixing round his silent bed,
Still provident, to guard from every harm ;
Shall man be still ungrateful, and not pay
A tribute of devotion to his God ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! lest earth and skies exclaim
Against the baseness of impiety,
And vocal elements proclaim his guilt.

What folly, or what fate can equal his
Who spends Life's little day, as if this life
Were all his care, regardless to secure
The all-important and eternal stake,
Till cast the die, and fix'd his endless doom !

The man whose heart is rivetted to earth,
Whose wishes and attachments centre here,
Acts like some idiot passenger, who, bound
To a far-distant port, outrides the storm,
And gains a shelter'd creek : far from his home,
He lands, and toils the live-long night, intent
To fit up warm apartments, as for years :
Next morning, summon'd to embark, in haste
He quits the cell, and leaves his little tent
For aliens to possess. Such oft their fate
Who furnish treasures for ungrateful heirs,

Who, when they drop, scarce shed a friendly tear.
 Religion, Virtue, Reason, all exclaim,
 “ Renounce a world,* which you must shortly leave:
 “ Part, in affection part with things below ;
 “ And look for permanence beyond the skies.”

Life soon resigns to future destiny
 Its busy hopes, solitudes, and fears,
 And gains the goal where “rest” succeeds their toil.
 —Who then are miserable ? They alone
 Who ’mid the multiplicity of things
 Forget that here they have no lasting home,
 And seek no fairer mansion in the skies.
 Who then are happy ? They, and only they,
 Whose constant care, through life’s assailing snares,
 Is still to hold the course of “ grace and truth,”
 Undeviating faith, and love, and peace,
 Till they obtain a city buift with pearls,
 An edifice, whose sovereign Maker’s God.

* There have been instances, not only among Primitive Christians, but also among Ancient Philosophers, of very heroic renunciations of the pleasures and possessions of the world, by such as had enjoyed them in the highest splendour. Not only *Solon*, but *Bias*, another of the wise men of Greece, lived eminently under the influence of this principle. He was a man no less famous for learning than nobility: “and when at last,” says Tully, “his country Priene was taken, and the rest of the inhabitants, in their escape, carried away with them as much of their goods as they could, one advised him to do the same; but he made answer—*Ego vero facio, nam omnia mea mecum porto*. It is what I do already, for all the things that are mine I carry about me.”

The faithful Muse, with penetrating eye,
 Has mark'd important scenes of various Life;
 Its boding fears; its buoyant hopes, and joys,
 Has guarded from excess, intent to steer
 The course of moderation; yet with zeal
 To vindicate Religion, Rectitude,
 Order, and Polity, and Rule, in face
 Of every caitiff. She, of good and ill
 Has trac'd the consequence and final end;
 Enforcing, both by precept and by rule,
 The cause of virtue, the true test of worth.
 'Tis virtue's vital flame that warms my Muse;
 Her aim is high; nor is the effort mean,
 Devoted to her cause. She shields the heart
 That neither knows to flatter nor to fear,
 And sings regardless of the lash of wits,
 The sneer of pedants, the contempt of vice,
 Rising superior to these legion^s arm'd
 With bold effrontery, like flaming brass.*

* The Author wishes to be understood to refer here, to that kind of captious and incompetent criticism only, which is chastised by the masterly hand of the ablest critic that Britain, perhaps, ever produced; a declaimer whose abilities Demosthenes would have been proud to acknowledge; a censor, and philologer, whom a Tully, a Longinus, a Quintilian, would not have blushed to own. He has drawn the portrait; and whom will it suit?

"There is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amusement, to hinder the reception of learning and genius; who stand as sentinels in the avenues of

Meantime the learned critic she reveres,
 Who argues from just laws and principles,
 Unbiass'd or to censure or commend :
 Unpolish'd pearls such seldom fail to prize,
 For innate worth with them procures the palm.
 The sterling weight of genuine truth outweighs
 A thousand fantasies, which seem as light
 As feathers in the solid scale of sense.
 The man who dares espouse truth's sacred cause,
 And dictate reason, claims from these regard :
 To such the Muse with deference appeals ;
 Their candour and forbearance yet she claims,
 Since to be human is in part to err,
 Perfection being no attribute of man.

What still remains is, briefly in review,
 To trace the retrospect of Human Life.
 In sprightly youth, our jocund prime of years,
 Time smoothly glides, and every scene delights—
 Pleasure our port, and passion is the gale :

fame, and value themselves upon giving ignorance and envy
 the first notice of a prey." JOHNSON.

Dr. BLAIR corroborates this statement, and, at the same
 time, vindicates true criticism from such an imputation, by re-
 marking, that " Criticism has been considered as merely the
 art of finding faults; as the frigid application of certain tech-
 nical terms, by means of which persons are taught to cavil and
 censure in a learned manner. But this is the criticism of pe-
 dants only. True criticism is a liberal and humane art. It
 teaches us to admire and to blame with judgment, and not to
 follow the croud blindly."

Fair Nature teems with blandishment and mirth;
If seen, 'tis beauty to our eyes ; or heard,
'Tis various music to our ravish'd ears :
The smiling joys of sweet simplicity
Conspire to make us bless'd : fair spring awakes
A thousand pleasures, and a thousand loves,
Through every verdant mead, and vocal grove ;
And every pleasing scene new joy inspires.
When Summer sheds her copious gifts profuse
O'er all the earth, like Amalthæa's horn,
Ev'n Summer seems less fruitful than our hopes !
Our hopes shoot forth in blossom, and our joys,
Unbounded, seem to promise golden fruit,
To shine in Autumn's meliorating hand,
When manhood shall complete our happiness,
And Hymen crown in wedlock all our joys.
Ev'n Winter's chilling glare then warms our souls,
And kindles an enthusiastic heat
'Mid snow and ice, and all the hollow roar
Of Eurys' rage, to melt the musing heart
To raptures, which I fancy still to feel.
The Winter which awaits our frozen powers
Is scarcely then conceiv'd, still seeming far,
As twice the space from east to that extreme
Where sets the ev'ning star. When manhood crowns
Our length of years, it oft, alas ! betides
That fast our blossom'd hopes begin to shed ;
And disappointment preys upon the root,
To blight the stately tree. Kind Heaven ! protect

Its sacred boughs from each malignant blast,
And every hand that's rais'd to do it harm.
What if misfortune's blasts, like nitrous frost,
Nip off the verdant leaves ; yet wait awhile,
Fair Spring returns—the tree invigorates,
And seems as fresh, as blooming as before.
What madness and what misery like theirs,
Whom one dark season urges to destroy
Their drooping vine, because its leaves are shed.
The blasts of fortune and the wrecks of time
Should lecture patience, and, 'mid manhood's tide,
Our anchor should be fix'd on firmest ground,
As stable as the rocks which bound the seas.
When age o'ertakes us, all our work should seem
As finish'd—and naught left—save what the hopes
And cheering prospects of a future state
Bequeath to grateful acts of charity.
Religion then should meliorate and soothe
Life's last infirmities, and to the mind
Present large prospects of abiding bliss.
How fair the evening sun that sets in smiles !
As peaceful and as fair the even seems
That closes up the scene—a well spent Life.

Thus days with seasons, years with life, roll round,
Succeeding and succeeded : kingdoms, thrones,
And sceptres, pass away : old time extends
His scythe enormous, and cuts down like grass
All earth's inhabitants : a hundred years
Scarce leaves a remnant—a few hoary heads,

More rare than vintage-gleanings, to remain.
What is the tendency and aim of these
Monitions mute? They speak more eloquent
Than preacher's fluent tongue, or poet's pen
Fraught with persuasive periods, to our hearts,
And bid us, with true emphasis, "prepare!"

As day succeeds to day, and wave to wave,
So Life's succeeding scenes are still the same;
To-morrow meets the ghost of yesterday,
And Nature runs in one perpetual round,
'Till fate's mysterious hand winds up the scene!
The drama is perchance renew'd next year;
But we have left the stage: Life's fleeting joys
At length delude no more. How happy they
Who seek more lasting bliss, for Life's chief goods
Are transient as a dream, and oft delude
The fond adventurer, who idly grasps
The shadow for the substance, undeceiv'd
Till death th' illusive charm removes,
And shews what 'tis to die! Time passes on,
And spurs us to the goal: when past, how short
Appears the interval from youth to age,
Between the cradle and funereal room.
Soon infancy to youth resigns its toys,
And tears; and youth for riper age foregoes
Its blooming charms; by true experience taught,
"Childhood and youth are vanity." And then
Our riper years, sedate as wisdom's school,
To manhood give Life's flattering hopes and fears;

And manhood soon to feeble age declines,
Bequeathing to posterity its goods,
To future destiny its trembling hopes.
The human frame now seems supported scarce,
On trembling pillars, menacing to fall :
The ancient walls, and venerable dome,
Appear externally defac'd and worn
By many an onset rude, from many a storm :
One ornament, bestow'd by Nature's hand,
Awhile remains : the wint'ry " almond " blooms,
To grace the temple o'er the wrongs of time.
Just so, the flowery shrubs, which flaunting hang
High on Palmyra's ruins, pleas'd are seen
By the delighted eye of travellers,
To shed a lustre o'er the solemn scene.
Stooping beneath a multitude of years,
Nature's infirmities we soon consign
To the cold hand of death, and sink, unmov'd
By censure, or ambition's fiery chase,
Unaw'd by villany, or force, or fraud,
To lie conceal'd in the lone silent grave !
In this all earthly hopes and prospects end,
All anxious cares sleep in oblivion here.
The statesman wise, the politician shrewd,
The general bold, the warrior firm and brave ;
The sophist and the simple here unite,
And blend their common dust in Nature's urn.
The honourable sink with solemn pomp :
Attention wakes, and rumour echoes round

A sudden gust of fame ; which soon expires,
If not with more than titles dignify'd.
True worth must sink alike, but with regards
That shall not soon expire. The good are like
A stately navy, first descri'd afar—
Soon nigher seen—with colours streaming high
Before the gale, all extacy to bear
Successful and victorious to their Port.
Not so the wicked ! They, like vanquish'd fleets,
Are worsted, and to wild disorder driven
By the manœuvres of a subtil foe :
Then met by raging storms, dispers'd, and wreck'd,
Down to Gehenna-lake they sink full fast,
Nor ever gain the fair celestial beach.
Such are the destinies which men affix,
Irrevocably, to the solemn date,
'The all-important term—ETERNITY !
So shuts the present scene. And now the term
Of real life begins ; for all before
Was shadow ; all is substance here : how vast
Th' importance of that state that never ends,
And never changes*—where, if lost, the stake
Can never be repriev'd ! Be wise—be wise—
Secure the treasures of eternity,
And look with triumph on the gaping tomb.
Here Life's short Voyage ends ! No sooner past,
Than, like the gliding keel, which splits the wave,

It leaves no track behind ; its course is then
 Scarce longer recogniz'd. If ill, too soon
 It cannot be forgot—but if the plan
 Tended to Life, and wisdom's track display'd,
 'Tis an immortal chart : forget it not ;
 Bear on to the same Port : you soon arrive
 At SALEM's towers—the sacred Seat of Joy.*

Enough, my Muse. Now close the various song
 With Nature's closing scene—the trump of God,
 The vanquish'd tomb, the final renovation.
 Awhile the righteous sleep, † serene and safe
 From all assaults within the silent grave.
 Life's Voyage ended, here their bark obtains
 Safe anchorage, and in this haven lies,
 Waiting the signal of a retribution.
 Hid in the shelter of this solemn nook,
 No turbulent, proud waves of insolence
 Assail their bark, or threaten to o'erwhelm ;
 No adverse blasts, no fatal wrecks disturb
 Their still repose. So rests in some calm creek
 The wary pilot, till the turbid storm,
 Which loud alarms at sea, be overblown.



The great, the final, the decisive hour
 Approaches fast, which fixes all our fates !
 Methinks I see the all-important scene
 Wind up apace, which will disclose on high
 The Christian banner, and unfold to light

* Psal. xvi. 11.

† By a trope.

The deep, till then inexplicable, scheme
Of Providence ; and passing all, display
Where Mercy, Truth, and Justice, all unite,
And centre in Redemption's glorious Plan.
These are the schemes which highest seraphs pry
Into—astonishment pervades their powers :
They fall before the "Great White Throne" of Love,
And worship there with silent adoration :
They homage the Creator.—Man ! 'tis thine
To sing the riches of Redeeming Love ;
'Tis thine to celebrate with songs of praise
His worthy honours, who once stoop'd from Heaven,
Assum'd thy nature, undertook thy cause—
A cause which ne'er had sped in other hands—
Destroy'd thy mortal foe,* and led the way,
Triumphant conqueror ! with high acclaim,
Up to his Father's side—where, wond'rous love,
He sits enthron'd—yet ever intercedes
For ransom'd penitents, till he descend
In all " his Father's glory," and dispense
Mercy and Justice to assembled worlds.
When the commission'd Angel, sent from high,
Dread herald of approaching destinies,
Shall stand august and solemn—one foot fix'd
On earth, and one on sea, † with hand elate
To Heaven—and swear by Heaven's Immortal King,
" That time shall be no more ;" with awful peal

* Heb. ii. 14.

† Rev. x. 5, 6.

Exalt the trump of God to rend the skies,
And rouse the startled nations forth to meet
Their separate doom ; the once establish'd earth,
And all inferior Heavens,* unite in one
Unbounded blaze ; and all, affrighted, fly
Their Maker's presence, now the Judge of ALL.

Meantime, we shall behold the teeming tombs,
The solemn vaults, the roaring floods and seas,
The gaping ruins of huge palaces
And far-fam'd towns, by earthquakes bury'd deep,
Resign their charge, and give them up to day.
O! then with joy, I see—I see the JUST,
Beneath Heaven's brightest beaming clemency,
Hoisting their flag of hope ; uplifting high
The swelling sails of love ; bearing sublime
Before a gale of Heaven's stupendous grace,
On to the crystal portals of the sky.
“ Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors,”
And give the heirs of bliss to enter in :
Ye pearly gates of Paradise ! admit
The nations' all, with loud acclaim,
And songs of sacred joy : give them to feast,
'Mid amaranthine bowers, beneath the tree
Whose sacred leaves heal'd all their maladies,
And pluck ambrosial fruit from off its boughs :
Give them to quaff immortal pleasures round,
From Life's clear fount, till hale celestial youth

* “ The sphere of the elements.” PRT.

Triumphantly closed.

v. 533.

Sit on each brow, and sparkle in each eye,
With vigour only seen and only felt
In immortality. All suffering past,
No sickness, no calamity obtains
In that new "earth and heavens" where just men dwell;
No dread of shipwreck there—Secure they stand,
All safely landed on th' eternal beach,
Above the reach of ill: and there they shine
In all th' effulgence of eternal day,
Like stars of various magnitudes—now fix'd
In the unclouded firmament of Heaven,
Where pure serenity abides, and joy
Mature exults, which no cessation knows.

Miscellaneous Poems:

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OF

Cambrian-Border Minstrelsey.

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IN the following Specimens of Cambrian Minstrelsey, a few *Jeux d'Esprits* are offered, for the entertainment of such Juvenile Readers as may deem sentimental and didactic Poetry uninteresting, unless the Lyre be made occasionally to resound to Chords of incidental Chivalry or Love.

ADDRESS TO REVIEWERS.



YE veteran Sages, who delight to roam
Thro' fields of lit'rature, wielding many a *tome*
Of crude materials to oblivious night,
Redoubtable in prowess, glorying in your might;
Spare one inglorious Bard, who owns your skill,
Yet holds with firm integrity the quill;
No advocate for war, a friend to peace,
His sole aspiring is—to happiness.
He shuns the poltroon and the parasite,
And in the cause of truth alone would fight:
In such a cause, he dares to measure swords
'Gainst doughty giants, with their weight of words;
A sling he aims, unconscious of defeat,
And lo! Goliath* struggles at his feet.
Yet Critics seldom shake—though Bards can sway
A length of sword full dexterous—for they
Themselves can tell, the formidable “quill”
Has “power” to make alive as well as kill.

* The Representative of Infidelity.

Critics are candidates, no less than Bards,
 For public patronage, and those awards
 Which merit only can at last secure—
 The meeds of worth: the Poet's palm is sure,
 When ease and elegance with strength combine,
 And native genius with the virtues shine.
 This* bred in Nature's, that† in Science' school;
 This writes from genius, and that reads by rule.
 The Critic's sceptre well becomes his hand,
 When Justice, Candour, Science, round him stand.
 Should there be some, "elect above the rest,"
 Whose sentence Candour owns, and says 'tis just;
 These, pleas'd I read, and as I read admire,
 To light from Critic's lamps a Poet's fire.

SCRIBLERIUS palm'd upon the world his rhimes,
 "Empty and void," and venal as the times:
 Some Critics laugh'd; in sooth they could no less;
 Some frown'd: the Bard did thus his rage express:
 "Reviewers are a plague to all the nation;
 "Their insolence will bring 'em to starvation;
 "I'll dip the pen in gall, and every quill,
 "Like armed porcupines, shall worse than kill."
 Fond carl, forbear! the whip they must sustain,
 Or dulness would usurp obnoxious reign.

There are Reviewers who the graces feel;
 And some there are whose pens are pointed steel.
 To Cerberus I'll cast no tempting bit,
 Nor irritate him with the lash of wit;

* The Bard.

† The Critic.

v. 47.

Continued.

Having no sordid, no vain-glorious end,
'Mid Critics I, perchance, may find a friend.
One Bard nor dreads your power, nor dares your might,
An unassuming, unoffending wight ;
He on Parnassus' steep delights to roam,
In search of flowers of redolent perfume :
He knows no foe, deems all the world his friends,
As upward still his journey he intends.
Dare not, bold Critic, bar a Druid's way ;
Dare not the Muse insult, her progress stay—
The Muse delights to cherish piety,*
And mark her votary's progress to the sky.
She hails her sons, and calls them up to fame ;
Gives some on earth, and some in Heaven a name.
—All are not hostile ; nay, believe me true,
The Muse would dedicate a page to you.
I dip my pen in Virtue's sacred cause ;
I love my King, my country, and its laws :
I love my King as well as Critics do ;
I love my country no whit less than you :
This heart is soundly true, and here's my hand ;
Sages, I am your servant at command.

* *Diis pietas mea, et musa cordi est. HOR.*

Remarks on Pastoral Composition.



As the first race of men were, undoubtedly, husbandmen and shepherds, Pastoral Poetry was, probably, one of the first species of Poetic Composition which exercised the genius of mankind. And since the *Eclogue* professes to represent the solitudes, the loves and joys of rural swains, it ought to abound with such tender sentiments, lively images, and natural harmonies, as will create a sympathy, and find a corresponding echo in every feeling breast. One of the most elegant Poems that ever was exhibited to the world, was a Sacred *Epithalamium*, of the Pastoral kind, which surpassed other merely human writings, as far as the princely palace of Solomon excelled the rustic shepherd's tent. The following Poem is attempted in the easy flowing style of Pastoral Composition, and in a metre which, on account of its simplicity, seemed preferable even to the heroic. It is intended to exhibit a sentimental *Exposé* of the sweet pleasures of rural innocence, when men's practices are uncontaminated—when their language is a correspondent echo of Nature, and a true representation of the heart.

MAY MORNING.

A PASTORAL.

ARGUMENT.

MAY allures to the Fields, in Pastoral Guise, an Association of Elegant Nymphs with their admiring Swains, all enamoured of the Harmonies and Varieties of the Season, and of the sweet and innocent Pursuits and Pleasures of Rural Life.—Two Shepherds, noted alike for piping their alternate Ditties, from the Mountain Cliffs, to listening Flocks and ruminating Herds, commence a Poetical Contest; and, after having displayed their Powers with considerable Acumen, **PALEMON**, a presiding Shepherd, assigns to each an appropriate Reward.

MAY MORNING.

Χρησθω τῷ ἱσίδιῳ, χρησθω καταδυναί αἶθρι. ΤΑΥΡΟΣ.

I SING the morn* which gave to birth
A heart, the seat of love ;
When Flora deck'd the teeming earth,
And music fill'd each grove.

What fortunes designate the day,
In doric strains I sing ;
When shepherd swains and lasses gay
Inhale the healthful spring.

When *Damon* fed his fleecy charge,
Ere glow'd the sultry hours ;
And *Delia* rang'd the lawns at large
In search of sweetest flowers :

'Twas *Strephon's* hap to find a kid,
From *Damon's* paddock stray'd ;
The wand'rer with design he led
To *Delia*, peerless maid !

" Divine, kind nymph," he artless said,
" Who owns the prize I bear ?"
" The sportive straggler," she reply'd,
" Is *Damon's* kid, I swear."

* The Author's Birth-day.

The plaything then she coax'd with art,
And plac'd it to her breast :
Strephon rejoin'd, " I read your heart,
" The seat of love confess'd."

With placid smile, she would refuse
The secret to disclose :
Her blushing cheek reveal'd her views,
As damask as the rose.

" Kind *Strephon*, say, if chance has cast
" Young *Damon* in your way ?
" Lo ! gentle *Damon* comes in haste,
" Your kindness to repay."

To *Damon* then she fondly turn'd
With a confus'd regard ;
Her throbbing pulse with fever burn'd,
Her accents scarce were heard.

" What fate betid, kind *Damon*, say ?
" Has kid or lambkin stray'd ;
" Or has the love-inspiring *MAY*
" Uncautious steps betray'd ?

" Have you caress'd the Muse awhile,
" These rural scenes among ;
" Or taught sweet *Echo* to beguile
" The moments with a song ?"

" My oaten reed," *Damon* reply'd,
" Sounds harsh in *MAIA*'s ear ;
" 'Tis *Strephon*'s pipe inspires the maid—
" The soothest shepherd here.

" The season hers, this day she claims
" From every swain a song :
" The choral groves, and echoing plains
" Sweet music shall prolong.

" *Palemon* bends his steps this way,
" With *Hebe* at his side,
" And with the rosy buxom *MAX*,
" As blithe as any bride."

MAIA.

Shepherds, enjoy the rural shade,
And soft the hours beguile ;
Let nymphs repair to yonder glade,
To deck the grot the while.

My hand entwin'd a verdant bower,
To shun the noon-tide glare ;
There shepherds pass the social hour,
Till thither we repair.

There soothe the moments with a song ;
First, *Damon*, sing of love,
While *Strephon*'s pipe, the shades among,
Makes vocal all the grove.

A Poetical Contest proposed.

v.

Palemon—shepherd, priest, and bard—
 The contest shall decide ;
 Assign to each a due reward,
 Before the ev'ning tide.

The victor's brow, amid the train,
 With myrtle shall be bound ;
 The next in order o'er the plain,
 With roses shall be crown'd.

DAMON.

Begin, the morning shines full bright,
 As bright my *Delia's* seen,
 Retiring from her lover's sight,
 Fair as the Cyprian* queen.

Lo, round her all the graces wait,
 The winged† joys attend,
 And beckon me to envy'd state,
 Her guardian and her friend.

STREPHON.

What heart-felt bliss the time beguiles,
 With *Hebe* at my side ;
 My eye she meets with mutual smiles,
 And vows to be my bride.

By oft admiring swains she's seen,
 And some of high degree ;
 She smiles on all with modest mien
 Yet sighs for none but me.

* Venus.

† Cupid, and his train.

v. 93. *The Shepherds' Loves contrasted.*

DAMON.

Sweet sings the nightingale beneath
The flowery hawthorn shade ;
And sweet the fragrant woodbines breathe
Across the verdant glade :

Yet sweeter far, I fondly deem
My lovely *Delia's* lay,
Than nightingale's beside the stream,
Or on the hawthorn spray.

STREPHON.

Sweet-scented violets through the grove
Perfume the breathing air ;
As sweet the virgin which I love,
As modest and as fair.

Though soft the minstrelsey of morn,
Yet softer *Hebe* sings,
And looks as innocently gay
As daffodils o'er springs.

DAMON.

Sprightly the linnets wake the morn,
The lark invades the sky,
The woodman swells the bugle-horn,
'Mid nature's symphony :

The lowing herds, the bleating flocks,
Bedeck the verdant plain ;
The vales resound, the vocal rocks
Prolong the rural strain.

Yet all these harmonies seem mute,
 Or I have got no ear
 To nature's voice, or shepherd's flute,
 Unless my *Delia's* near.

STREPHON.

The cooing stock-dove through the vale
 His pensive ditty pours,
 And sings a simply-soothing tale
 Of love, so like to ours :

So true, so constant is the flame,
 And ever seeming new,
 Though seasons roll, 'tis still the same,
 And centres all 'twixt "*two*."*

DAMON.

The cuckoo sings a monody—
 Her ditty is but *one* ;
 So sings my love, and so do I
 From morn to setting sun :

One wish pervades each heaving breast,
 One heart inhabits here ;
 Pure love alone can guess the rest—
 'Tis bliss throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Yon frisking lambkins sprightly play
 Their merry pranks around,
 To welcome in the jocund MAY
 With rosy garlands crown'd.

* This monosyllable is an echo of the stock-dove's plaintive song.

DAMON.

Here gems adorn each spiry blade,
And deck the copsey trees;
There silver lakes the eye invade,
Fast quiv'ring with the breeze.

STREPHON.

'Tis bliss to range the upland lawn,
With *Hebe* at my side :

DAMON.

To higher bliss the day shall dawn
Which *Delia* sees my bride.

STREPHON.

Yon lads and lasses pace along
In many a jovial pair,
And hand in hand they jocund throng,
To gossip at the fair.

There youth and age are bent to view
O'er medley scenes, ahead,
Monkies, and dancing bears in shew,
And dice and gingerbread.

'Tis passing wonderful, we're told,
Old harlequin to see,
So rude to queens, and heralds bold,
So full of pranks and glee !

Such doughty feats young *Harry* tells,
When he comes home from fair ;
The little group admiring dwells
On all he witness'd there.

The Contest decided.

v.

Llewelin, Giles, and Ralph, protest
The next fine fair to see ;
Kate, Jane, and Ruth, among the rest,
Will join in company.

Such are the groups with *MAIA* sweet
Parading to the fair,
Where nymphs and swains each other greet
And Cupid triumphs there.

PALEMON.

Well, gentle shepherds, you have sped—
'Tis mine to bless each pair ;
For each gay nymph her swain shall wed,
And every swain his fair.

To *Damon, Delia* I consign,
And wish prosperity :
Fond *Strephon, Hebe* shall be thine,
With long felicity.

Since *Damon* sings so passing well,
Let him the myrtle bear ;
Strephon, whose skill few swains excel,
Shall rosy garlands wear.

Long live the sprightly feats of *MAY*,
When youthful joys we prove ;
When hills, and woods, and vales look gay
And Nature teems with love.

THE
BACCHANALIANS:

A
SERIO-COMIC DRAMA.

Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina lata. — VIRGIL.

PERFORMERS:
BACCHUS—SILENUS—CIRCE—COMUS.

Chorus of BACCHANALIANS.

First Scene—Hotel, inside. Time-piece, 3, A. M.

A

SERIO-COMIC DRAMA.

Bibamus, cras enim morimur.

BACCHANALIANS in full Chorus.

SINCE Fate decreed we all must die to-morrow,
With cheering bumpers we will drown all sorrow;
To-morrow since we die, let's live to-day,
And drive with drinking every grief away.

BACCHUS.

Fill up the goblet : hand it round to me ;
“ Success to Vice and Infidelity : ”
Fill up the flowing bowl ; drink, gallant souls ;
Leave sober thinking to fanatic fools.

CIRCE.

Who has not heard the virtues of my cup ?
And who has tasted, and not drank it up ?
Then, like the Tuscan soon commenc'd a swine,
Like that which jolly Bacchus rode sublime.

BACCHUS.

Drink, jovial souls, till *Reason* quits her seat,
And *Folly* occupies the chair complete :
Silenus soon shall sing a monody,
And laugh as loud, and drink as deep as we.

v. 17.

Bacchanalians.

SILENUS.

Say, why should reason here usurp controul ?
Can aught like drinking elevate the soul ?
Convivial joy shall act a sprightly part,
And laughter shake the fibres of each heart.

CHORUS, BACCHANALIANS.

From June to January, throughout the year,
The smiling glass shall banish every care :
Though Fate has sworn we all may die to-morrow,
We'll drown to-day in bumpers every sorrow.

BACCHUS.

Hail, "jovial fellows," we will "drink about,"
Till every pipe and every lamp is out :
To-morrow yesterday shall still surpass ;
And still we'll sing the virtues of the glass.

SEMI-CHORUS.

What plant so luscious as the teeming vine ?
What joys so sprightly as the joys of wine ?
Not Jove, like Bacchus, lifts our souls so high :
We'll rattle loud his praises—till we die.

ANTI-SEMI-CHORUS.

"Good fellows," sing, with "scranell pipes," alay,
Which well accords with mountain mules that bray :
This opes his maudling mouth—the yonker swears
Such music well agrees with asses' years.

SCENE II.

Enter COMUS and Attendants..

CIRCE.

Contention now begins to raise his head ;
Clamour and *Discord* wake, as from the dead :
Their joys are ended—Comus shakes his wand ;
These seize a mighty goblet in each hand,
And dash the twanging glasses 'gainst the wall,
While heaps on heaps in mingled ruins fall :
Here men, apes, fairies, elves, and furies meet,
And float, on lubber streams, to hell complete.

EPIGRAM.

Silenus now is heard to laugh and say,
“ Who thought to live to-morrow, died to-day.”

MORAL.

From Bacchus, then, 'tis wise to turn away—

CHORUS, RATIONALIS.

Bacchus no more shall lead our feet astray.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following CAMBRIAN ODE is marked with some peculiar characteristics of Border Minstrelsey. Stanzas 1, 3, 4, and 9, are an old Patriotic Song, which, having undergone a slight revisal, may, on account of its martial and loyal tendency, be deemed not altogether unworthy of public notice. The five interjacent verses have been attempted on the same simple scale of composition, with a view to connect and continue a few very conspicuous links in the chain of National Trophies, and are original. It can hardly be denied, that martial and patriotic Odes have, in all ages, proved a stimulus to heroism: hence, it hath been remarked, that Wales could never be subdued, till King Edward slew the Bards.

BRITISH VALOUR:

OR,

SAINT DAVID'S DAY.

A PATRIOTIC ODE.

“ **W**HEN *Julius Cæsar*, with his force,
Did first invade this land,
The Britons bold, with foot and horse,
Did his proud troops withstand :
A tribute he from them did seek,
Which they refus'd to pay ;
Hence Liberty bequeath'd the *leek*,*
Upon St. David's Day.”

II.

Of brave King *Arthur* and a train
Of heroes, bold and strong,
Who dar'd their Country's rights maintain,
Old Fame has loudly sung :
And still let every Bardic sing
The Nation's glorious cause :
And every Briton serve his King,
His Country, and its Laws.

* The habit of Welchmen wearing a Leek upon St. David's Day, undoubtedly originated in self-defence, and was introduced as a badge of union and confederacy against the foe; but when, and on what occasion, this peculiarity commenced, I think history is silent. It is very probable, however, that it was used at, or before, the time St. David flourished. Perhaps the simple badge was introduced as a trophy, in commemoration of some great martial or saintly exploit, performed in his day.

III.

“ The famous field of Agincourt,
Where Welshmen fought so well :
And brave *Sir David Gam*’s report,
Their valour e’er shall tell :
Obedient to King *Harry*’s will,
The French he did survey—
“ There’s enough to take, enough to kill,
“ And enough to run away.”

IV.

“When crook-back’d *Richard* wore the crown,
As regent of the land,
No policy could pull him down,
Or his strong force withstand ;
Till *Henry Richmond* enter’d Wales,
(Whom Welshmen did obey,)
And conquer’d him in Bosworth vales,
To grace St. David’s Day.”

V.

The trophies which have been achiev’d
By Britons’ valiant hands,
On Maida’s plains were seen—rever’d—
And mark’d on Syria’s sands.
Acre and Egypt both survey’d
The honours of the day,
When British valour was display’d,
And Frenchmen skulk’d away.

Trophies.

v. 1

VI.

In vain the puny Gaul withstands
The force of British steel,
Our valiant arms, and vigorous hands,
He still must dread to feel :
Hark ! what the Lusitanian* dales
Re-echo to the skies,
And what the glad Iberian† vales—
'Tis Britain's victories !

VII.

The uncontaminated blood
That fills a Welshman's veins,
Would freely flow, a crimson flood,
To fertilize our plains,
Rather than brook the galling yoke
Of an Usurper's sway,
Or e'er forget each glorious feat
Of old St. David's Day.

VIII.

The Corsican in vain may boast
The prowess of his hand,
Threaten descent upon our coast,
And slavery to our land ;
For all his threats we value not,
His prowess we defy,
And cheerly give our life, and lot,
To Higher Destiny.

* Lusitania: Portugal.

† Iberia: Spain.

IX.

“ Thus Britons are for ever true,
And with a free consent
Will give their King—their Prince—his due,
In aid of Parliament :
And to maintain their ancient fame,
Which never will decay,
All blessings light upon his name,
Who loves St. David's Day.”

MARTIAL ODE.

ORIGINALLY ADDRESSED

TO THE LOYAL CAMBRIAN VOLUNTEERS.*

BRITONS, arm! The Virtues greet ye:
Dangers frown, but honours meet ye:
Death, or victory await ye;
Chains or Liberty—
Bravely fight for Britain's glory:
BUONA's slaves shall flee before ye:
Lead the road to *martial* glory;
Conquer, now, or die!

II.

Lo! th' invaders burn for plunder,
Cut each social tie asunder:
Drive them back with British thunder;
Charge the daring foe:
Hark, the clang! Their helmets rattle,
Close like Agincourt's the battle;
Save each property and chattel;
Lay th' assailants low.

* This Ode having been set to music by the Author, was published in Oxford, by Mr. Hardy, in the year 1805.

. 17.

Defensive War, a just Cause.

III.

Just the cause that irritates ye—
Base the tyrant that insults ye—
Worthy of LLEWELIN prove ye,
Sons of Liberty :
Cambrians! rise to pristine glory ;
Gallic foes must fall before ye :
Heaven, and female prayers, shall guard ye ;
Your's is victory !

CHORUS.

Rend, O God, their bands asunder ;
Cause the rescu'd world to wonder :
Hurl, like Thine, our Naval thunder ;
Quell the haughty foe.

ENIGMA.

ADDRESSED TO THE FAIR SEX.

YE Nymphs of Science, who delighted trace
Each dark recess in wisdom's devious maze,
On problems enigmatical who muse,
And find such secret things of sacred use,
Unravel here—my mystery explore—
They nam'd me "animal" in days of yore.
I am, by art, an animal pourtray'd,
And by the ken of Science oft survey'd.
Like Balaam's ass, I frequently divine;
And time, and space, and elevation's mine.
Archimedes, enamour'd of my use,
Astonish'd all the world, and Syracuse.
Great Homer, Jason, Aristotle too,
And many a sage, have had with me to do.
I more advantage to mankind have brought,
Than half the lectures which the sages taught.

A *mineral*, explor'd by chemistry,
Recently found, wond'rous attach'd to me,
Like many a faithless friend, *me* undermines,
And half my merit to itself consigns.

I was created by th' Eternal Sire,
And plac'd 'mid "Gorgons and chimeras dire."

Consign'd to distant North, my ruthless age
Weathers stern winter's reign, and Boreas' rage.
Though of ferocious kind, I'm quite serene,
And stalk majestic o'er the snowy scene.
Hylas, and Titan, and all monstrous things,
Are mites, compar'd with my unwieldy limbs.
Though minor call'd—strange paradox—I deem
My nether parts o'er half the world are seen :
Where must my jaggy locks and ears arise ?
You will suppose they dangle in the skies.

Eccentric part, and part scarce seen to move,
Each part alike immoveable may prove :
My every limb may propagate, and wings
And motion give to all minuter things.
Though swift, and slow, and silent held to be,
I bear a part in sacred harmony :
Th' unletter'd hind my minstrel never hears ;
But fair philosophers have finer ears.

Learning delights not all. Some hear the strain,
And, wond'rous sottish ! “darkling” still remain :
What mystic animal must I then be,
In whom these wond'rous properties agree ?
A mystic style beseems me—sacred thing !
As old as Pegasus—not swift of wing.
Such strange propensities in me prevail,
I seem for ever turning round my tail :
A lambent splendour round me often burns ;
And 'tis not I, but the spectator turns.

The *fair* who all my properties explains,
 Deserves a "golden apple" for her pains :
 Yet he who equal science could declare
 Obtain'd a fatal prize—the *mystic fair*.*

* Alluding to the fate of Œdipus, who unravelled the disastrous riddle of the Sphinx—

Quidnam animal mane quadrupes, meridie bipes, vespertripes esset?

Vide Seneca Œdip. Plutarch. & ali.

SYLVIA AND LYSANDER:

OR

PASSION SUBDUED BY REASON.

A PASTORAL ODE.

Then sing by turns; by turns the Muses sing.—POPE.

SWEET *Sylvia*, goddess of harmonious groves,
Fair as the graces, blooming as the Loves,
Won all *Lysander's* heart:
The panting swain,
In passion's wild notes, pour'd his tale of pain,
To mitigate his smart:
While she, sweet maid! her virtues to approve,
Rejoin'd, as chaste Diana, in a strain
To meliorate his woe,
And guard him safely thro'
The mazy labyrinths of love,
To reason's track again.

Lysander thus began; and thus address'd
To Echo, the fond hopes, and bodings of his breast:
"Oh! when shall she and I,
On the fair margin of the limpid stream,
Reclin'd 'mid roses lie,
O'ershaded with a canopy
Of poplars, chaste and green—

Forbode the joys that cannot be express'd,
 And lean entranc'd upon each other's breast;
 While to the linnet's sweet enthal,
 Or nightingale's soft trilling on the ear,
 We sing, with harmony of soul,
 And feel the golden age is near,
 Drink mutual raptures at each eye,
 And taste a bliss, for which a saint might die."

To fond *Lysander*—not far distant seen
 From an adjoining grove—
 With modest and with noble mien,
 And all the dignity of love,
 Sylvia drew nigh—
 (Echo disclos'd the lover's tale,
 Which trill'd and sigh'd through all the vale,)—
 And thus she made reply :

SYLVIA.

Fond youth, forbear ! the living lyre
 Should other hopes, and other joys inspire ;
 Joys which console the heart,
 And mitigate the smart,
 Of suffering anguish, and of pining woe :
 These are for me ;
 The joys absconding satiety ;
 No other joys I know :
 Give me plain sincerity—
 Virtue and truth are all in all to me.

LYSANDER.

O ! ever fickle, ever fair,
Yet lovely, gay, and *debonair*,
Ah ! slight no more the heart *sincere* :
Forbear—forebear—
Nor cruelly augment the smart
Which kindness only can allay,
Ah ! do not rend the broken heart ;
And tear me from myself away ;
But bind the wounds your smiles imprest,
And pour the healing balm into my breast—
Give me, oh give, the bliss to know,
Which none but you can e'er bestow.

SYLVIA.

Forbear the venal strain,
Too fond, and too advent'rous swain :
Venus approves such melody,
But virtue frowns disdain :
Fair truth and constancy for me
Shall bear the myrtle palm away from thee.

LYSANDER.

Who vows eternal love,
Eternal constancy,
And never can unfaithful prove,
But sooner far would die,
Deserves the melting fair,
The mutual confidence,
And all th' unbounded bliss to share
Of love and innocence—

Continued and approved.

v. 72.

Such as was felt by Isaac's heir, .
When he receiv'd his favourite fair ;
Such as in Eden's blissful groves was given,
When man obtain'd a *mate* from heaven.

SYLVIA.

A mate from heaven
At first was given
In aid of virtue's plea :*
'Twas not deem'd meet
Man's happiness should be complete,
Without a sympathizing mate,
Sweet solace of society—
Fair virtue's boon—and virtue's all to me.

LYSANDER.

Disconsolate and low
When sever'd from my fair,
Not Eden's fragrant gale,
Nor all the roses there
Can any bliss bestow :
Blank and oblivious, all appear,
And solitude sits plaintive here
When destitute of you :
Time seems all lost, and life a tedious toil ;
And nature saddens, save beneath your smile.

* Alluding to Par. Lost. B. viii. l. 379.

SYLVIA.

Smiles are the food of love,
Deriv'd from innocence ;
We smile when we approve,
And laugh without offence :
So "laugh'd" a favourite mate of old,
When love divine its purpose did unfold.

LYSANDER.

Smile then, my fair :
This humble lay approve :
Pay all my suit of care,
And crown with mutual love :
Let me, hid in verdant shades,
Wander with you, 'mid the glades :
Ever constant, ever true,
Guardian still to love and you ;
Expect the bliss that Hymen can bestow,
And find a paradise begun below :
With you, the wilderness all smiles,
The deserts laugh and sing,
Nature in every form beguiles,
And all the year is Spring.



GRIFFITH & GWENDOLEN.

A POETICAL FRAGMENT.

ATTEMPTED

IN MILTONIAN LYSIDEAN VERSE.

But the fair goerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-ey'd Life, MURDER.

ARGUMENT.

Griffith was a young Patriot of high promise, descended from royal ancestors: Gwendolen was a Lady of rare and princely endowments. They flourished about the close of the seventh century. These lovers seemed possessed of one soul, and lacked nothing but Hymen's blessing to complete their felicity. It happened, that before the conjugal rites were performed, Griffith was under a painful necessity of parting with his beloved Gwendolen. His Country called to arms. The Saxon Army made rapid advances on the Welch frontiers, led on, as some report, by an unsuccessful rival for the affection of Gwendolen. Thus circumstanced, Griffith takes the field in haste, deploring most the necessity which prevented a parting interview between him and his illustrious fair.⁶ On this occasion, prior to the engagement, he is supposed to have given vent, as well to his bodings, as to the gloomy prospect that seemed to involve his Country, and to have sung to the weeping willows on the banks of the Clwyd, what from love, and what from valour, might be expected to succeed his prowess. Thus circumstanced, the princely Bard here exhibits, chiefly in the third person, his patriotic ardour for his Country's weal, blended with his parting sorrows; and, with these, his tender sentiments and breathing hopes are pathetically contrasted.

GRIFFITH AND GWENDOLEN.

A POETICAL FRAGMENT.

SCENE OF THE ODE—*An Osier Arbour on the
Banks of the Clwyd.*

WITH pensive melancholy all oppress'd,
A valiant trooper wander'd o'er the lea;
For love's soft sorrows stole across his breast,
And much on contemplation bent was he;
And oft he stopp'd, and mutter'd oft his fears,
And swell'd the babbling brook with tributary tears.

II.

'Twas sprightly *Gwendol* set his breast on fire;
A throbbing ardour trill'd through all his veins;
For her he oft had tun'd the warbling lyre;
And lo! o'er all the plains,
To high Pindaric strains,
Re-echoing rocks, and vocal groves,
Reverberated back the cadence of their loves.

III.

Intrepid, generous, and large of soul,
 And fraught with learning's legendary lore,
 Young *Griffith*,* pride of yonder vale—
 Nor dwelt a soother shepherd in the dale—
 Poor *Philomel* would oft condole; †
 And in sweet concert pour their love-lorn tale.

IV.

He, skill'd the pipe and crook to use,
 To guide the wandering sheep,
 To court the favour of the fickle Muse
 Delighted much, in hope to find
 The recompense and labour not disjoin'd :
 It was his virtue, as of old,
 If sad disaster thinn'd a brother's fold,
 To sit and weep.

V.

What boots it now to summon Reason's aid,
 And stalk with Solitude through all the glade,
 And idly there complain :
 These can attest, remonstrate, prove ;
 But all their aids, alas ! are vain,
 To stem the torrent, or restrain
 The mighty power of love.

* Griffith seems to have united in his person and character a splendid association of primitive excellence, in an union of the sacred titles of shepherd, patriot, and bard.

† This is an allusion to the supposed observation of naturalists, who say, that the nightingale sings peculiarly plaintive, when she trills her widowed woe.

v. 35. *Deplores the Fates attendant on War.*

VI.

Ah ! hapless, hopeless swain,
 To love so well, yet love in vain !
 So late to meet, so soon to part,
 Might rend the fibres of a lover's heart—
 Ah ! cursed lust of gold,
 And lust of power,
 That kindled hellish war
 In evil hour—
 First summon'd by the tyrant Nimrod old,
 With all the Furies harness'd at his car—
 Th' accursed yoke
 Has often broke,
 And rent true lovers twain :
 Alas ! how soon,
 One trills her plaintive ditty to the moon ;
 The other breathes his last on the ensanguin'd plain !

VII.

My Country calls ! I must away,
 And part with all that's dear :
 The patriot virtues still bear away,
 And love is *second* here.
 Nobly to fight our Country's cause,
 And in our King's defence
 To draw, and sheath the victor sword,
 'Tis highest honour and applause ;
 With this, alone, love must dispense,
 Nor utter one prohibitory word.

VIII.

Oh! might the wars at length subside,
And Fortune give her to my arms;
Not all the treasures borne on Conway's tide
Can waken pleasures equal to her charms!
If I no more those eyes must see,
I'll own no meaner love:
No earth-born joys have charms for me,
I'll fix on joys above;
And when these orbs are quench'd in death,
To wake in endless day;
If, when the bless'd resign their breath,
They ministrant may stray,
On offices of guardian care—
Gwendolen's charge assign'd to me—
I'll soothe her sleep with sacred minstrelsey,
Inspire her dreams with heavenly love,
Waft her affections after things above—
Till angels strike their lyres to greet her there.

IX.

No scenes of terror and dismay,
No clang of war, no adverse fate,
Can e'er one hour eradicate
Her image from my breast away.
When walking near meand'ring streams,
Through flowery fields, or choral groves,
Remembrance wakes the top short days
Spent with the Graces and the Loves;

The Loves and Graces on *Gwendolen* wait :
Though fleeting oft the tale of earthly state,
As when I lose her in my nightly dreams.

X.

Ah! who that e'er had seen
Her aspect meek, and princely mien,
Could e'er forget the look demure,
The nameless lustre of her killing eyes :
He who has drank their rays, full sure
Must more than pearls the casket prize,
Fraught with a soul
As true, as dignify'd, as pure
As e'er possess
A virgin's breast,
From Palestine to either pole.

XI.

Her merits to define,
Were passing skill like mine.
She was, in truth, a peerless maid,
So gentle, generous, and gay,
As never to upbraid ;
And sweeter than the rosy-finger'd May :
Softer than the touch of Spring,
Which sheds the balmy flowers,
To the linnets she would sing,
And Nature seem'd to listen to her powers ;
With Philomel her swelling strains might vie—
Her soul was tun'd to sweetest melody.

Indulges the Recollection of past Endearments. v. 113.

XII.

Light as the young fantastic roe,
She skim'd along the mead ;
Where'er her fancy prompt to go,
Scarce felt the flowers her tread ;
She seem'd the goddess of the grove,
The fair, majestic, Queen of Love.

XIII.

Hapless the parting swain !
Thrice hapless he,
Reft from the smiles of love,
His virtues to approve—
The fav'rite, or the mark of destiny—
Ah ! she could fan the soul to extacy !
What heart to love her could refrain ?
A Stoic here might sigh :
What tongue to praise her could be mute,
When in majestic measures she would move
To the soft cadence of her favourite's flute ?
Of all the nymphs on Cambria's chequer'd plains,
'Tis she alone without a rival reigns.

XIV.

What voice is this I hear ?
(The twanging genius of the coming storm
Now wakes my startled ear ;)
“ The fates are spun, the destinies are near,
To weaken mortal's arm :

v. 137. *The Tale of Love's futile Hopes and Prospects,*

How transient and how vain
The tale of earthly joy—
Once bless'd, now hopeless swain,
Snatch'd from love's arms away ;
What can console thy parting smart,
And soothe the sorrows of thy bleeding heart ?”
“ 'Tis hope,” rejoind'd the warrior—“ I repair
To hope, the soul's last refuge in despair !

XV.

“ Should yet my stars propitious shine ;
And should I live to see
The foe subdu'd, and *Gwendol*' mine—
Dear fruit of victory !—
The tale of conquest, or of woe,
My princess should approve ;
And yonder stream should cease to flow
Ere I shall cease to love,
My dearest friend.
Were the decision made again,
Did unveil'd goddesses contend
For golden fruit ; yet not as then,
To Venus, but to *Gwendol*'s hand,
With every prize her guardian would aspire,
Invoking “ health, and happiness entire.”

XVI.

“ Her orbs supremely bright,
Like elemental fire,

Off proves a Rhapsody, or a Tragedy. v. 162.

Should with reanimated glow
 My kindred soul inspire :
 Methinks I see them now,
 Gems of ethereal light !
 That mien majestic, and that hand,
 A prince, and princely sceptre might command :
 Was I her future fortune to decree,
 Such, and so high, I'd fix her destiny ;
 'Mid constellations she should brightest shine,
 And I the fairest star, attendant, of her train."*

* *Trumpets flourish—Drums beat—*" TO ARMS!"

[Propriety will not permit the present Poem to be continued to the result of the battle. It will, therefore, be proper to relieve the reader's anxiety, by referring to a fragment of Welsh history, which informs us, that a famous battle was fought on the plains of Morfa-Rhuddlan, about the year 794, between Prince Caradoc and the Saxons, under Offa, King of Mercia, in which the former fell. Gwendolen found means to become a spectator of this contest. Her beauty, as afore hinted, is represented by an ancient Bard, as having been the occasion of a princely rivalry, which led to this sanguinary contest, and the event was truly tragical; as will appear in the following characteristic Ode, which the public has been already favoured with in a book of local interest; and which affords a fine specimen of the pathetic tenderness, and exquisite sensibility of the ancient British Bards: and, as it brings up the rear of the martial contest alluded to in the preceding Poem to a fatal close, will doubtless afford the reader a melancholy pleasure.—See a plaintive Welsh air, admirably adapted to the occasion, published in Vol. I. of Jones's Hist. Breck.]

FAIR HAFREN'S BANKS:

OR,

THE DISASTROUS LOVERS.



“FAIR on old Hafren's banks the modest violet
blooms,
And wide the scented air its breath perfumes ;
Bright shines the glorious sun amidst the Heaven,
When from its cheering orb the clouds were driven:
A form more beauteous still, adorn'd the flood—
Gwendolen's fatal form, *Llewelin's* blood !

II.

For her in arms oppos'd, contending warriors strove;
'Twas beauty fir'd their hearts—*Gwendolen's* love:
On *Morfa-Rhuddlan's** plain the rivals stood,
Till *Morfa-Rhuddlan's* plain was drench'd in blood:
Not all proud *Lloegyr's*† might could *Cymru*‡ quell,
Till, foremost of his band, young *Gryffydd* fell.

* Rhuddlan-Marah, in Flintshire.

† England.

‡ Wales.

III.

Gwendolen saw him fall; and "Oh!" the maiden cried,
" Could maiden tears avail, thou hadst not died!"
Distracted to the plain *Gwendolen* flew,
To bathe her hero's wounds—her last adieu!
Fast o'er her hero's wounds her tears she shed;
But tears, alas! are vain!—his life was fled!

IV.

Oh! then for *Gryffydd's* son, ye maids of Cymru mourn;
For well the virgin' tear becomes his urn!
Nor you, ye youths, forbid your tears to flow,
For they can best redress, who feel for woe:
Sweet sleeps the lovely maid, wept by the brave;
For ah! she died for him she could not save!"

ABSENCE.*

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore.—Pope.

“ **T**ELL me that Nature welcomes rosy Spring,
That beauty weaves a garland for her breast;
That Summer spreads her renovated wing,
And smiles in gay and glowing colours drest :
Tell me that rapture is her handmaid fair—
But tell me not that Absence cures despair.

“ Tell me that melodies in every grove
Steal to the ear, and charm each throbbing vein;
That hope gives swiftness to the wings of love,
Averts his dart, and heals his direst pain ;
And bids blithe youth her softest transport share—
But tell me not that Absence cures despair.

* These Stanzas are the production of an unknown pen. It does not, however, appear that they have been made public; and as they are not without general interest, I have taken the liberty, after having made a few corrections, of presenting them to the public eye.

*Stanzas addressed to an absent Friend.*v. 13.

“ Tell me that beauty fascinates the heart,
And binds each captive sense in thralldom sweet;
That genius mocks the sting of envious art;
That baseness only cherishes deceit :
Tell me that falsehood candour’s mask can wear—
Yet tell me not that Absence cures despair

“ Tell me that reason comes with sober eye
To wean the soul from life’s delusive toys ;
That dauntless truth, and mild philosophy,
Lead in their train unperishable joys :
Tell me that wisdom laughs at taunting care—
But tell me not that Absence cures despair.

“ Each scene I’ve mark’d—and must they pass away?
Youth, hope, meek-bosom’d friendship, pleasure, pain,
Affliction’s storms, and fortune’s radiant day,
Truth’s mental bliss, and folly’s low disdain ;
And though condemn’d each mortal change to share,
Still find that Absence cannot cure despair.”

THE CAPTIVE'S GRAVE.*

By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.—Pope.

“ **SURVEY** yon solemn and forsaken mound !
No weeping friend performs the dutious rite;
No pensive flow’ret decorates the ground :
Say, why this naked and unseemly sight ?

“ **Who** to the grave is friendless thus consign’d ?
Why are these simple honours left unpaid ?
Is some vile pest, some outcast of mankind,
In that lorn sacred spot neglected laid ?

“ **No** : ’tis a nobly generous, Gallic youth,
Made captive by the adverse fate of war :
From her who shar’d his steadfast love and truth
Mountains and spacious seas divide him far.

* “ In a part of Wales, where it is customary to adorn with flowers the graves of those recently interred, a French Officer, on parole, died ; and this affecting little token of respect, having been omitted by the persons who usually performed it, was paid by the hands of two young ladies.”

This little piece has that *local* interest and merit, which, it is presumed, will form an apology for its appearance in this work, under precisely the same circumstances as the preceding stanzas. I have taken the liberty of transposing these stanzas into the plaintive elegiac measure.

" Now cold in death, shall none, alas ! be found,
The common tearful tribute to bestow ;
To deck with sweetest flowers the little mound,
And sigh for him who sleeps secure below ?

" Ha ! who are these—these white-robed forms divine—
That seek the solemn mansions of the dead ?
With measur'd footsteps light, and looks benign,
The church-yard turf I see them softly tread.

" Laden with sweets from Flora's richest bower,
Their generous purpose gently they pursue ;
Each fragrant herb, each choice and blooming flower
Upon the Captive's grave they pensive strew.

" Oh ! could his gentle spirit view your deed,
To softest sympathy so truly dear—
Or she, whose hopeful heart is doom'd to bleed,
When his sad fate shall pierce her tender ear :

" Who, far beyond his death-bell's solemn sound,
Fondly anticipates his wish'd return,
Unconscious that the knell, with tone profound,
Hath duly call'd his captive friends to mourn.

" The distant glow of gratitude would rise,
The pearly tear of tenderness would flow :
Oh ! may you joyful meet them in the skies,
Haply receive their thanks—escape their woe."

THE CONTRAST.

A TRUE TALE.*

—*Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.*—HONACE.

THERE liv'd a Peer in former times,
Who, fond of folly and of rhymes,
Amid life's pomp and pageantry,
Forgot that "man is born to die."

This Peer, as ancient stories say,
To chase the tedious hours away,
An inmate kept, a mimic tool,
And dub'd him with the name of "fool."
The coaxing, swaggering, artful clown,
Knew when to fawn, and when to frown:
More knave than fool the fellow seem'd,
And by the sequel will be deem'd
To have surpass'd his master far
In wisdom's truest character.

His Lord, one morn, in vacant mood,
Accosted *Sancho* on the road:

"Here, sirrah! *take this staff*," he said;

"And should it chance, as thou art led

* This interesting Tale is founded in a remarkable story which Bishop Hall relates out of Bromlard, of a certain Lord, in his day, who kept a fool in his house to banish reflection, by means of hilarity.

“ In folly’s maze, that thou should’st meet
“ One *greater* fool, him kindly greet,
“ And to superlor folly give
“ The *staff*, which now with thee I leave.”

The carl reply’d, “ I will attend
“ My master’s dictates to the end.”

As time his rapid car roll’d on,
It chanc’d that Death, who favours none,
Knock’d at the rich man’s palace gate,
Commission’d from the realms of fate.

This Lord fell sick, and now began
To feel how frail the state of man :
The tear evinc’d, as down it stole,
The inward anguish of his soul ;
To him whose sum of bliss is here,
Death comes in sable character.

Fame seems to hover o’er the great,
And news attendant waits on state :
The tidings spreading far and near—
“ Thy Lord is sick”—reach’d *Sancho*’s ear :
Sancho, a cynic character,
Was never seen to shed a tear ;
Nor friend nor foe assail’d his heart,
For he with all the world could part.
In this same mood he hastes to see
His languid Lord—nor sympathy
Nor pity mov’d him—yet he taught
A lecture which the chaplain ought.

Admitted to the presence room,
Where all seem’d melancholy gloom,

No mirth could now the clown afford
To soothe the anguish of his Lord,
Whose changeful cheek, and darting eye,
Disclos'd the shafts of destiny.
With the same *staff* his Lord bestow'd,
The carl approach'd, and reverent bow'd :
“ My Lord, cheer up, for riches save
“ Their fond possessor from the grave.”

“ Ah, *Sancho*! now thy hum'rous vein
“ Augments my anguish and my pain :
“ I vainly thought, alas! 'till now,
“ That glittering gold could all things do ;
“ But now I feel I cannot stay—
“ I leave them now—I go away.”

“ And whither wilt thou go?” reply'd
The cynic carl : his honour sigh'd—
“ Into another world ; I fear
“ That matters differ there from here.”

Sancho rejoin'd : “ Pray tell me when
“ Will my good liege return again ?
“ Banish thy gloom, and check thy fear
“ Say, in a month, or in a year ?”

“ No, *Sancho*, no ; the die is cast ;
“ My destiny is fix'd at last :
“ It is the lot of life, and I
“ Must share the common fate—and die—
“ And *never* more inhabit here :”

He could no more and dropt a tear.

“ What sayst thou ? NEVER ! What, I pray,
“ Hast thou been careful for a day,

The Character of True Wisdom defined. v. 79.

“ And yet neglected to secure
 “ Eternity’s high prize ? I’m sure,
 “ No folly e’er can equal this—
 “ To win the world, and Heaven to miss,
 “ Were passing mad ! I pray relate,
 “ *What entertainment for that state*
 “ *Whither thou goest, hast thou in store ?*”
 The sick man groan’d—the carl forbore.
 His Lord, as turning to the wall,
 Was heard to whisper, “ *None at all.*”
 “ No !” said the fool ; “ no more I laugh :
 “ What, none at all ! Here, **TAKE MY STAFF.**
 “ Art thou so sudden going away,
 “ The creature of a fleeting day ;
 “ *For ever* going to take thy flight,
 “ To realms of bliss, or blackest night,
 “ And hast not deem’d it worth thy care
 “ To fit, and furnish, and prepare
 “ For that same state, where thou must be
 “ Fix’d for the term eternity !
 “ *Here, take my staff:* though call’d a fool,
 “ I have pursu’d a different rule,
 “ And deem all *folly*, but **THE CARE**
 “ **TO SEEK, AND LAY UP TREASURES THERE.**”
 Reader, by this establish’d rule,
 Determine now who was the fool ;
 Timely “ to meet thy God” *prepare*,
 Lest *thou* should’st fill that character.

Sacred Poesy.



A THUNDER STORM.

PARAPHRASED

FROM THE ROYAL HEBREW BARD.*

JEHOVAH's voice above the floods prevails,
What time his rapid wheels sublimely roll
The hollow thunder ; and his fiery car
Deep shakes—not *Ilemus*, not *Olympus* sole—
But all beneath the stedfast base of Heaven.

Aw'd by Jehovah's voice, the stately pines
And cedars low incline their lofty heads :
Bashan's proud oaks, Lebanon's sacred groves,
And Syria's forest tribes, rous'd at his call,
Bound like the unicorns, or frightened calves.

Jehovah's voice divides the flames of fire,
As the red flash to either pole expands :
His awful voice the lofty concave rends,
Till all the wilderness of Kadesh shakes.
The timid hinds, shock'd at the solemn crash,
With labouring pangs,† bring forth their feeble young.

* Psal. xxix. 3. ad finem.

† This circumstance agrees with the observation of later naturalists, and proves the Hebrew Bard himself to have been one.

The solid rocks remove—the rapid floods
Disclose the deep foundations of the hills.

Though devastations seem to rage around,
Secure within his Temple saints abide,
Advancing forth his glory. On the floods,
Lo ! their Jehovah sits a Sovereign King :
Strength to his feeble flock his *promise* gives;
To all their fears his *spirit* whispers “ peace.”

JONAH.

Jonah rose up to flee from the presence of the Lord.—BIBLE.

YES, man would shun the patient Deity,
And start aside from all his sacred paths,
Swift as an arrow from the missile bow ;
As though his God, with arbitrary rule,
Intruded on his liberty and rights :
Happy for him, the Sovereign Clemency
Not soon retaliates, by leaving man
To his perverted choice. I hear a call
Of justice and forbearance to the world
From Nineveh, the ancient seat, whence rose
Th' Assyrian monarchy o'er all the earth ;
Whence proud oppression and injustice sprang,
And sway'd an iron sceptre o'er the globe.
God sent his Prophet to proclaim her fall ;
His prophet, though reluctant, must obey ;
His message he proclaims—the city hears—
She trembles—she repents, and turns aside
From all her evil ways. God sees from high ;
He soon relents, and turns his wrath away.
—As great his goodness and forbearance still,

The Fugitive Prophet opposed by the Elements. v. 21.

To all who supplicate his gracious throne
With that sweet eloquence of humble prayer.

Fancy beholds afar the hoary Seer,
To Ninus' city sent, enjoin'd from high
To warn an impious race its overthrow :
The sentence had gone forth—the doom was fix'd—
“ Yet forty days and Nineveh shall fall! ”—

This God had given in charge. The Prophet turns,
With gloomy discontentment in his eye,
And sets his face for Joppa, thence to launch,
And bear his course across th' astonish'd deep
For Tarsis ; hoping thus to shun the high
Behest of Heaven, and flee the face of God.
Th' astonish'd deep reproves his impious scheme,
And checks his bold design. The labouring keel
Reeks with the fury of the raging seas,
And seems the sport of winds : on deck they reel
Like drunkards, till, absorb'd in grief, the Seer
In sleep obtains short refuge from his woe.
The crew in vain their utmost efforts use ;
In vain they ply the oars to the wild waves,
With force of human sinews ; some intent
Hard toiling at the stubborn helm ;
Some laving up the dashing waves, and some
Tugging at the rent shrouds. While fast o'er deck
The rolling billows sweep, with whelming surge,
Methinks I see confusion rave on board
The busiest of the train. Deep horror throbs
At every heart, and saddens in each eye.

What diligence, what pain'd anxiety
Appears, to shun the swift impending doom !
The merchant and the mariner agree
To leave no needful effort unassay'd
The harbour to regain, whence late they launch'd—
These at the tackle labouring hard, and those
Casting o'erboard the stores, once highly priz'd ;
For now the wealth of either Ind, compar'd
With life, in estimation seems a toy.
Lo ! at the helm the pilot stands aghast
And motionless—a statue of distress :
One effort still remains ; it seems the last,
The only effort of expiring hope :
Each man his god invokes, with fervent pray'r,
Yet still each man invokes his god in vain.
More wise, the Hebrew Seer they now address—
“ Sleeper, awake ! Arise, and seek thy God ;
“ Thy God perhaps will save.” Nor was their suit
Address'd in vain, for ISRAEL'S GOD CAN HEAR.

The Prophet soon the secret cause reveals
Of all the terrors which assail'd their course.
With generous consent, he gives himself
The substitute to still the hostile waves.
So some great chief, t'avenge his country's wrongs,
Foregoes his friends, his safety, and his life,
And gains the honour due to public zeal.

Still rigid fate impels. I see the crew,
With palsied hands, consign him to the deep ;
The raging deep receives the destin'd prey,

And soon its clamours cease. The Prophet still
Abides secure in covert of *his* robe,
Whose awful nod the baffled seas obey.

Down to the deep foundations of the hills,
Where Phœbus' sight could never penetrate,
He sinks, to where the hollow mountains fix
Their everlasting bars: he supplicates
The ear of GOD: his GOD attentive hears.

Though round his head the billows gently play'd,
And dangling sea-weeds from his temples hung,
Down to the sandals which begirt his feet;
Though *Ketos** clos'd him in his hideous jaws,
And darkness fix'd its throne above, around;
Th' Omnipotent still kept beneath his eye
His supplicating Seer; and in his hand
Preserv'd his life secure, until the hour,
The destin'd hour—third morn—which saw him safe
Cast on the shore to greet the smiling day.
Type of the rising GOD—in equal space—
Who burst the sable barriers of the tomb,
And gave to light the pledge of future life,
And joy more cheering than Aurora's rays,
Which in the purple east expansive stream.

* *Κητος*, a great fish; probably the shark, which abounds
in those seas.

THE PROSPEROUS MAN.*

DIVINELY blest is he whose cautious feet
Far from the devious paths of sin depart,
And far from sordid sinners. He alike
Detests their counsels, and their evil deeds ;
Nor holds with them, nor fills the scorner's chair.

God's holy law supremely he esteems ;
This guides his practis'd feet throughout the day ;
And in the silent watches of the night
His waking meditations this employs.

He, like a stately palm, † whose spreading roots
Upon the banks of Jordan's sacred stream,
Strike deep ; imbibing oft the pearly dew
On the green foliage of its fragrant leaves,
Abundant fruit shall gratefully supply
Throughout the varied seasons of the year :
The good man so shall prosper in his ways,
And all his works shall Heaven's acceptance find.

Not so the wicked man ; nor such the fate
Which soon betides him : he, like summer's dust,

* As characterised in the First Psalm.

† The *palm tree* is once mentioned by the Royal Psalmist
as the peculiar emblem of prosperity. *Psalm xcii. 12.*

Rais'd in a vortex by the whirlwind's rage,
And swept in whelming torrents to the deep,
On earth soon finds no place : nor yet for him
Shall mercy's lenient voice in judgment plead.
The Righteous Judge the just man will approve,
When sinners sink beneath his awful ire.

ANATOLE.

Επὶ γῆς γεννῶν.

SCENE—*The Precincts of Bethlehem.—The Morning sweetly solemn and serene.—The congregated Stars* shed unwonted lustre.—A Band of Shepherds advance to the Suburbs singing, and are saluted at the Gate by a Train of Associated Virgins —The Celestial Choir having closed the Anthem, Gloria in altissimis Deo, they carol their glad Responses, as they proceed through the Town of David.*



RECITATIVE.

SHEPHERD.

O ! on this happy morn a Saviour
To his own assumes our nature :
Let us all the way, the music play—
Cherubic bands now chaunt glad anthems ;
We will join the sacred choirs, and say,
Happy, happy, happy day.

* Astronomers have calculated, that, at the period of our Saviour's birth, a very extraordinary position and conjunction of the Heavenly bodies concurred, as if in notification of the great event.

SEMI-CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

O ! on this glorious morn, our Saviour
 Jesus Christ, to bless us all is born :
 Let us sing his praises all the day ;
 Let th' angelic harps strike higher ;
 We will join the sacred choir, and say,
 Happy, happy, happy day.

DUET.*

He.—Cease every meaner joy—No beauty
She.—Hark ! how the welkin rings—'Tis duty,
He.—E'er shall tempt me from my duty,
She.—And the charms of heavenly beauty,
He.—Let them all the day their charms display ;
She.—That on this happy day we will display ;
Both.—While the glad angels strike their lyres,
 We will join the sacred choirs, and say,
 Happy, happy, happy day.

The AIR, accompanied with Pastoral Music.

Hebrews, awake, salute the happy morn
 In which the promis'd " Prince † of Peace " is born ;
 " Rise to adore the mystery of love,
 Which hosts of Angels chaunted from above :

* The music of the duet in Coleman's *Mountaineers*, has, when performed on the Welsh harp, so tender an affect, that, under its impression, the Author has been led to adapt these lyrics to the music, and partly to parody some of the lines.

† Isai. ix. 7.

With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of GOD incarnate, and the Virgin's son."*

Magi, arise ! your grateful offerings bring,
In honour of Heaven's uncreated King.
The long expected Saviour on this morn
Is sprung to light, and of a Virgin born :
Let every sex, and every age adore
The fruit of Love Supreme and boundless Power.

CHORUS.

Strike all at once triumphant shouts of praise,
And all at once your joyful voices raise ;
With clarion shawms, and silver trumpet's sound,
Echo the tidings of Salvation round :
Let every land in harmony conspire,
Till Heaven unites the full and perfect choir.

AIR.

Ye sacred sons of Levi, lead the band,
And chaunt the tidings to each list'ning land :
Ye tender youths, and virgins ever fair,
Your joyful hallelujahs all prepare :
While happy souls advanc'd in riper grace,
Still louder chaunt JEHOVAH's swelling praise.

* A similar stanza is set to music in one of Dr. Miller's Selections, beginning " Christians, awake !"

Universal Chorus.

v. 46.

CHORUS.

Cymbals awake, and softly warbling flutes,
Harps, psalteries, and sweetly sounding lutes ;
In concert with the "pealing organ's" voice,
Assembled choirs, with one accord rejoice ;
Re-echo loud the chorus of the sky,
Be "PEACE ON EARTH," and "PRAISE TO GOD
ON HIGH."

.

ALLEGORICAL THOUGHTS
ON
THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

*As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth—
The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.—KING DAVID.*

SOON as my infant flower its head did rise,
To meet the sun's bright beams, in prospect fair—
Too fair for earth—Love snatch'd it to the skies,
And plac'd it in ambrosial arbours there.

Too delicate it seem'd for earthly soil ;
In Paradise 'tis far more fitly plac'd :
No mortal touch shall there its beauties foil ;
No more it droops by rugged winds defac'd.

No wintry blast shall chill its genial growth ;
No nitrous frost prune off its florid prime ;
But Spring, gay blooming as the cheek of youth,
Shall guard its growth beyond the reach of time.

Life's purling stream shall still its shoots supply
With vivid verdure, and eternal spring ;
Young zephyrs waft its fragrance thro' the sky,
And Heav'n its tints to pure perfection bring.

My fairest flower no longer stands survey'd
By mortal eye, nor touch'd by hand impure,
But bright in beauty's robes, 'tis full array'd ;
In yon celestial clime it lives secure.

Ah ! ever beauteous, ever blooming rose,
Never by ruthless foot shalt thou be trod—
Never—while yonder ambient fountain flows,
With living lustre on the Mount of God.

Fond mother ! cease to pour the trilling plaint !
Thy flower is shelter'd from the boding storm :
What could'st thou wish ? Or what could any saint ?
Heaven chides the grief—thy plant is hous'd from
harm !

Then dry the tear : no place for sorrow more ;
Tho' nature yearn, yet reason must approve,
Faith triumph, hope exult, and love adore—
The God that took it* is the God of Love.

* Mark x. 14. Rev. xiv. 4, 5.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.



ARGUMENT.*

The Great Shepherd's undeviating Care over righteous Kings, and faithful Subjects, exemplified, not less signally in Britain than in Palestine.—Chorus, appropriate to a Divine Interference, in signal Victories.—Invocations for future Deliverance and Prosperity.

Dominus regit me.

PRIEST.

GOD is the regal Shepherd : under him,
Kings and their peaceful subjects nothing lack.

BARD.

He gently leads his flock to verdant fields,
Where chrystal streams of living comforts flow.
He shall the King sustain, and him lead forth
In virtue's sacred paths, for his great name.

* Deduced from Psal. xxiii. xxix. and cxliv.

God, the King's Hope and Protector.

v. 7.

KING.

Though silently my cautious steps lead down
 To yonder vale, where earthly prospects end,
 Yet I can fear no ill : ME of my hope
 In the Great Shepherd's all-pervading care,
 No casual evils* can one hour bereave :
 His friendly crook and banner all my boast.

SEER.

God will command deliverance for the King
 From all his haughty foes : him, with his oil
 Of sacred unction, still anoint ; give him
 A plentitude of mercies at the end,
 And in his house a seat for evermore.

PRELATE.

Give to the LORD, ye mighty Potentates,
 Give to the LORD honour and worship meet :
 Ascribe to him all majesty and might—
 Give to Jehovah, king of all the earth,
 The honours due to his most holy name ;
 And in his sanctuary bow before him.

KING.

Bless'd be the Lord, my strength, who to my bands
 Communicates the discipline of war,
 And to *their* sinews vigour. He my fort,
 My sanctuary : him I safely trust,
 Who keeps his flock, and wards the haughty foe.

v. 29. *God, the arbiter of War, and giver of Victory.*

PREST.

LORD! what is man, that thou should'st him respect?
Or what's his offspring, whom thou deign'st to visit?

BARD.

Man is but vanity; his fleeting days
Pass over like a shadow.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Bow, O LORD,
Thy conclave—the siderial heavens: descend;
Illume the mountains with thy majesty;
Dart out thy lightnings, swift as arrows shot
From levell'd bows, and humble all the proud,
Who boast of war.

CHORUS.

Pervert, and scatter those
Who glory in destruction; but send forth
Thy hand from high and save thy servant.

PRELATE.

Protect the King from the surrounding floods
Of fierce ambition, and discordant strife,
Which, as a torrent, bears thy servant down,
And overwhelms with grief his righteous soul.

KING.

So will I sing, to sweetest melody,
A song of praise; to thee, O God, I'll sing;
For thou art he who victory giv'st to Kings,
And sav'st thy servant from the hurtful sword.

Prosperity and Peace under his Protection. v, 48.

PRIEST.

Protect the King from all the latent guile
Of fierce and cruel men, whose boast is vanity,
And whose right hand is fraught with treacherous bribes.

BARD.

Then shall our princely sons, as verdant plants
Spring up and flourish ; and our blooming maids,
Fair as Parian palaces shall rise,
In due proportions—passing polish'd art.
Then shall our spacious garners teem with stores
Of choicest treasure ; and our fleecy flocks
Shall pair, and multiply to thousands : then
The lab'ring ox, shall with his lusty mate
Full well accord—and mutual burdens bear.

PRIEST.

The Captive's wail, and wasting want, far hence :
His ever-wakeful Providence shall chase,
And banish all complaining from our streets.

CHORUS.

Happy the Prince and People, who secure
Abide in such a state ! how safe the fold,
How blest the flock, whose shepherd is the Lord !

ORISON OF MOSES.

—◆—
*THE NINETIETH PSALM.**
—◆—

IN all preceding generations, THOU,
O LORD, hast been our refuge. Long before
The mountains were uprear'd ; ere yet thy hand
The stedfast earth had form'd ; before all time,
From everlasting, thou alone art God—
To endless years the same. Thou turnest man
To desolation : then, by pity mov'd,
To him thou say'st—" Return, ye sons of men."
A thousand ages in thy sight, when past,
As yesterday appear, or as a watch
Who numbers out the swift-wing'd hours till morn.
Man, borne as with a mighty torrent, sinks,
And soon finds shelter in the silent grave.
In early life he flourisheth and blooms,
Gay as the florid field ; but lo ! at eve
Cut down, and wither'd as the sapless herb :
So we consume beneath thy kindling ire,
And trembling dread the weight of thy displeasure :

* Attempted in the dramatic style.

Man's frail Estate commiserated.

v. 19.

Our secret sins are open to thy sight,
And all our frailties, LORD, are known to thee.
When thou art angry, soon our days are gone,
Our years spun out—so like a tale that's told.
The days of man are threescore years and ten;
If ought of strength at fourscore years remains,
His life is then but a laborious warfare;
He soon is summon'd hence, and seen no more.
Who, of thy indignation, knows the power?
Surpassing all our fear is thy displeasure.
Teach us to number out our fleeting days,
With hearts intent to ply the paths of wisdom.
Turn, turn again, O Lord! How long?—At last
Be gracious to thy servants. Satisfy us
With mercy's sweetest stores, that we may spend
Our residue of days in joy and gladness.
Let future bliss abound—a recompense
For days of past affliction, and for years
Wherein thy servants were oppress'd with evil.
So shall thy glorious work to them appear;
And in their children's sight, thy beauty shine:
Still let the glory of the Lord our God
Descend upon us: all our handiwork
Establish THOU to late posterity.









